



FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING

1825



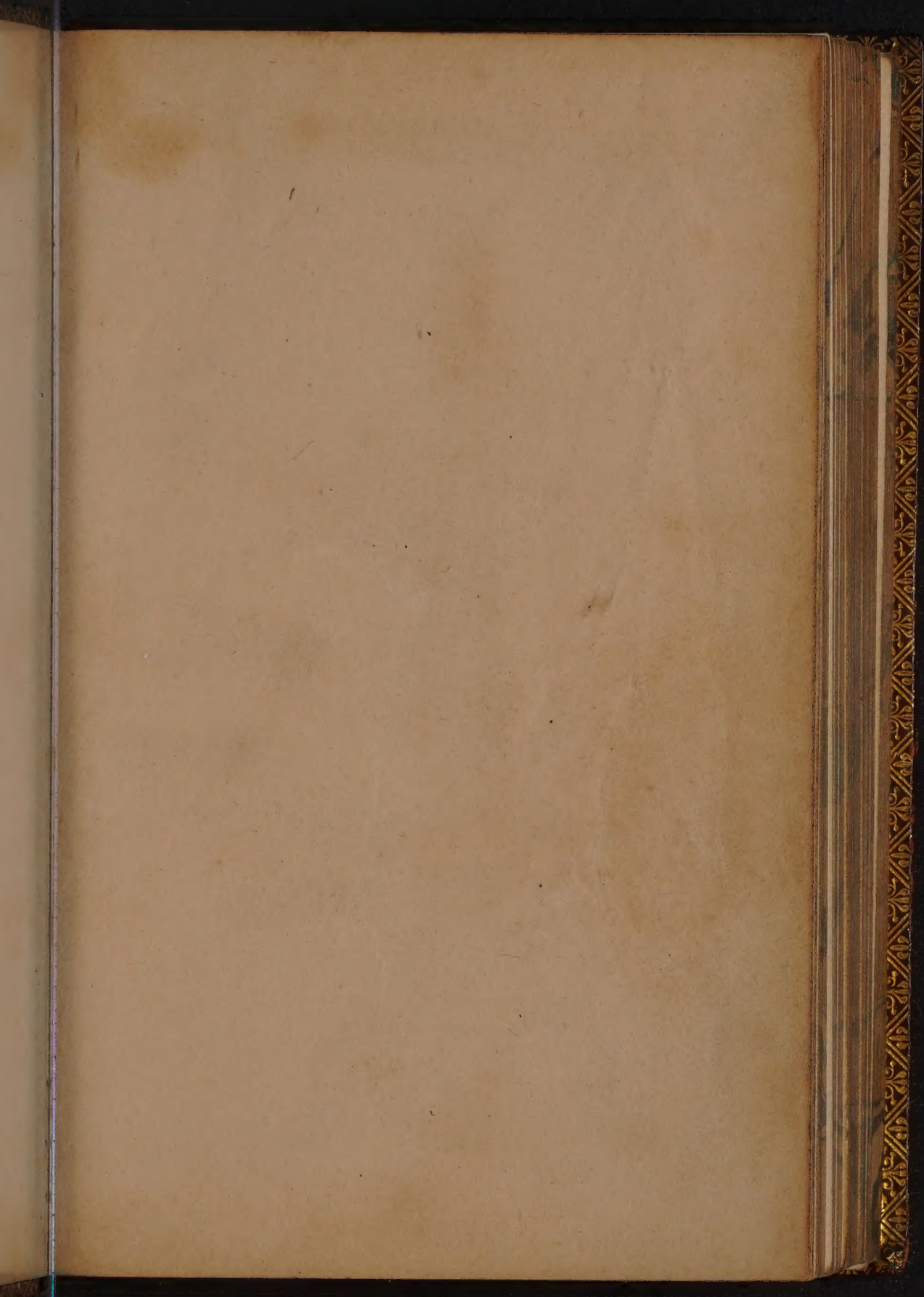


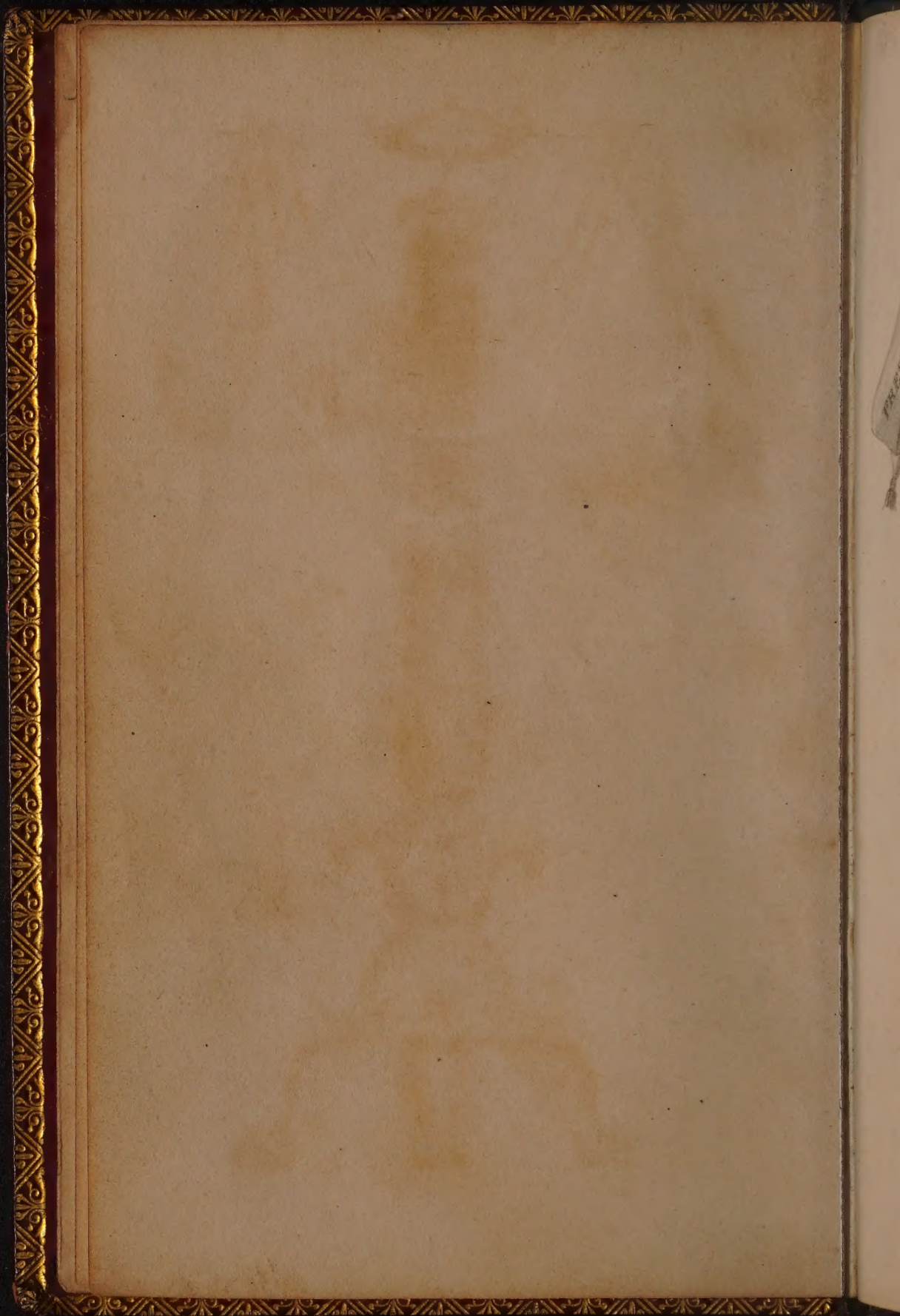




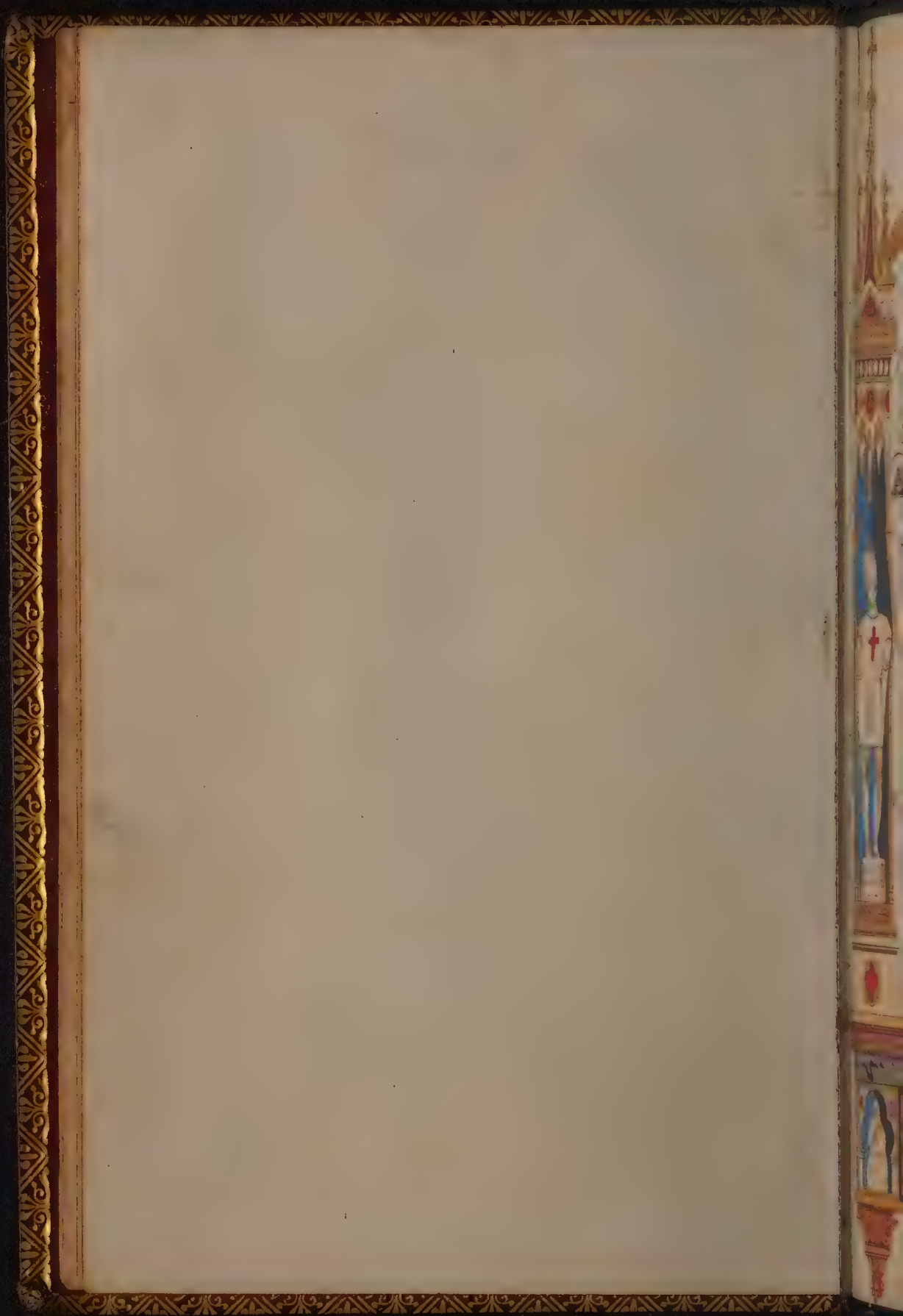


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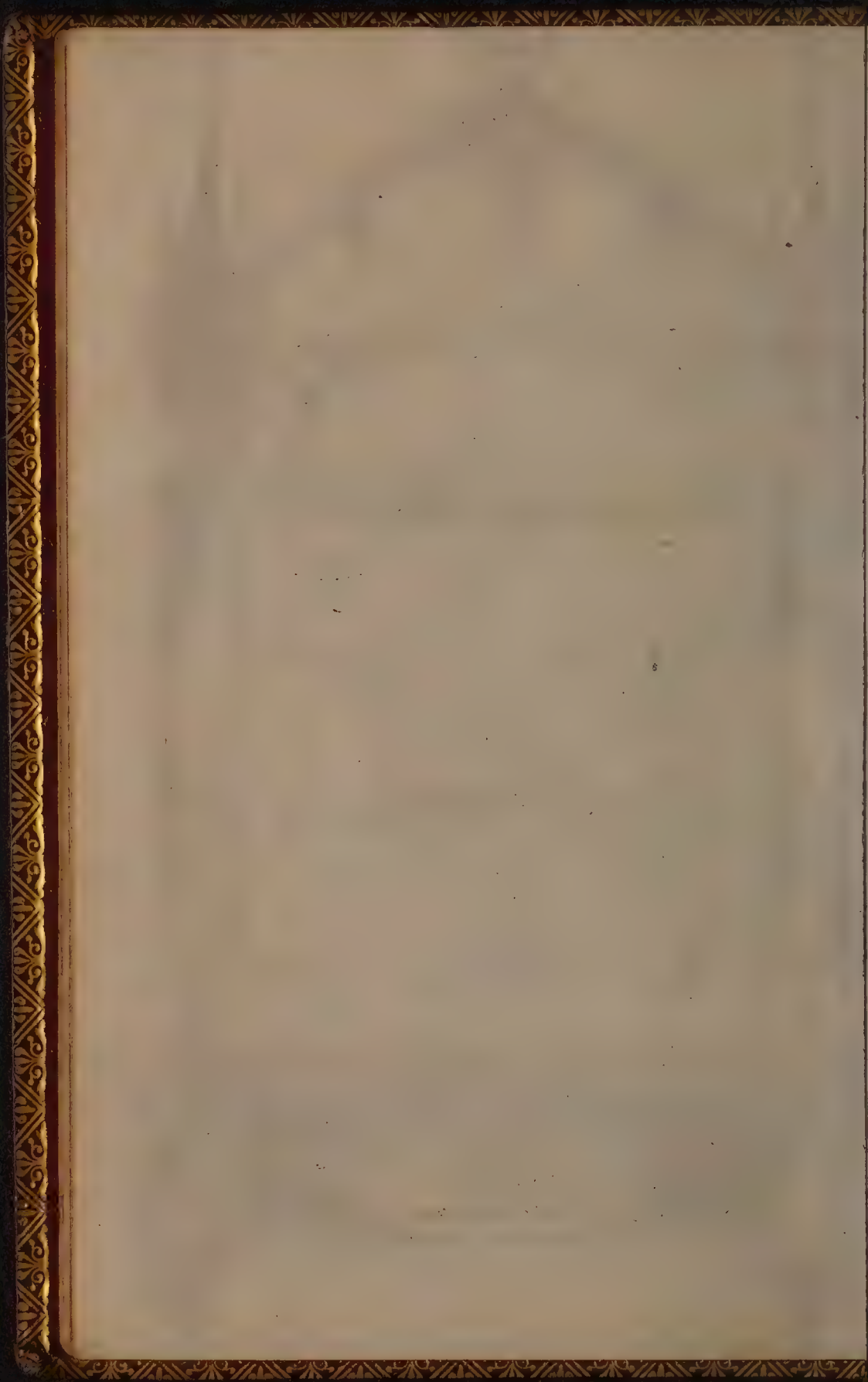


Friendship's Offering
or the
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCE
A
Christmas Present
OR
NEW YEAR'S GIFT
FOR
1825.



LONDON,
Lupton Relfe,
13, Cornhill.





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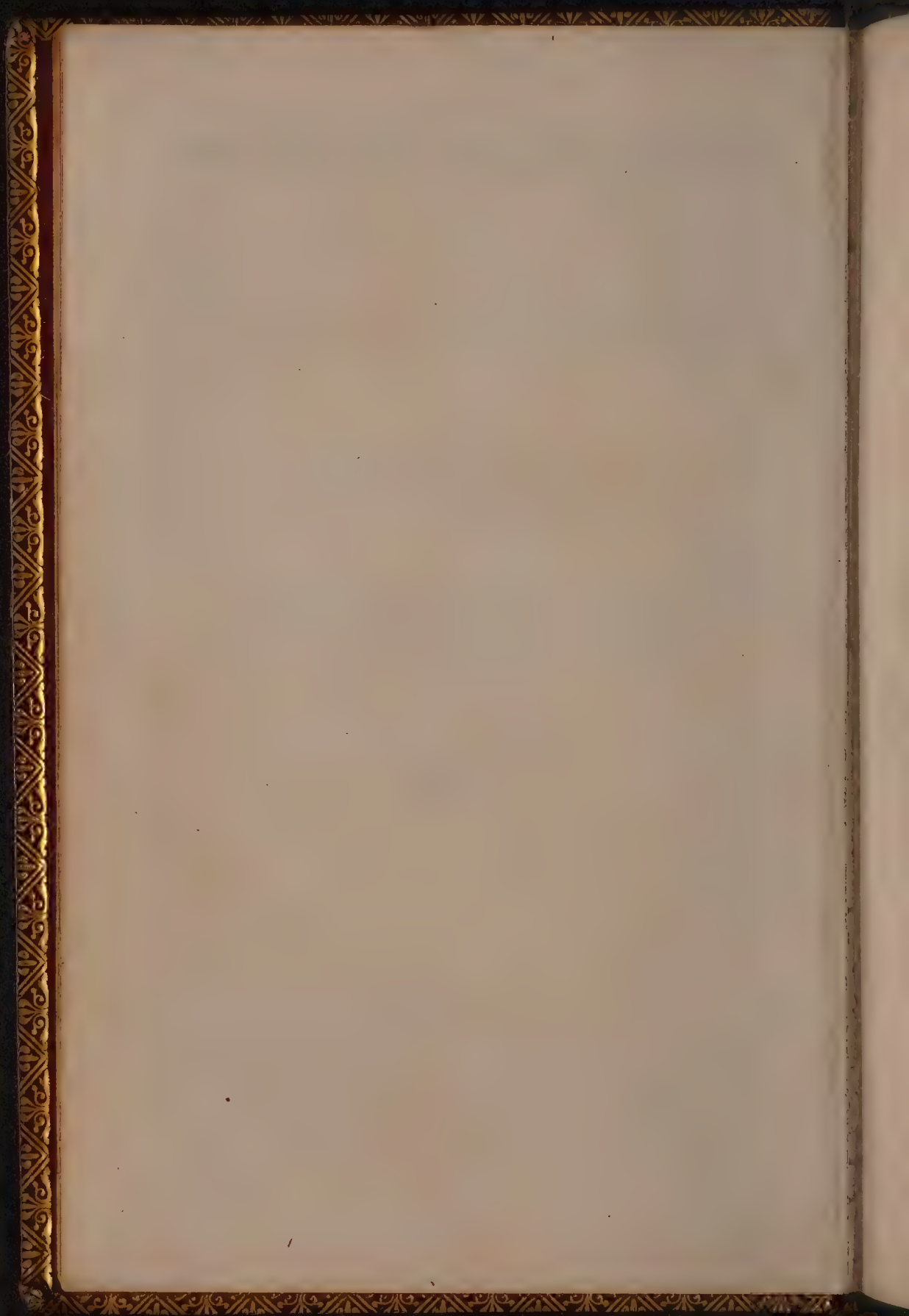
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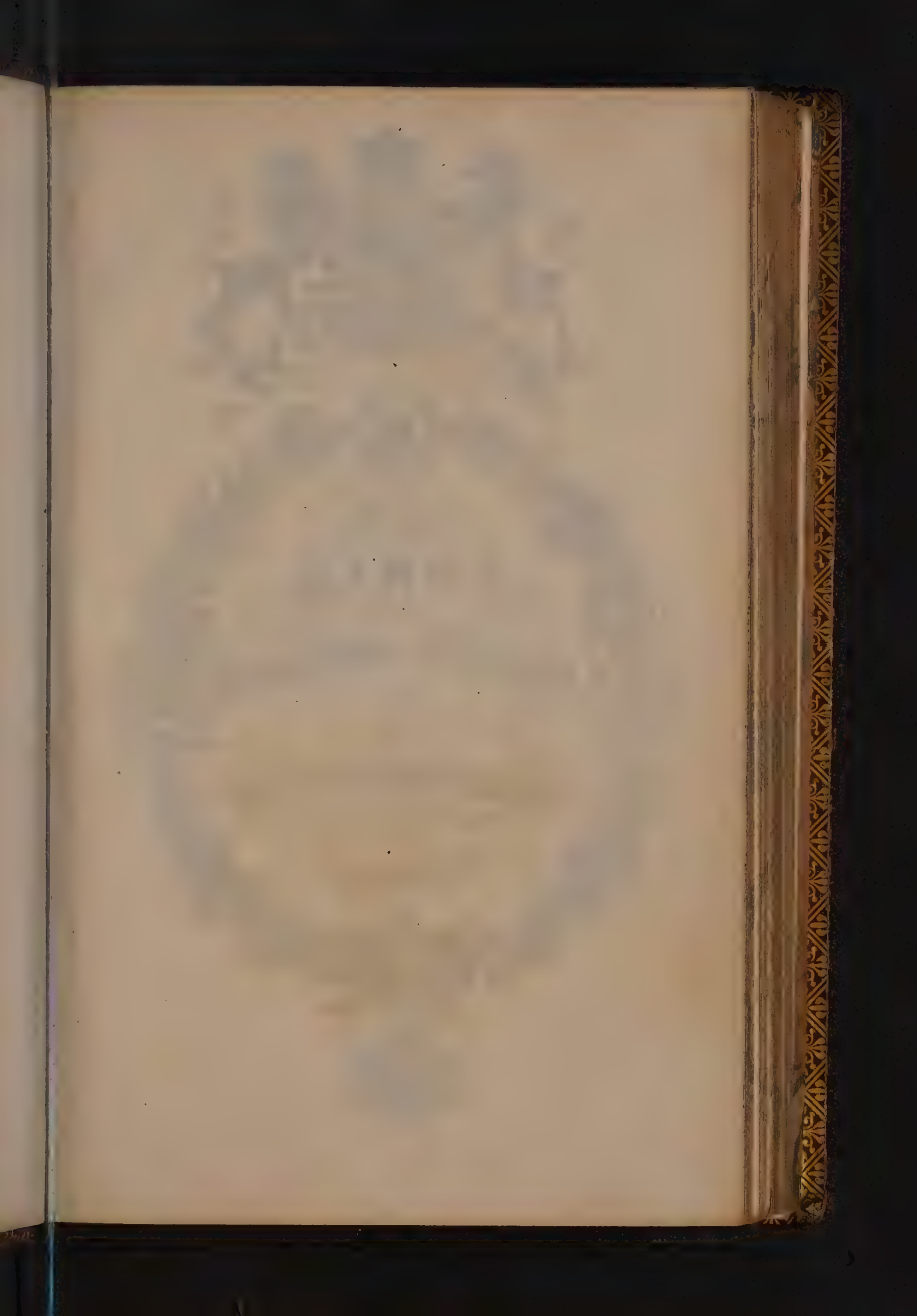
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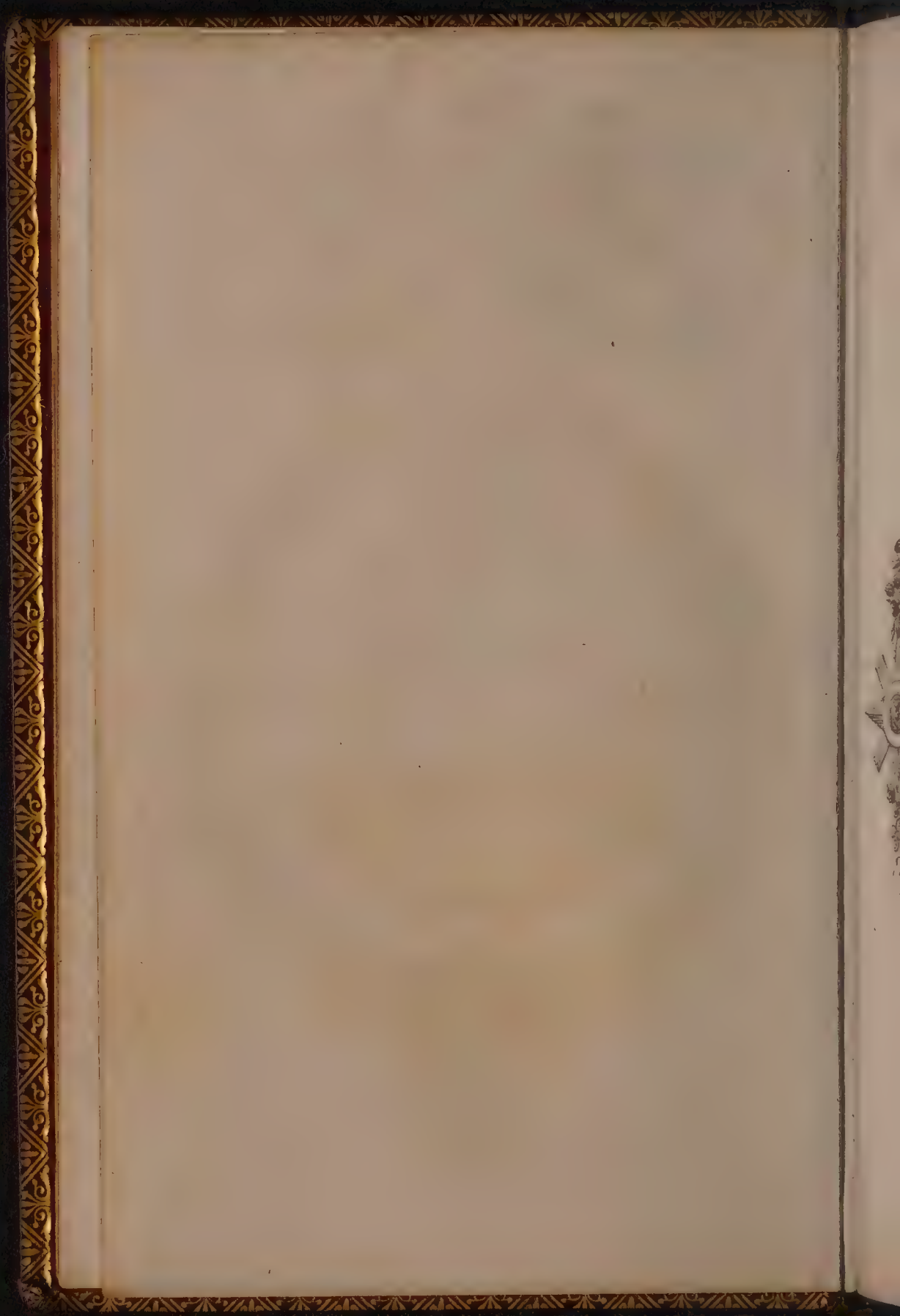
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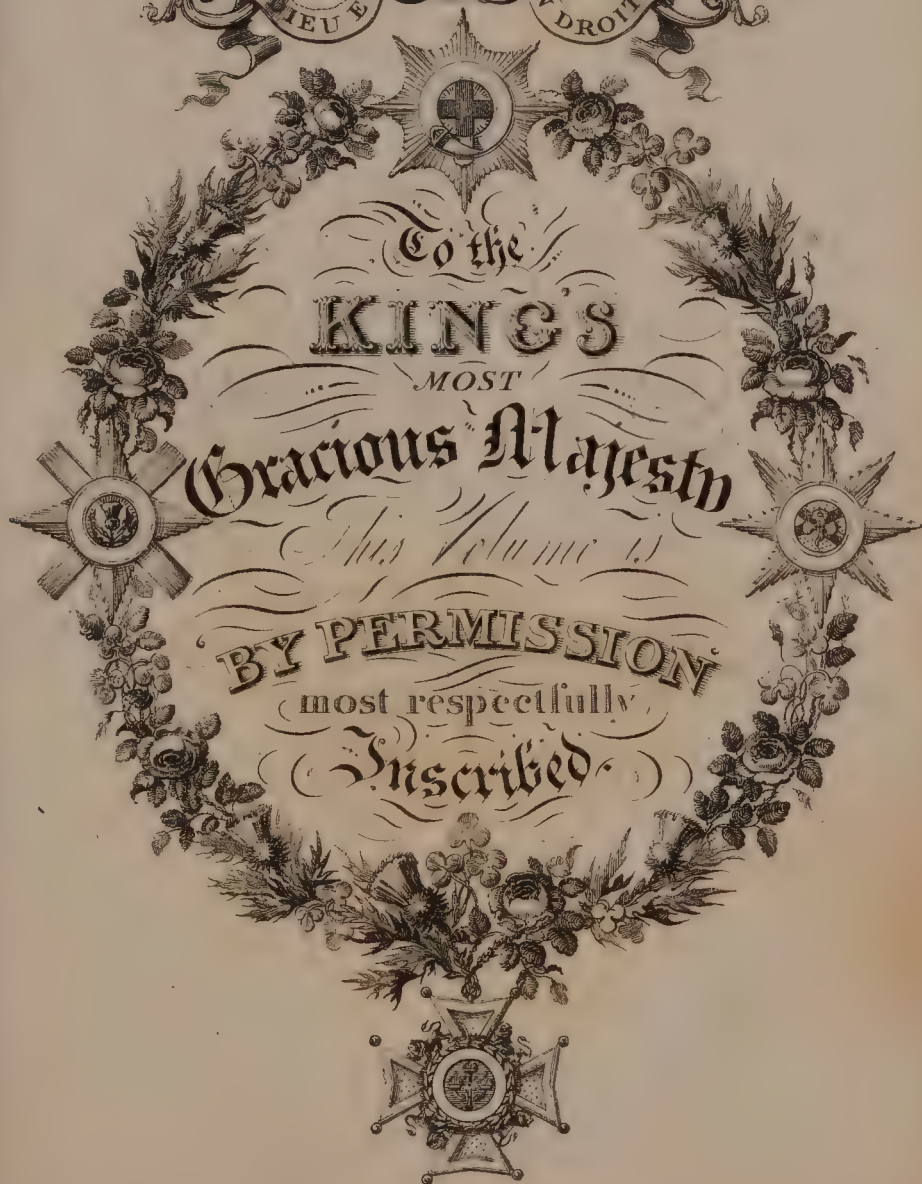
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PREFACE.

IF, in acknowledging the favorable reception given to our last year's volume, we are but performing a duty, equally called for by justice to the public, and gratifying to our own feelings, we, at the same time, flatter ourselves, that our kind friends will perceive, at a glance, that we are duly impressed with the truth, that encouragement bestowed, should be the most powerful stimulus to increased efforts to merit its continuance. Not to dwell on the external embellishments, the embossing, and the illuminating, executed by the best artists in their line, or on the great increase in bulk, we trust that the literary department will be found to be of a very superior cast; and the high character of our contributors must insure general approbation.

To render the description of the great cities more interesting, a much greater developement

has been given them, and considerable pains have been bestowed in gathering the most interesting particulars from recent foreign publications, not yet known to the English reader. The originality of all our articles, written expressly for our work, is a feature for which we are confident credit will be given us. The increased interest given to the embellishments, by introducing engravings after pictures by some of the most celebrated artists, ancient and modern, with short sketches of the lives of the painters, and remarks on their peculiar style, will be considered not only as a distinguished ornament to our publication, but as calculated to form, by its annual continuance and successive improvement, a select gallery, equally agreeable and instructive. The vignettes to the Diary, chosen for this time from the county of Kent, will be annually continued, each volume to contain a selection from one county, so as to form, in process of time, a pleasing series of British scenery.

Mindful of the precept of Pope, to steer from grave to gay, we have added a considerable collection of Charades, Riddles, &c. which will afford innocent and pleasing amusement on winter evenings: for, though we have known *soi-disant* sages affect to despise such trifles as puerile, we have much more frequently had the good fortune to see them call forth the most pleasing traits of

cheerful wit and harmless repartee, but never knew them offend the dignity of virtue, or sully with a cloud the sunshine of beauty. From the British fair, in particular, we fondly anticipate a kind reception for our little volume, adorned as it is with the names of an Opie, an Edgeworth, and the sweet chantriss of the Improvisatrice, three of the purest stars in the bright Galaxy of the female genius of Britain, whose attraction cannot fail to be a powerful recommendation to FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

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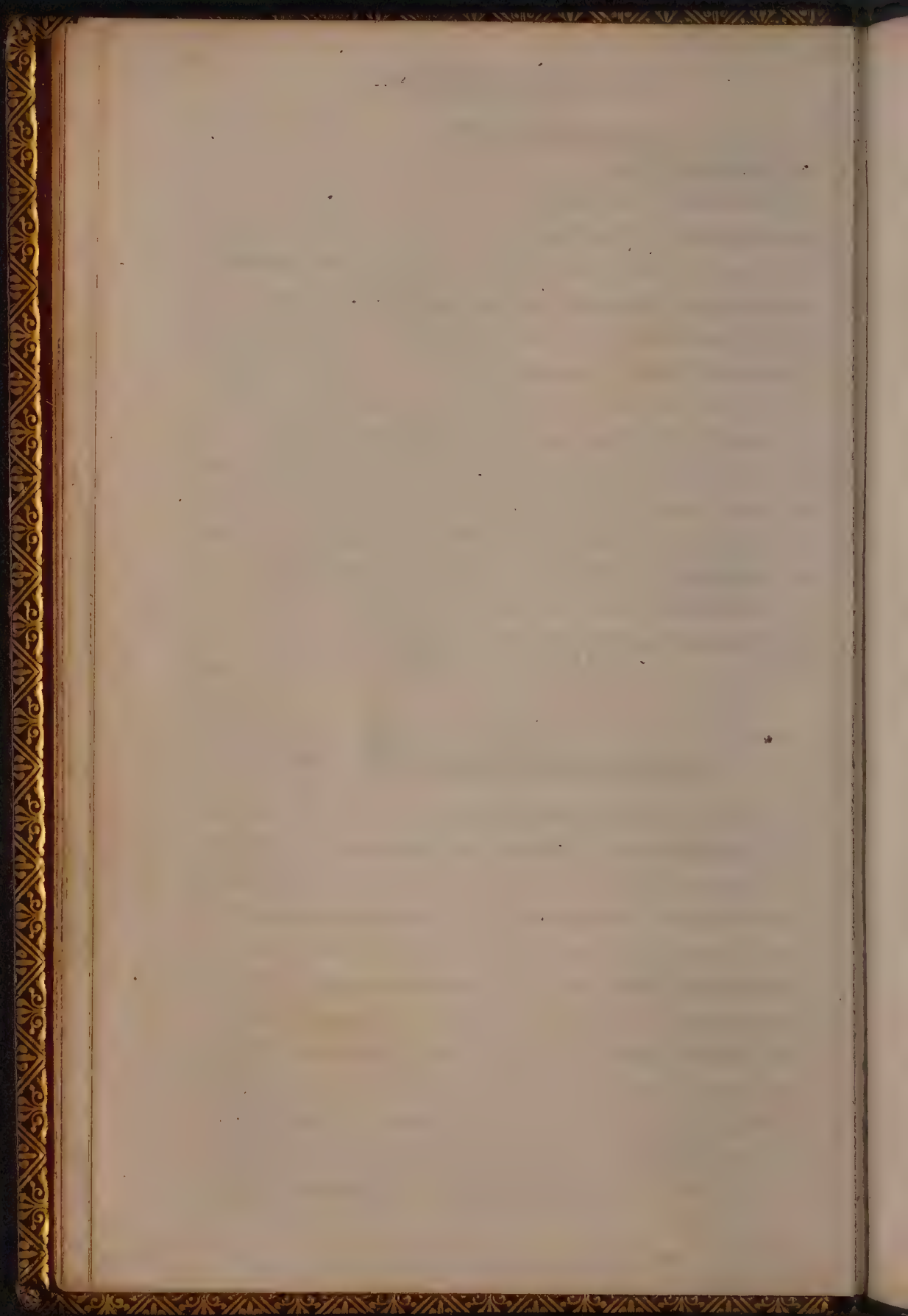
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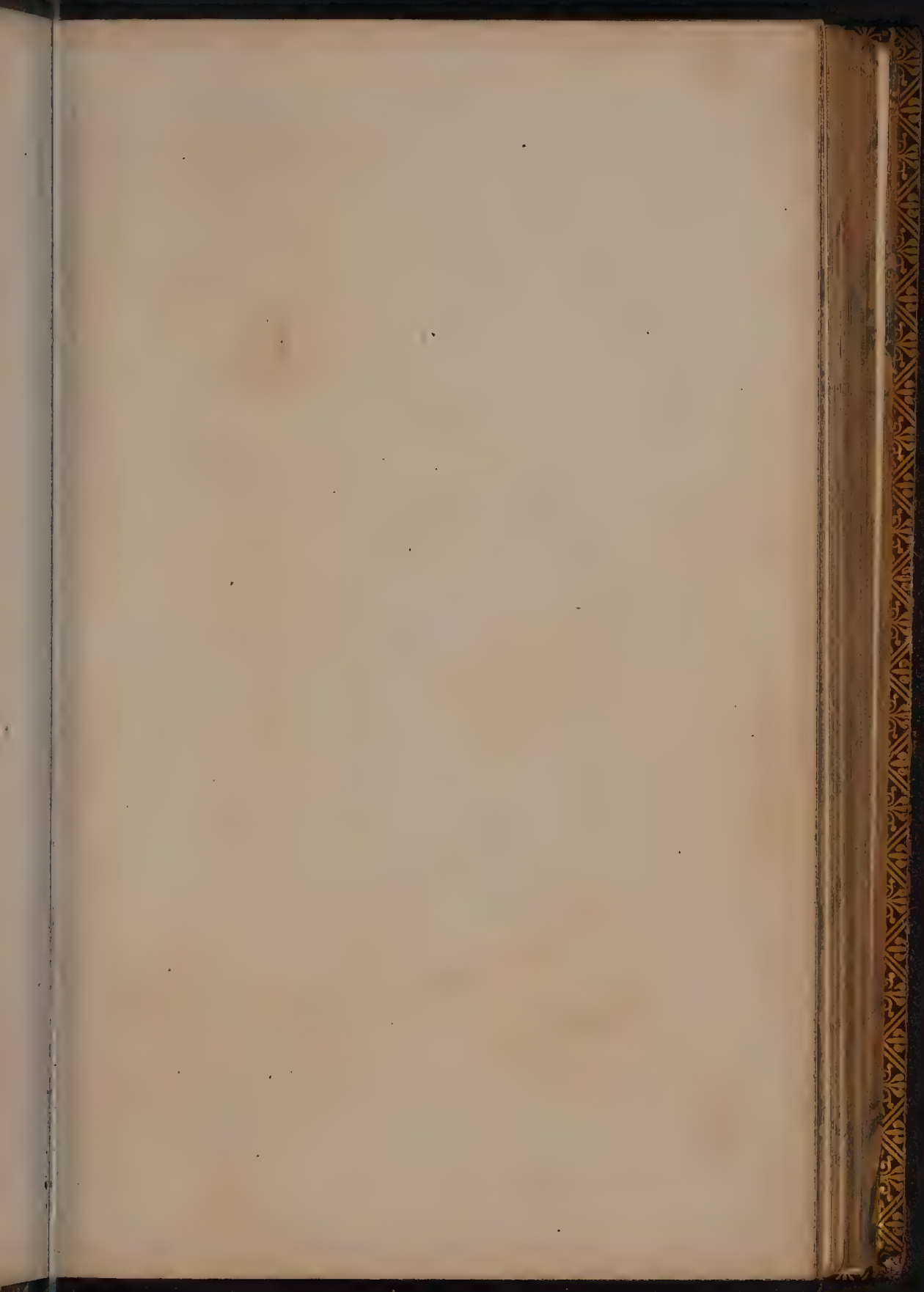
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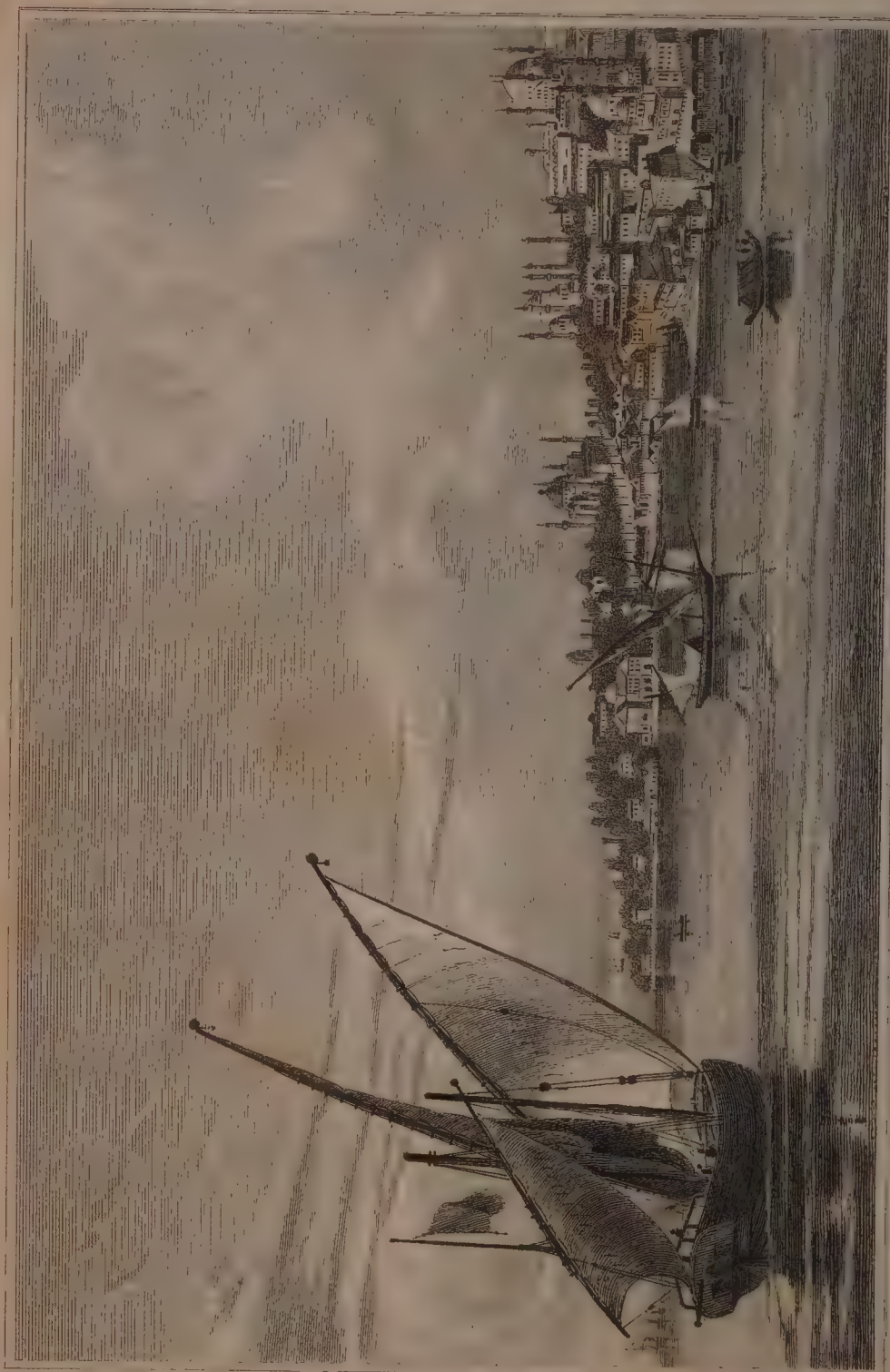
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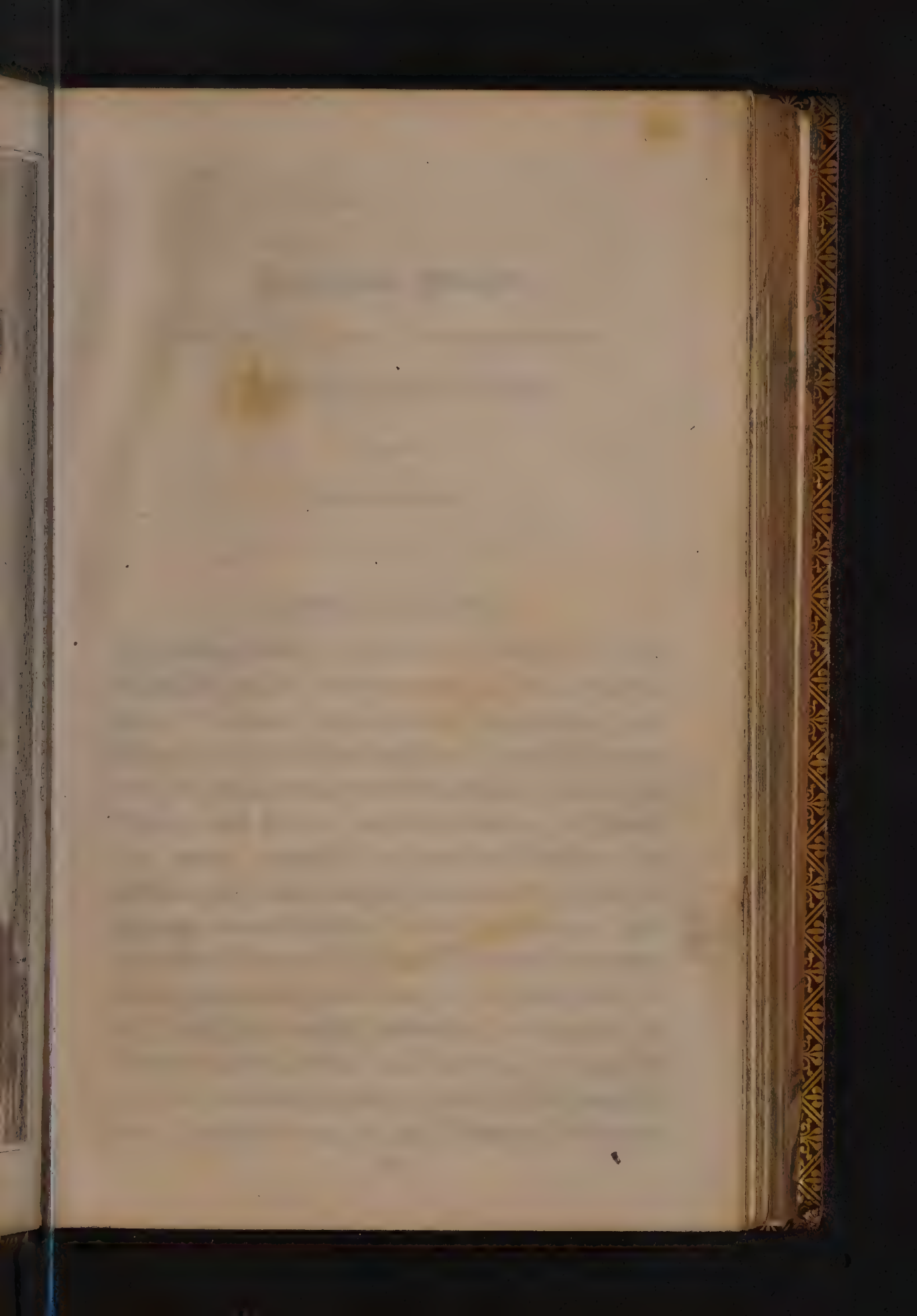
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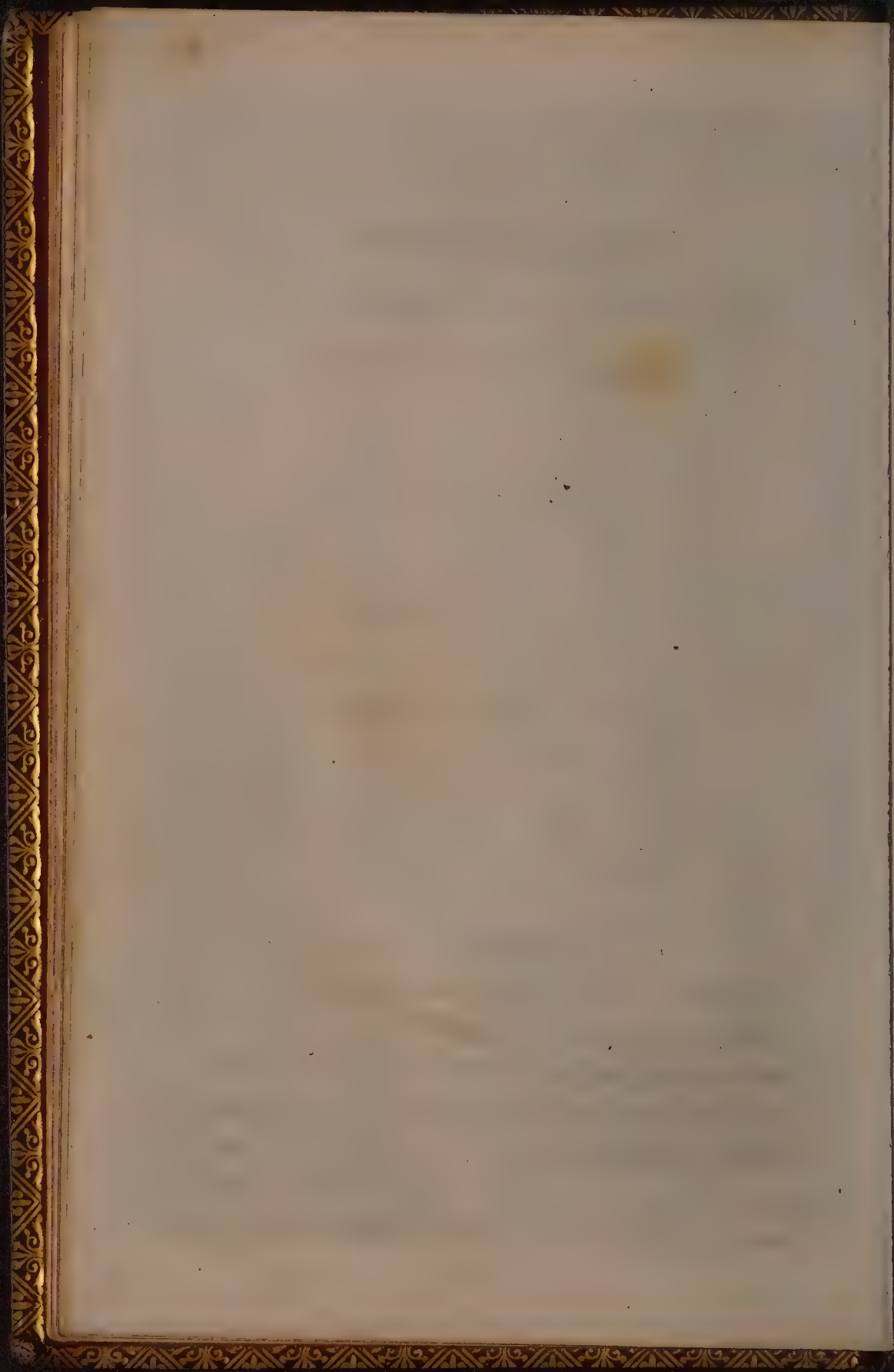
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Descriptive Sketches
OF THE MOST INTERESTING
EUROPEAN CITIES.

[To be continued.]

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been extolled for the superiority of its situation above all other capital cities, by poets and orators, geographers and historians, both of antiquity and the middle ages; and the passages selected from them by Ducange, Gylles, and Heyne, are well known. All, with one voice, proclaim its manifold beauties and advantages; and language seems too poor to express the admiration which it inspires. But whatever idea the reader of all these luxuriant descriptions may have been led to entertain, he will find the reality infinitely to surpass the utmost stretch of his imagination. No pen will ever be able adequately to describe the magnificent Amphitheatre of the Thracian Bosphorus.

Contemplated a thousand and a thousand times, new beauties continually develope themselves; and the ablest painter is at length compelled to renounce the idea of exhausting the treasures of its incomparable splendor. On one of those days, lovely as in Elysium, which are so common in this favored climate, we will suppose our reader entering the celebrated channel which divides Europe from Asia. The whole scenery is illuminated by the beams of the unclouded sun, whose golden light is reflected in a thousand colours on the dazzled eye. The sky and sea beam with silver radiance, and balsamic odours breathe from the beautiful shores of the two continents. The air is so deliciously mild, gently agitated by the cool sea breeze—the atmosphere so refreshing, the coasts on both sides unfold so many charms, as we glide past them, that we might fancy ourselves in the Garden of Eden, or at the entrance of some fairy land.

Thus we proceed, for half a day's voyage, between Thrace and Asia Minor. One prospect follows another—one beauty is eclipsed by that which succeeds. Here, we view the ruins of palaces and fortresses; there, villages amid the dark foliage of the walnut and the cyprus: here, we pass under the threatening cannon of strong batteries; there, by imperial summer houses

and oriental palaces : here, are chains of mountains and hills crowned with groves of Eastern vegetation, which are adorned with all the glowing hues of summer, and descend, without interruption, into the valley, except where some bold projecting rock catches the passing beam ; there, are beautiful tracts, adorned with all the treasures of industry and luxury, the divers tints of which are blended harmoniously in the rays of the sun. On this side, Ceres and Pomona, in a pleasant grove, offer a delicious repast ; on the other, rises a steep eminence, but from its summit flows the purest nectar, and the purple grapes, glowing between the brown tinted foliage, hang in luxuriant clusters from the branches of the straight fig tree, or the slender cherry ; while meadows, whose verdure is unrivalled, except by those of Britain's sea-girt isle, clothe the banks of the channel, which breaks its waves in white foam against the rocks on the coast, or expands into bays, varying in form and extent, which reflect the surrounding scenery on their unagitated bosom.

The nearer we approach the imperial city the greater is the variety of the objects that attract the eye, the more animated does the scene become. The Turkish boats lightly skim the surface of the water, ships are sailing in every

direction ; we see the coasts of Europe and Asia, crowned with numerous groups ; and distinguish the busy hum of men, which announces the vicinity of a great city. We have reached the end of the channel ; and, towards the south, a boundless prospect opens over the sea of Marmora ; when, all at once, Constantinople, with Scutari and Pera, bursts upon the sight, and overwhelms the mind with astonishment and admiration ! There lies the immense Stamboul, with its innumerable suburbs, its mosques, and its palaces, its minarets, and its towers. Enthroned, like the ancient mistress of the world, on seven hills, Constantinople, the second Rome, seems still to claim the homage of the world, two quarters of which lie at her feet. Though inhabited by barbarians, deprived, by fanaticism and war, of her fairest ornaments, repeatedly brought to the brink of total destruction, by the desolating fury of conflagration ; she still stands, clothed in imperial majesty, defying the ravages of time, and all human means of destruction, as if she were destined, once more, to give laws to the earth, and to govern all mankind, like the sons of one great family.

True it is, the city on the Bosphorus has long ceased to be what it once was, when Constantine transferred to it the seat of government of the

whole civilized world, and fixed here his imperial throne. We wander among the remnants of its former majesty; but, from the ruins of the Greek capital, a new metropolis has arisen, which once threatened to impose, on all the nations of the world, the cruel yoke of Asiatic despotism, and from which laws are still prescribed to an immense empire, in three quarters of the globe. The climate, the soil, and the skies, have remained unchanged; but the proud unlettered Turk now reigns in the pomp of Asiatic luxury, in those classic regions where, formerly, the mild civilization of the Greeks warmed the heart, and the altars of the muses were crowned with the fairest wreaths of art and science.

E'en now reveal'd, in every faintest trace,
Thou art the land that Pindar's genius fir'd;
Where, at the god-like feast, reign'd every grace,
And Art and Wisdom to the palm aspir'd:
What Reason, in her hardest triumphs, gain'd;
What Genius lavish'd from his richest mine;
What Fancy, in her boldest flights, attain'd;
All, all, O loveliest Greece! was thine!

Constantinople, called by the ancients Byzantium, and by the Turks Istamboul, or Stamboul, was re-built in 330, by the Emperor Constantine the Great, and called by his name. It continued to be the seat of the Eastern Empire for above a

thousand years, that is, till 1453; when it was conquered by Mahomet II., and has been ever since the metropolis of the Ottoman empire. Its situation, as we have observed, seems expressly chosen for the capital of a great empire; the form of the city is an unequal triangle, having an obtuse angle towards the sea of Marmora. On that side there is a wall, from fourteen to twenty feet high, with towers at intervals, and several gates. On the land side is the wall of Theodosius, about five miles in length; where the breach, made by the Turks in 1452, is still perceptible. This wall has suffered greatly from the effects of time; its height, its dilapidated appearance, and ivy-mantled towers, make it resemble a succession of decayed castles. The wall on the third side of the triangle, or next the harbour, has fourteen gates or entrances. The whole number of gates is twenty-eight; viz., fourteen on the harbour, seven on the land side, and seven towards the sea. The harbour is a long inlet, on the north side of the city, and capacious enough to admit twelve hundred vessels, with sufficient depth for those of the largest size. The strength of the current in the Bosphorus is an inconvenience to the harbour; and, in putting to sea, precautions are necessary to avoid being driven on the Se-

raglio Point, where the torrent is very strong.

CLIMATE.—Situated under the 41st degree of north latitude, between two seas, Constantinople enjoys the happiest climate, and the most agreeable variety of the seasons, with moderate degrees of heat and cold. It is, consequently, very healthy; setting aside the plague, indeed, the ravages of which, however, are certainly not to be ascribed to the climate, and might, doubtless, be lessened, if not wholly prevented, by a good medical police. The spring, though it begins with fine weather in February, is less pleasant after the equinox than might be expected; but, with the first of May, of the Greek calendar, the dominion of spring over winter is confirmed, and continues till about the solstice. On the first of May, the Greek maidens assemble before sunrise, to gather the primroses in the morning dew: the whole day is dedicated to joy; and, till late in the evening, the meadows are animated by the Dedalian evolutions of the celebrated dance Romaika, which is said to have been intended as a representation of the Cretan labyrinth. The heat of the summer is tempered by the north wind, which regularly sets in at ten in the morning, or, at the latest, by three in the afternoon, preparing the delicious coolness of the nights, which the inhabitants of the Bos-

porus enjoy, especially by moonlight, in excursions by land and water, along the coast. At the end of August, when the heat is the greatest, but never intolerable, the air is refreshed with showers of rain. The autumnal equinox is, as usual, accompanied by storms, but never so violent as at the vernal equinox. The rains that succeed frequently continue to the middle of October; after which, the finest autumnal weather prevails till the winter solstice, or longer. The winter generally sets in with the year, and hardly lasts six weeks; during which, the storms from Thrace bring showers of snow, which never lies above three days. It very seldom freezes in the day time; and it is only in the night that the thermometer is at about two or three degrees below the freezing point. The Byzantine historians, however, mention various instances of extraordinary cold, when the Bosphorus was frozen over, and people crossed on foot from Europe to Asia.

Another phenomenon, which appears much more frequently in the history of this city, are the earthquakes, which have frequently done great damage: that in the year 558, threw down the magnificent dome of the church of St. Sophia; which was again partly destroyed by another earthquake in 987. In 1033, under the

reign of Michael the Paphlagonian, there was a constant succession of shocks for one hundred and forty days. The last great earthquake, recorded in the history of the empire, was in 1765: slight shocks are still no uncommon occurrences. Notwithstanding the general beauty of the climate, it is, however, subject to frequent transitions, which affect the health of strangers; Pera, the European quarter, has, besides, the disadvantage of bad water.

All the three kingdoms of nature conspire to lavish their treasures on this favoured spot. Land and sea rival each other in enhancing, by their stores, the enjoyments of the inhabitants. The hares and wild boars are excellent, the pheasants, indeed, are not equal to those of Bohemia, and the partridges are not better than elsewhere; but nothing can equal the quails, which are extremely fat, and, boiled in pillaw, make a most delicious dish; but all that the land and the chase afford to the tables of Constantinople, is far inferior to the productions of the sea; and the fresh fish of Constantinople is the finest in the world. The two most beautiful trees, which give to the environs of Constantinople an oriental appearance, are the plantain and the cypress. Of fruit trees, the principal is the fig, of which there are nine or ten different species, of

the finest flavour. There are, also, numerous kinds of cherries, plums, apples, and pears, walnuts, hazelnuts, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, and, above all, delicious grapes, which, for size and sweetness, can scarcely be equalled in Spain and Italy. Melons and gourds are excellent; and almost all species of vegetables, cultivated in Europe, are found in their gardens, besides others peculiar to the country. Where flowers serve as symbols of the eloquent language of passion, great pains may be presumed to be bestowed on their cultivation; and the vicinity of Constantinople furnishes, in fact, the choicest variety: the great favorite of the Turks is the tulip.

Thus, happy in the beauty of its scenery, the fertility of its soil, the mildness of the climate, and the abundance and varied excellence of its natural productions, Constantinople is no less distinguished by the superior advantages of its geographical position, which seem to point it out as the seat of a mighty empire, and the natural emporium of the commerce of Europe and Asia; which it really is, in a great degree, though modern travellers differ considerably in their statements on this subject.

The limits of Constantinople, in the greatest extent, include not only the city and the harbour,

with the suburbs lying on the other side of it, but likewise Scutari (the ancient Chrysopolis), and Kasikoi (Chalcedonia) in Asia, and the towns and villages on both shores of the Bosphorus to its northern entrance: the city itself, surrounded on two sides by the sea, and defended on the third, or land side, by a triple wall, forms a triangle; the two sides of which, next the sea, are nearly of equal length, and that towards the land end not much shorter. Dr. Clarke makes the whole circumference of the walls 18 English miles, and the three sides respectively six, seven, and five miles: this, however, seems to be more than the actual extent.

But before we introduce the reader into the interior of the city, and attempt to describe some of the most remarkable of the splendid mosques, palaces, and other edifices, ancient and modern, with which it abounds, we must observe, that travellers who have been struck by its external grandeur, are but ill prepared for the appearance which it presents. "Its streets," we quote the words of Dr. Clarke, "are narrow, dark, ill-paved, and full of holes and ordure. In the most abominable alleys of London or Paris, there is nothing so revolting; they more resemble the interior of common sewers than public streets. The putrifying carcasses of dead dogs, with im-

mense heaps of filth and mud obstruct the passage through them."

We will not here examine whether Dr. Clarke's description is exaggerated, but a very respectable German traveller thinks that some European cities are not much superior to Constantinople in this respect; and that the streets of Lisbon, for instance, are not more cleanly than those of Constantinople. The filth and other nuisances must, doubtless, be attributed to the supineness of the Turkish police; but the architectural defects as they may be called, of dark and narrow streets, proceed from a cause which, under other circumstances, would render them far more interesting than the regular spacious and well-paved streets of London or Philadelphia: for, notwithstanding all that has been said of the ravages committed by the Turks, it may be questioned whether there is any considerable city in Europe that has undergone fewer changes, within the last four centuries, than Constantinople since it was conquered by Mahomet II. in 1453. "The more we saw of the city," says Dr. Clarke, "the more we had reason to be convinced, that it remains as it was found at its conquest by the Turks."

The same aqueduct that was built by the Romans still supplies the city with water; the interior of the renowned St. Sophia, demonstrates

the indisposition of the Turks towards the destruction of the buildings they found. The temples were appropriated to the new religion; the sumptuous baths of the vanquished were equally prized by the victors. Few, if any, of the public buildings were destroyed, and if we except those edifices that have yielded to the attacks of time, of earthquakes, or of fires, we may reasonably conclude that Constantinople exhibits one, at least, of the cities of the ancients almost unaltered. Nay, not only are many particulars of the manners, customs, usages, and costume of the Greeks retained by their present descendants, but there is every reason to believe that the Turks themselves, at the conquest, adopted many of the customs and refinements of the people they had subdued. When we carefully explore the pages of history; when we consider the numerous insurrections, the repeated sieges, the destruction of ancient temples to adorn with their spoils the Christian churches; when we consider the fragments of columns, of friezes or cornices, the altars and sepulchral stones, which are still every where to be seen in the walls of Constantinople, bearing testimony to the remoteness of the age when they were built, and the barbarism of the builders,—we must confess, that it would be impossible for the city to have retained so much of

its ancient physiognomy, if the Turks were really animated by that love of destruction which has been so often imputed to them : nay, even the desolation, incident on the storming of the city by Mahomet II., was not to be compared to the ruin of the finest works of art, perpetrated by the French and Venetian crusaders under Count Baldwin and the Doge Dandolo, when they took the city by storm in 1204 ; the horrors of which event are fully described by Nicetas Choniates and Villehardouin, both eye witnesses ; the former among the besieged, the latter in the army of the besiegers. We will now give an account of some of the most remarkable public edifices, beginning with the imperial palaces, and conclude with a sketch of the various classes of the inhabitants ; in doing which, we shall only have to regret the narrowness of our limits, as compared with the immense mass of interesting materials.

IMPERIAL PALACES.—The new Seraglio is a town of itself ; the walls of which are full four miles round, with twelve gates. The number of inhabitants is 12,000 ; but in this statement the bostangis, or gardeners, are set down at their full complement of 5000 men, but there are never above 2000 of them in the Seraglio. The general form is like that of the city—a triangle,

bounded on two sides by the sea, and on the third by the city. This side is broken into four parts, so that the whole is, in fact, an irregular hexagon. A very erroneous opinion has been entertained that the ancient Byzantium was not more extensive than the present Seraglio; it is certain, on the contrary, that the ancient Palace of the Greek Emperors, or rather the aggregate of Palaces, forming the imperial residence, covered much more ground than the Seraglio. The Seraglio, viewed at a distance, appears much finer than it is found to be on nearer examination; it consists of several courts, one within the other. It is before the entrance of the principal, or imperial gate, that the heads of rebels are fixed up, or rolled on the earth to be trodden under the feet of the horses. It is not, however, very lofty, as a stranger might suppose from the expression of the High and Sublime Porte, which is applied to the cabinet and government of the Ottoman Empire. This name is given to the office of the Grand Vizir only, which, in the empires in the East, has the whole executive power. Entering the first court we find the mint, the barracks of the guard, the church of St. Irene, now converted into an arsenal, the offices of the Defterdar, that is, the treasury, and dwellings for various officers of the Pa-

lace. The gate leading from the first into the second court, is a terror to all the great officers of the empire; for close to it, in the inner court, is the dwelling of the executioner. The entrance is closed by two gates, one in the first, the other in the second court. Viceroys and Vizirs, who have fallen at once from the highest favor to the deepest disgrace, are here seized by the guard, and either dispatched on the spot by the executioner, or carried off to be embarked, and sent into exile. No one but the Sultan is allowed to pass this gate on horseback. Even the foreign Ambassadors are obliged to alight, and to wait between the two gates, at least half an hour, for permission to enter the second court. Among the numerous humiliating usages, by which the Ottoman etiquette degrades the Ambassadors of the European courts, the most revolting and cruel piece of barbarism, is certainly this, of keeping the representative of an allied or friendly sovereign so long between the two gates of the residence of the executioner without any seat, (but the wooden bench of the guard,) and thus, as it were, to hold the sword of despotism suspended over him.

From the middle gate there are three paved walks, bordered with trees, leading to the three main buildings of the second court. The first

leads to the third gate, called *Babi Seadet*, i. e. the Gate of Felicity, the entrance into the third or innermost court of the Seraglio, where only white or black eunuchs keep guard; and the Vizirs and ministers introduced only by them and the chamberlains, are admitted to the Hall of Audience, which is at a small distance beyond the third gate. The path, to the left, leads to the Hall of the Divan, consisting of two apartments, with cupolas in the ceiling. Opposite the entrance into the first, sits the Grand Vizir; and behind him is the latticed box of the Sultan, who is there an unseen witness to all that passes in the Divan; his presence being often no otherwise indicated than by the splendor of the diamonds in his aigrette, which glitter in the gloom of the recess behind the lattice. The foreign Ambassadors are here first present at some discussions on judicial matters, and then have refreshments given them, from the kitchen of the Seraglio, the Ambassador sitting alone with the Grand Vizir at a small round table, and his secretaries and attendants at other tables with the Vizirs. Before the Divan, the Janissaries receive dishes of pillaw, which, on a signal being given, they attack with great voracity, in order that their hearty appetite may give a good opinion of their satisfaction; for when they are dissatisfied,

they do not touch the pillaw. When the Divan is over, they receive their pay; the bags full of piasters being cast on the stone pavement, to make as much noise as possible. All this, it is supposed, will impress the Ambassador with a high idea of the wisdom and power of the government, and cause him to approach, with greater awe, the foot of the throne. This is done on the special proposal of the Grand Vizir, who applies to *the most exalted Stirrup* for gracious permission "for the foreign Ambassador, after he has been fed and clothed, to rub his forehead in the dust of the feet of his Majesty the Sultan." The answer to this application is waited for in the open air, in the court yard immediately before the Gate of Felicity. In the space between the two doors which form this entrance, the ancient gilt shields and swords are suspended, which, with the gold stuffs, in which the body guard and the white eunuchs are clothed, indicate the greatest magnificence. Passing through two ante-rooms, which are filled with the splendidly-habited white eunuchs, the Ambassador and the persons of his suite are conducted into the audience chamber, each led by two chamberlains; who, holding him fast under the arms with one hand, put the other on the back of his head, and pressing it down, compel him to make a profound obeisance. The

door of the audience chamber is not directly opposite the throne; one large window at the side of the throne, and the opposite door, admit only sufficient light to show the sparkling of the jewels that adorn the throne, and the Sultan's dagger; which relieves the awful gloom of the apartment; the solemn silence of which is broken only by the bubbling of a fountain before the window. The interpreter of the Porte translates, in a whisper, the address of the Ambassador; the Grand Vizir replies in the same manner in the name of the Sultan: the nodding of whose aigrette is both the indication of his assent, and the signal for the Ambassador to retire.

Thus far, but no farther, the foreign Ambassadors and their suite are admitted into the third or innermost court; thus M. Von Hammer, to whom we are indebted for the above particulars, entered in the capacity of Secretary to the Austrian Ambassador, bearing the credentials in a gold bag, on a gold cushion. No European has ever gone farther on this side. The description of the interior apartments, communicated to Tavernier by a eunuch, appears to be pretty accurate: but more dependence may certainly be placed on the details which are scattered in the historians of the empire, as well as in Ewlia, who was himself a page in the Seraglio:

from these we extract the following particulars.

The chief buildings of the third court are, the apartments (*Oda*) of the Emperor and his court; the *Kiosks*, or summer-houses; the mosques, baths, and fountains; the treasury and the library; the Harem, and the *Schimschirlik*, called also the Cage, in which the princes of the blood are confined till their accession to the throne. All these are in the precincts of the third court, or the old, or winter palace; we shall speak below of the new building, or the spring and autumn palace, on the sea side.

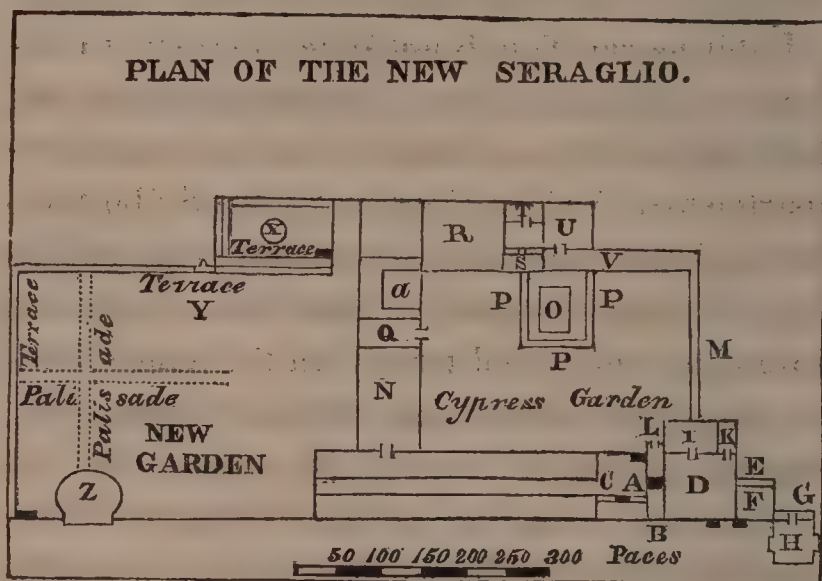
Of the numerous apartments mentioned by historians, the most celebrated and sacred is that called *Chirkaischerife Odassi*, in which are preserved the standard, the cloak, the staff, sabre, and bow, of the Prophet; the swords of the first three Caliphs, and the swords, &c. of other companions of the Prophet. Sultan Mahmoud I. expended no less than 100,000 ducats in adorning this hall with silver rosettes, and richly gilded pillars: the silver chest, containing the cloak, alone weighs 78,000 drachms. The several *Odas*, or saloons in the Seraglio, correspond, in a great degree, with the triclinia of the palace of the Greek Emperors. In the gardens of the Seraglio, are several of those summer houses, or kiosks, which are so frequently mentioned by travellers

in the East. The largest and most beautiful, on the highest point of the Seraglio, and at the extreme end of the Harem, is the kiosk of Erivan; probably so called in commemoration of the conquest of that city. The kiosk *Mahbubie*, that is, the favorite, adorned with an extraordinary profusion of gold and bright colours, was built by Sultan Mahmoud I. in the garden next to Top Kapu. In the interior of the Harem there are several mosques, and numerous baths and fountains, some of them richly adorned with marble, granite, serpentine, or porphyry.

With the exception of physicians, no European has ever yet entered the *Harem*, that is, the winter residence of the women; but the Harem of the spring and autumn residence, or the new buildings at Top Kapu (*the Cannon Gate*) have been seen by several Europeans, through the assistance of the gardener; and Dr. Clarke has given a description of it, though he improperly calls this Saloon the *Chamber of Audience* of the Sultana Valide; the Marble Kiosk, the *Chamber of Repose*; and the Saloon between them, the *Assembly Room*.

This new edifice was completed in 1735, the year in which the treaty of Passarowitz, so disadvantageous to the Porte, was concluded. For the gratification of our readers we annex a

description and plan of this palace, as taken on the spot by Mr. Joseph Von Hammer.



DESCRIPTION.

A. Entrance and door of the Saloon. B. The Gate Top Kapu. C. Gallery of the female Slaves. D. The Oeil de Bœuf. E. Bath. F. Blue Saloon. G. Passage lighted from above. H. Marble Kiosk. I. Wardrobe. K. Hall of the Divan of Othman III. L. Gate opposite the Top Kapu Gate. M. Gallery of the Architectural Plans. N. the Harem. O. Bason. P. Marble Balustrade. Q. On the level ground, passage to the Garden Gate. R. Hyacinth Garden. S. Library of Selim III. T. Bath of Abdulhamid. U. Persian Saloon of Chandeliers.

V. Gallery of Engravings. X. Hassam Pacha's Kiosk. Y. Gardén of Selim III. Z. Kiosk of Selim III. : *a*. Blue Hall of Mirrors.

Entering the Top Kapu Gate, we turn to the left, on the ground floor, into the chamber, and bath of the Sultana Valide; they are small low apartments. In the chamber of the Sultana Valide, and of the seven Sultanas, the description of the Prophet's person is inlaid several times in letters of mother-of-pearl. In the upper story are the state apartments of the Sultan. The staircase A in the passage B, leads from the ground floor into the great ball room; which, being divided by steps into two parts, the upper and lower, resembles a theatre. In the higher part, corresponding with our stage, which is ornamented with a golden balustrade, the Sultan sits to view the dancing and festivities in the lower part, like our pit; and when he does not chuse to be seen, remains concealed with one of his favorites behind the gilded lattice. This theatre occupies the whole breadth of the building between the sea side and the inner, or Cypress Garden; so that the windows of the upper part have a view over the sea, those of the lower into the garden: the first, bright and clear; the latter, veiled in a magic gloom. This theatre is adorned with numerous mirrors in the panels, among

which are two pieces of agate, seven spans broad, and two high. The door C, opposite A, leads into the long dark gallery, or passage of the Harem; where the female slaves inhabit the lower story, and the ladies of the Seraglio the upper. The door A leads into the apartment of the Sultan. The first great hall D, is lighted by three large oval windows, like the *Oeil de Bœuf* at Versailles, of which it is probably a copy; it having been built in the reign of Achmet, when the French taste was introduced into Constantinople, and the summer palace of Kiagadchane was built on the plan of Marly. Over the entrance is a musical clock; and opposite to it two marble fountains, erected by Sultan Mahmoud, as well as the bath E, which is entirely of red marble and granite. Thirty-five columns in a row form part of the first chamber of the bath, into a noble peristyle. On the right of the bath is the blue room, the ceiling of which is blue glass or porcelain, traversed diagonally by gold bars. The walls are covered with looking-glasses of various sizes, without any regard to proportion, regularity, or taste. A narrow room G, lighted from above, and elegantly supported by slender pillars, leads into the new marble Kiosk H. This Kiosk, which is supported by twelve columns of the most beautiful verd

antique, (the *Viride Lacedæmonium* of Pliny,) and attracts the notice of all who pass by, commands a most glorious prospect over the whole Propontis, and the Bosphorus, as far as its first bend. Returning through G and E into D, we go into the two rooms of the imperial wardrobe I, the chests in which resemble the bookcases in Turkish libraries, and then into the Hall of the Divan of Othman III., likewise consisting of two apartments, K. The ceiling is a red ground, with rosettes of gold: here are two chimney-pieces, one of them of Saxon Avanturin, with a large English clock. There being no farther issue this way, we have to return to the Saloon, which we have called the *Oeil de Bœuf*.

We have now passed through the whole of one side of the great square surrounding the Cypress Garden. Exactly on the opposite side of the gate L, by which you enter the garden of the square, is the door of the Harem of the Sultanas, by which you pass through it into the new garden of Sultan Selim. The Harem of the female slaves, N, here joins the above-mentioned chamber of the Sultanas: there is a long row of beds close to and over each other, both in the lower and the upper story. The view is on one side to the garden of the inner square, and on the other to that of the outer (Sultan Selim's); that of

the inner square is divided by a low terrace, and has a marble bason, surrounded with a marble balustrade, O. As the Festivals of Tulips, *i. e.* illuminations at the time when tulips are in bloom, were formerly celebrated here with sports and dances, this inner square is called also the Tulip or Marble Garden, (from the marble terrace and the marble balustrades). As the lower part is appropriated to the cultivation of tulips, so is the upper to hyacinths; whence this square, surrounded on all sides by the Harem and the buildings belonging to it, is called the Tulip, the Hyacinth, the Cypress, and the Marble Garden.

The Harem of the female slaves, on the south side of this square, takes up the whole breadth of the building, namely, forty-five paces in breadth, and three hundred paces in length. It is divided, lengthwise, into a double gallery, by two rows of chests placed close together. Next to the windows are little sophas, on which the Odaliks (not Odalisques) sleep, fifteen together. The interval between the sophas placed close to the wall, and the chests, is six feet. These chests, painted blue, red, and white, contain the scanty appendages of the toilette of these slaves, of whom there are as many as days in the year. At the two ends of the great gallery of the women, are two staircases, closed at the top by heavy

trap-doors, fastened with strong bolts. The adjoining saloon has the walls of a blue ground, inlaid with round looking-glasses, some plain, some convex, and some concave, and adorned with garlands of flowers and fruit: a door leads from hence into the Upper or Hyacinth Garden. The walks are paved with marble, the beds adorned with porcelain of various colours.

Next to this garden is the proper residence of the Sultan:—first, a room with bookcases, S, containing the library of Selim III., chiefly historians and poets, fine copies, remarkable for the beauty of the writing. From the ceiling, which is pure molten gold, are suspended three golden cages, with artificial birds, that sing by mechanism. In the middle is an immense chafing-dish (Tendour) of bronze gilt: on the sofa lies the Sultan's letter-case, of yellow leather, embroidered with silver; such a one as is carried before the Sultan, by one of the great officers of the court, in public processions. Sabres, daggers, pistols, bows, and quivers of arrows, ornamented with diamonds and other precious gems, are arranged in brilliant and fantastic groups on the walls. The bath, T, adjoining the library, is that of Sultan Abdulhamid.

From the bath we come to the Persian Saloon, in which are the noble mirrors presented by the

Russian embassy. The view of the garden from this saloon, is as romantic and beautiful as that from the Theatre on the opposite side. Directly under the windows of the Persian Hall, is the marble bason, surrounded with a marble balustrade. We go next into the gallery of English copper-plates, V, a miscellaneous collection of pieces representing animals and landscapes; Rhodes and Aboukir, both renowned in the military annals of the Turks; then all the celebrated English naval battles, presented to the Sultan by the Captain Pacha, Kutschuck Hussein Pacha. The continuation of this gallery at right angles, is that of the architectural plans and designs, a narrow passage, one hundred and fifty paces long, lighted from above like the baths, by small circular windows. Below this gallery, on the ground floor, are the apartments of the eunuchs, the great gate from which into the garden is directly opposite that of the Harem, through which we pass into the outer garden, which is a square about the same size as the other. It is divided into four parts, by a massy wooden paling, twenty-five feet high, crossing in the centre at right angles. This wooden paling, and the wretched fountains near it, are monuments of the most miserable taste. Little lions throwing out water, parasols, flowers, ananas, and wheels, water

the grass, and the jessamine which is trained against the paling. What is most worth seeing is the new elliptical Kiosk (thirty-six feet in the longest diameter) close to the sea shore. From the centre of the gilded dome hangs a magnificent chandelier of English crystal, presented by Lord Elgin; and a smaller one over the raised sofa next the windows. Between the painted columns are inscriptions in golden letters, containing the description of the Prophet's person, and sentences on the conquest of Egypt, under the founder, Sultan Selim III. On the left-hand of this beautiful summer-house is a door leading to a chamber for the Sultan, and on the right to one for the Sultana mother, or a favorite. The under story of the Kiosk is a low vaulted chamber, where the women and maid-servants enjoy the refreshing coolness of a bubbling fountain, and a view (through their narrow lattices) of the sea. Close to the Kiosk is a hot-house for pine apples, which were first brought here from the Imperial Garden at Schönbrunn, under Selim III. At one end of this hot-house is a gilt iron door, called the golden door, by which we come to a gently-sloping walk, paved with little pebbles of two colours, to the upper wall of the garden, and directly to a large iron gate, called the gate of

the great Harem, to distinguish it from the gate of the little Harem.

The great Harem is the Winter Harem, never yet entered by any European traveller; the little, or Spring and Autumn Harem, has been partly described by Pouqueville and Clarke; and here, by us, in its whole extent. This gate does not lead directly into the Winter Harem, but to an open space: we ascend here another little eminence to the buildings of the Harem; and below, a few paces from the garden wall, is a Corinthian pillar of granite, with this inscription:—*“Fortunæ Reduci ob devictos Gothos:”* a monument of the reign of Theodosius or Justinian.

From the garden-gate of the great Harem, we go either by the walk paved with pebbles into the lower garden, or to the right of the gate, immediately as we enter, into the garden of the Terraces, which is twenty-five feet above the lower garden. The whole breadth (sixty paces) of this narrow Terrace garden is occupied, at one end, by an old Kiosk, called the Kiosk of Hassan Pacha, the ceiling of which is inlaid with looking-glasses. On the walls hung paintings of the sieges and conquests of the most celebrated fortresses of the Ottoman Empire—Rhodes, Bagdad, Belgrade, &c. This Kiosk is now dilapi-

dated: swallows build their nests between the golden balustrades and mirrors, and the ceiling reflects only rubbish and dirt. On the Terrace itself there is nothing remarkable, but a marble bason and an arm chair of stone, from which there is an extensive view over the land and sea. The old Seraglio, founded by Mahomet II., is now appropriated chiefly to the women of preceding Sultans; every Sultan, at his accession, sending the Harem of his predecessor into the old Seraglio.

There are other imperial palaces in the city, none of which require a particular description. There are also several palaces in the towns on the Bosphorus, and in the suburbs of Ejub, Scutari, Galata, &c. The three principal palaces belonging to officers of state, are the Palace of the Grand Vizier, or Sublime Porte; that of the Treasurer, and that of the Aga of the Janissaries.

The *Squares* of the present city occupy nearly the same space as the *Fora* of the ancient Constantinople; and the Hippodrome is still called, *At-Meidan*, *i. e.* the place of horses: this is the most celebrated of all the squares of Constantinople, situated S. E. of St. Sophia, and now only 250 paces long and 150 broad, part of the space occupied by the Mosque of Sultan Achmet having been taken from it. Of the crowd of statues

brought together from all parts of the eastern empire to adorn the Hippodrome, none now remain entire; what had escaped the ravages of insurrection and civil war, was sacrificed by the brutal fury of the western barbarians under Baldwin and Dandolo. Among these was the celebrated colossal statue of Hercules Trihesperus, by Lysimachus, which they broke to pieces and coined into money, as their worthy descendants, the French Revolutionists, did the bells of the churches. The most remarkable remains of antiquity that the Hippodrome can now boast, are,—the pillar formed of three serpents entwined together, which have lost all the three heads; and the obelisk in the middle of the square, which deserves particular attention, as the best preserved monument of ancient Constantinople. The four celebrated horses removed by the French from Venice to Paris, and sent back to Venice on the conclusion of peace in 1815, formerly stood on a tower in the Hippodrome, from which they were removed by the Venetians to the piazza of S. Mark at Venice, on the conquest of Constantinople.

The Hippodrome, from its extent, was well calculated for great political exhibitions, such as triumphs, the processions at the coronations or nuptials of the Emperors, &c. The Atmeidan

has been applied to the same uses under the Turkish Emperors, though it has been lessened by the building of the Mosque of Achmet I., and that of the Hospital on the south side. The solemn processions of the Sultan on the festival of Bairam, when he goes from the Seraglio to the Mosque of Achmet I. pass over the Atmeidan: the procession of the pilgrims to Mecca sets out from this place; and here, too, all the great men of the court and officers of state assemble to celebrate in the Mosque of Achmet I., in presence of the Sultan, the birth-day of the Prophet. We may add, that the street leading from the Seraglio to the Atmeidan, is now by far the most regular and elegant in Constantinople.

MOSQUES.—The number of Mosques in Constantinople is about 300, some of which are very remarkable buildings, and worthy of attention as the best specimens of the public architecture of the Turks. The principal ones are in the squares and public places, surrounded with cypress trees, and provided with fountains. The oldest, and the most interesting to Christians, is the far-famed Temple of St. Sophia, or the Divine Wisdom. It was founded by Constantine the Great, twice burnt down in popular seditions, under Arcadius 404, and under Justinian 532. This Emperor rebuilt it with extraordinary splendor. The profusion

of the most costly marbles, granite, and porphyry was incredible; amongst the finest columns for their size and beauty were eight pillars of porphyry, taken by Aurelian from the Temple of the Sun, at Balbec; the eight green columns from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and others from Cyzicus, Troas, and Athens. This church is in the form of a Greek cross, 143 feet from north to south, and 270 from east to west. The great centre dome is 115 feet in diameter, and the summit of it 180 above the pavement. The interior, though many of the ornaments have been defaced by the Turks, still retains much of its ancient splendor. The architectural excellence of this celebrated edifice has certainly been greatly exaggerated: there is a great want of taste and simple grandeur; and the entrance being by a descent of several steps, takes from the effect. It appears to the greatest advantage when illuminated in the nights of the festival of Ramadan, by several thousand lamps, which are suspended in three circles under the dome. The most remarkable mosques built by the Turkish Emperors, are that of Mahomet II., that of Sultan Selim I., completed in 1526, remarkable for the noble simplicity of the style, and the extent of the dome, which is said rather to exceed that of St. Sophia. The Mosque of Soliman the Great,

the finest monument of Turkish architecture, began in 1550, and completed in 1555. That of Sultan Achmet I., in the Hippodrome, is the only one in the empire that has six minarets, being two more than St. Sophia, the Mosque of Soliman, and even the sacred Temple of the Caaba, at Mecca. The Mosque of Fatima, finished in 1727, is celebrated for its great beauty; and that of Othman III. completed in 1755, for the numerous large and elegant windows, the simplicity of its style, and its beautiful minarets.

There are above twenty Greek churches, and two Armenian, in and near Constantinople: the Greek patriarchal church is one of the finest, and contains the remains of S. Euphemia, and of the Empress Theodora. The jealousy of the Turks will not allow them to have any external appearance of their sacred destination; they have no spires or bells, but some of them are very handsomely fitted up. Most of them have suffered severely since the beginning of the present struggle between the Greeks and their masters. The Catholics have an Archbishop, and several cloisters in Pera and Galata; and three protestant ambassadors, the English, the Swedish, and Dutch, have chaplains in their suites. Among the most remarkable public buildings are the BAZARS, the

Khans, the Fountains, and the Baths. The Bazzars are open market places, of which there are several. The enclosed and covered market places, called Bazar by many, are properly named Be-sestan; of these there are two, each of which forms a large square, divided into long galleries (only of one story) with sky lights. The riches of all parts of the world seem to be collected in these immense repositories. According to the regulation general in the east, the dealers of every description are classed in distinct divisions; so that some quarters, such as those of the jewellers, of the dealers in gold stuffs, &c. present an assemblage of wealth not to be paralleled in our European cities. The word Khan means, in Turkish, both a Caravanseray (or furnished hotel) and a magazine for goods. They are large stone buildings in the form of a square, with galleries all round, in which the merchants lodging in them have their magazines. The bankers (or money-scriveners) reside also in these Khans. Baths are one of the oldest institutions of the east, first intended for the promotion of cleanliness and health, and afterwards converted into one of the greatest refinements of voluptuous luxury. The baths of Byzantium were celebrated for their magnificence; and there is reason to suppose that

some of the largest and finest of the Turkish baths are not only arranged in the same style, but that they are even on the same places.

The *fountains* are extremely numerous, and several of them costly structures. Among the cisterns, Dr. Clarke mentions "the Cisterna Maxima; the pillars and arches supporting the roof still remain, and the area beneath them is very extensive, but now used as a kind of rope-walk." This is the *Cisterna Philoxeni*, called by the Turks *Bin bir direk*, i. e. the 1001 pillars, from the great number of pillars, which however are only 672, being 224 in each of the three stories. Only the upper ones supporting the roof are entirely visible; they are 24 feet 4 inches high. In the lower story, only 7 feet 7 inches of the pillars are visible, the remainder being buried in the dried mud and former deposit of the cistern. Some doubts appear to exist with respect to the Cisterna Basilica, which Dr. Clarke was not so fortunate as to see; he quotes the description of Gyllius, who states that it was supported by 336 columns, 40 feet 9 inches high; that it was 336 feet long, 182 broad, and that he himself went down into it, and rowed round it by torch light, in a little skiff: he says it was *westward* of St. Sophia, about 80 Roman paces distant. The learned Mr. Von Hammer, who resided 4 years

in Constantinople, says, this cistern is north-east of St. Sophia, and that it is the only one that is still used as a reservoir for water; he then copies the description given by Gyllius: he does not say that he himself saw it, but affirms that it is even to this day filled with water. It does not appear how his north-east from St. Sophia is to be reconciled with the westward of Gyllius. The aqueducts, that supply the city with water, are among the most remarkable works: that built by Adrian, repaired by one of the Constantines, and afterwards by Soliman the Magnificent, consists of a double tier of arches. General Andreossi, French ambassador at Constantinople, has published a most interesting work on the physical geography of the Bosphorus, and the aqueducts of Constantinople. Limited as our space is, we must mention some of the charitable institutions: among these are the *Imarets* or kitchens for the poor, usually attached to the mosques, where a certain number of poor are fed; they receive bread, and two warm dishes of meat and vegetables. In this manner, 30,000 persons receive their daily subsistence. In Constantinople, Scutari, and Tophana, there are 133 hospitals, the principal of which are attached to the great mosques; it is to be presumed that the arrangement, and the management of the patients, will

bear no comparison with those of Western Europe. There are also nine hospitals for lunatics; the handsomest and largest of which is attached to the mosque of Sultan Achmet. This hospital has a band of vocal and instrumental performers, for the express purpose of appeasing the fury of the maniacs, and of chearing the melancholy.

Though the Turks have been universally considered as a barbarous and illiterate people, they have had to boast of many eminent writers in various branches of learning—poets and historians, and expounders of the law—and the Turkish Emperors have shewn themselves by no means insensible of the value of literature. The elementary schools in Constantinople and the suburbs, are stated at 1653. The colleges (*Medresse*) are the high schools of the East, and may be called academies. From those of the Arabs in the East and West, the light of knowledge was diffused in the middle ages; and those of Bagdad and Cordova will always hold a high rank in the history of the sciences. The first Sultans of the Turks followed the example: they founded colleges at Brussa and Adrianople, before the conquest of Constantinople; and Mahomet II. erected no less than nine: one in St. Sophia, and eight attached to the mosques founded by himself. In these, there were professors of mathematics,

metaphysics, rhetoric, and jurisprudence. Bajasid II., Selim I., and Soliman the Magnificent, also founded similar institutions; and there are a great many others. Sekeria Effendi makes the whole number in Constantinople, Scutari, and Tophana, amount to 515. There are, besides, establishments where lectures are delivered upon works treating of the traditions of the Prophet, and others for reading the koran, which is a particular science among the Musselmen. The Sultans rivalled the Caliphs in the foundation of libraries, of which d'Ohsson in his great and splendid work says, there are in Constantinople 35; Toderini says only 13; but Mr. Von Hammer, without disputing d'Ohsson's statement, gives an account of 20 with which he had become acquainted; 12 founded by different Sultans, the remainder by Grand Viziers, and other great officers. With respect to the libraries in the Seraglio, there are still some doubts whether they do or do not contain any Greek or Latin MSS.; Dr. Carlyle, who went to Constantinople chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the fact, not having seen the inner library of the Seraglio, founded by Achmet III. in 1719. The library of the Seraglio at Galata, is the most accessible and convenient for Europeans living in Galata and Pera, both on account of its vicinity, and the

civility of the keepers; the other imperial libraries, generally attached to the mosques, being scarcely to be seen without a Firman; and others, for instance the handsome and large library of Raghib Pacha, being too far off, and Europeans not allowed to read there.

Among the places of public resort are the taverns, the coffee-houses, and the baths. The taverns are all in the quarters of the Greeks, the Armenians, and Jews. They have been often shut up; but the predilection for prohibited enjoyments made it necessary to remove the prohibition not of the law, but the police; and the taverns remained the more flourishing as they are the resort of the dancing boys, whose dances are the great delight of the Turks, but no subject for a European pen. There was a time when coffee and tobacco were more strictly prohibited at Constantinople, than wine; many writings were published for and against the lawfulness of coffee, tobacco, and opium; which, however, maintained their ground, and the coffee-houses afford the Turks threefold enjoyment: they eat opium, and, according to the idiom of the Persian and Turkish languages, drink both coffee and the smoke of tobacco. Opium is the ambrosia, coffee the nectar, of the Turks.—With the enjoyment of coffee and tobacco, (opium is not

so common) they take great delight in tales and poems, recited to them by certain persons, called *Meddah*, or declaimers in the coffee houses. The most celebrated coffee houses are those near the mosque of Sultan Soliman; they being the resort of the opium eaters, where those scenes are daily realized which the celebrated "Confessions of an Opium Eater" have so powerfully depicted.

Much as we are pressed for room, we cannot omit to give some account of the celebrated castle called the Seven Towers. This fort was called, before the conquest of Constantinople, *Cyklobion*; and was considered as the strongest point of the city on the land side. It was fortified by Isaac Angelus Comnenus, shortly before the first taking of Constantinople by the Franks; who, as soon as they had penetrated through the Golden Gate, immediately proceeded to destroy this new work. Cantacuzeno, on his accession, (1345,) erected the two large towers of hewn stone, on the two sides of the Golden Gate; but the whole afterwards fell into decay, till Mahomet II., five years after the conquest of the city, built the fortress with seven towers, according to the present plan. The whole is properly a pentagon. At each angle there is a tower; and, in the middle of the principal side, which is turned towards the fosse of the city, are two others; one

on each side of the Golden Gate. These two are square, of the finest hewn stone, and, certainly, a work of the Byzantines, as is evident from the Roman eagles, that still remain. Of the other towers, three are round, and two octagonal. The round tower, at the left corner of the side towards the fosse, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake, about fifty years ago, and has not been since rebuilt. The castle lies almost at the extreme angle of the circuit of the city. Immediately above the Golden Gate is a reservoir; and there appear to have been fountains near the two square towers. In the most southerly of these square towers is the dreadful prison of the bloody well, illumined by no ray of the sun, where even the marks of blood are invisible amid the sepulchral gloom. In the middle of it is the *Well of Blood*; so called, because the heads of state criminals are thrown into it. This well, full of heads cut off by the executioner, is a counterpart to the Pyramids of Skulls, which the cruelty of eastern conquerors preserved as monuments of their victories.

The extent of ground occupied by the castle is about 5500 square toises. The entrance from the city side is under a little square tower, which is exclusive of the seven large ones from which the building has its name. The largest of the seven

is the round double tower, standing close to the entrance on the left, which is called the Tower of the Janissaries. The lower part of this Tower is 70 feet high, and forms, at the top, a circle of embrasures, from which rises the second tower, 120 feet high. The gates of the entrance are of iron, since a successful attempt was made to escape by burning the wooden ones. The iron door, painted red, is farther secured by a portcullis. Immediately on entering, you are shewn the place where the unfortunate Sultan Othman was murdered, in the insurrection of the Janissaries. On the right, is a room full of ancient weapons and chains; on the left, a small apartment for the Kiaja, or sub-inspector of the Seven Towers. A walk, paved with marble, leads directly from the entrance to the square towers of the ancient triumphal arch. On each side of this walk, lie immense stone cannon balls, like those in the Dardanelles, and at Rhodes. On the left of the walk is a small mosque. This first court yard is divided by a wall from the second, which is immediately adjoining the square towers. On the left of the gate of the second court is the guard house; a small chamber, with a miserable sopha, where there is not room for more than ten men; and, on the right, the house of the Aga, or governor, in which the ambassadors of Christian powers,

with which the Porte is at war, who are confined here, as well as other distinguished prisoners of war, reside, in a manner, as guests of the Aga, whom they must pay for the scanty accommodations of this abode; the Porte assigning them dungeons only, and not dwellings. In the enclosed garden, on the left of the paved walk, are the graves of the martyrs, *i. e.* the Turks, who fell in the attack on the Seven Towers. Russian and French prisoners have adorned this garden; the first with two wooden kiosks, the second with grass walks; and, on a stone of the square tower, they have engraved the following inscription:

“A la mémoire des Français morts dans les fers des Othomans, 1801.”

In the external circuit of the Seven Towers, above the Golden Gate, are two kiosks; the background of which, consisting of cypress and sycamore trees, form a picturesque contrast with the white towers that rise above them. From these kiosks there is a most extensive prospect, over the city walls, across burying grounds and suburbs, to the plains of Thrace, the happy islands of the Propontis, and the delightful shores of Asia. How soothing, and yet how painful, for the prisoner, to whom this prospect

is allowed; who sees the world, with all the monuments of history and civilization, spread out before him, while his existence is confined within the narrow wall, and his foot can bring him only to the foot of the tower.

For the period of four hundred years, these towers have resounded with the clank of chains, and the groans of the dungeon; their echos have repeated the sigh of the prisoner, and the shrieks of the murdered victim. Yet they, too, like the Bastille, await the time of their overthrow, the day of retribution, and of freedom. According to an ancient prophecy, handed down from the time of the Byzantines, the Golden Gate, now closed, shall be again opened; the dungeon of the Seven Towers shall be unbarred; and liberty, religion, and civilization, triumphing over despotism, superstition, and barbarism, shall enter by the Golden Gate, over the ruins of the bloody towers, and be enthroned on the seven hills of the second Rome.

After this description of the city of Constantinople itself, we would willingly conduct our readers through the numerous suburbs and villages, which may be accounted as such, and which extend to the north, south, east, and west, at least six leagues every way, along the shores of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora,

in Europe and Asia; where every step is classic ground, rich in the beauties of nature, adorned with monuments of modern magnificence, intermingled with the remains of ancient splendour. But the narrow limits to which we are necessarily confined forbid, and we can only slightly notice Galata and Pera. The former, from its size, may be called a town of itself, being little inferior, in extent, to Vienna, (exclusive of the suburbs,) and was formerly the Genoese town. It is built on a declivity, and has several commodious houses; the inhabitants are chiefly traders and sea-faring people. To the west of it is the suburb Topchana (cannon foundery). On the heights above this suburb is Pera; which is more interesting to the Europeans, as having been, ever since the middle of the sixteenth century, the residence of the Christian ambassadors and their suites; yet it cannot be called an agreeable residence; the society, except in the highest diplomatic circles, being by no means calculated to please a well-educated European. The greater part of the inhabitants are a mixed race of Genoese and Greek origin, and extremely proud of their hermaphrodite descent. Half-a-dozen numerous families, related to each by constant intermarriages, have usurped, for these two centuries, the exclusive possession of all the sub-

ordinate offices of the legations, and consider themselves as the permanent representatives of Peratic diplomacy, and the ambassadors as puppets, to be moved at their pleasure. Their character presents a mixture of gross bigotry and cringing self-interest. Indulgences for all sins, past, present, and to come, by virtue of a letter from our Saviour to Saint Brigitta ; lotteries, in which the adventurers draw one of the saints in heaven, as their patron for the year ; afford a criterion of their morals and religion, which are on a par with their intellectual improvement. There is in Pera, a celebrated convent of the Dervises, called *Mewlewi*, whose religious exercises are performed here on Tuesday and Friday, and have attracted the attention of all travellers, though none of them seem to have been sensible of the profound meaning of their religious dance, and playing on the flute. They waltz, slowly turning round the sheik, or flute player, in the centre, representing the revolution of the constellations round the centre of the universe, which produce, by their motion, the harmony of the spheres.

Scutari, at the termination of the Bosphorus, is the largest of all the suburbs of Constantinople. For its origin, we must go back to the remotest era of the Persian empire. It contains numerous remarkable edifices and institutions, especially

many mosques founded by Sultanas. There are, also, numerous convents of the several orders of Dervises; among these is that of the Rufaji, visited by all travellers, on account of the tricks and orgies of the Dervises, which have been often described, and most particularly by Dr. Clarke. The caravanserays in Scutari are on a very great scale. We must not forget to mention the Cypress Groves, the largest, most beautiful, and most celebrated in the capital of the Ottoman empire; and the extensive burying grounds, which have a far greater number of handsome monuments of great and distinguished men, than any of the others,—even those of Ejub, which is accounted holy ground. The description of their remarkable beauty is a standing article in all accounts of Constantinople. Count Andreossi, in his celebrated work, and Mr. Hope, in *Anastasius, or, the Memoirs of a Greek*, have given very picturesque descriptions, to which we refer.

THE INHABITANTS.—Constantinople is, indeed, a point of union for all the nations and religions of the East and the West; but, when we speak of its inhabitants in the strictest sense, they consist, exclusively of the European legations, merchants, and travellers, who inhabit only a part of one suburb, only of Orientals, divided according to

their religion, into Musselmen and Non-musselmen. The first comprehends the three great divisions, Turks, Persians, and Arabs; the second, the Christian nations, viz. the Greeks and Armenians; and lastly, the Jews. The population of Constantinople is so differently stated, that it seems impossible to form a decided opinion. Eton computes the inhabitants of Constantinople itself, at less than 300,000; while General Andreossi, calculating from the consumption of water and flour, makes the collective number 630,000; a difference for which the addition of all the suburbs will by no means account.

THE TURKS of genuine Tartar origin still bear the traces of the Nomade life, which have not been effaced by five centuries of civilization. Nature has not been niggardly to them in good qualities of the mind and heart, but she has wholly denied them any portion of taste. They are simple, temperate, grateful, but rude, unpolished, covetous, and indolent: they unite the good qualities of the Nomade, with the dubious advantages of half civilization. They are, on the whole, good and bad; only as they belong to the government, or are corrupted by it. They form above the half of the inhabitants of Constantinople.

THE ARABS, who are chiefly natives of Egypt, form a very small portion of the population, and

are for the most part grooms, porters, sellers of sherbet, &c. By their spare, thin figures, the violence of their gesticulation, the lively play of their muscles, strikingly distinguished from all the nations of the East, they have the indelible character of the sons of the desert. Talkative and noisy, their most ordinary conversation seems to be a constant dispute and quarrel. Of the three cardinal virtues of the Arab, liberality, valour, and eloquence, they have retained only the last; the others have been lost in the tumult of the city, and the speculations of commercial intercourse. In the eyes of the Turks they appear ridiculous and like caricatures, as the Italians do to the northern nations of Europe.

THE PERSIANS are so few in number that they are lost in the immense population of the city. Those settled here are chiefly merchants and dervises, both intent on gain, the first by trade, the second by begging. Being *Schiis*, i. e. heretics, they are more hated by the fanatical *Sunnites*, i. e. true believers, than even the Jews. According to a Turkish tradition, the Persians, in the day of judgement, will be the asses on which the Jews will ride to Hell.

THE JEWS.—The curse of reprobation under which they labour, more or less, in the whole world, no where lies so heavy on them as in the

Turkish Empire, where they are exposed not only to the ill usage of the ruling people, the Turks, but even to the contempt and scorn of the Christian slaves. Christian boys ill treat the Jewish boys with impunity at any time, but especially in Passion week. A just idea of the degradation in which they are placed by the religious hatred of the Turks, is afforded by the fact, that a Jew, who intends to become a Musselman, is not allowed to apostatize from Judaism to Mahometanism, but must first be baptised as a Christian, to become worthy of Mahometanism by his desertion of Christianity. It is therefore no wonder, if these people, treated by every other as outcasts, have in fact become the very dregs of society.

THE ARMENIANS.—Industry, perseverance, frugality, and temperance, are the favorable features of the Armenian character, which, on the other hand, is disfigured by indelible shades of rudeness, impudence, and want of taste. The Turk accuses the Persian of rudeness, the Greek of impudence, and is himself justly accused of want of taste; but the Armenian certainly exceeds all the three, in insolence, cynical impudence, and barbarous taste.

THE GREEKS.—It would be more than superfluous to hang up a votive tablet in the gallery of characteristic pictures of the Modern Greeks,

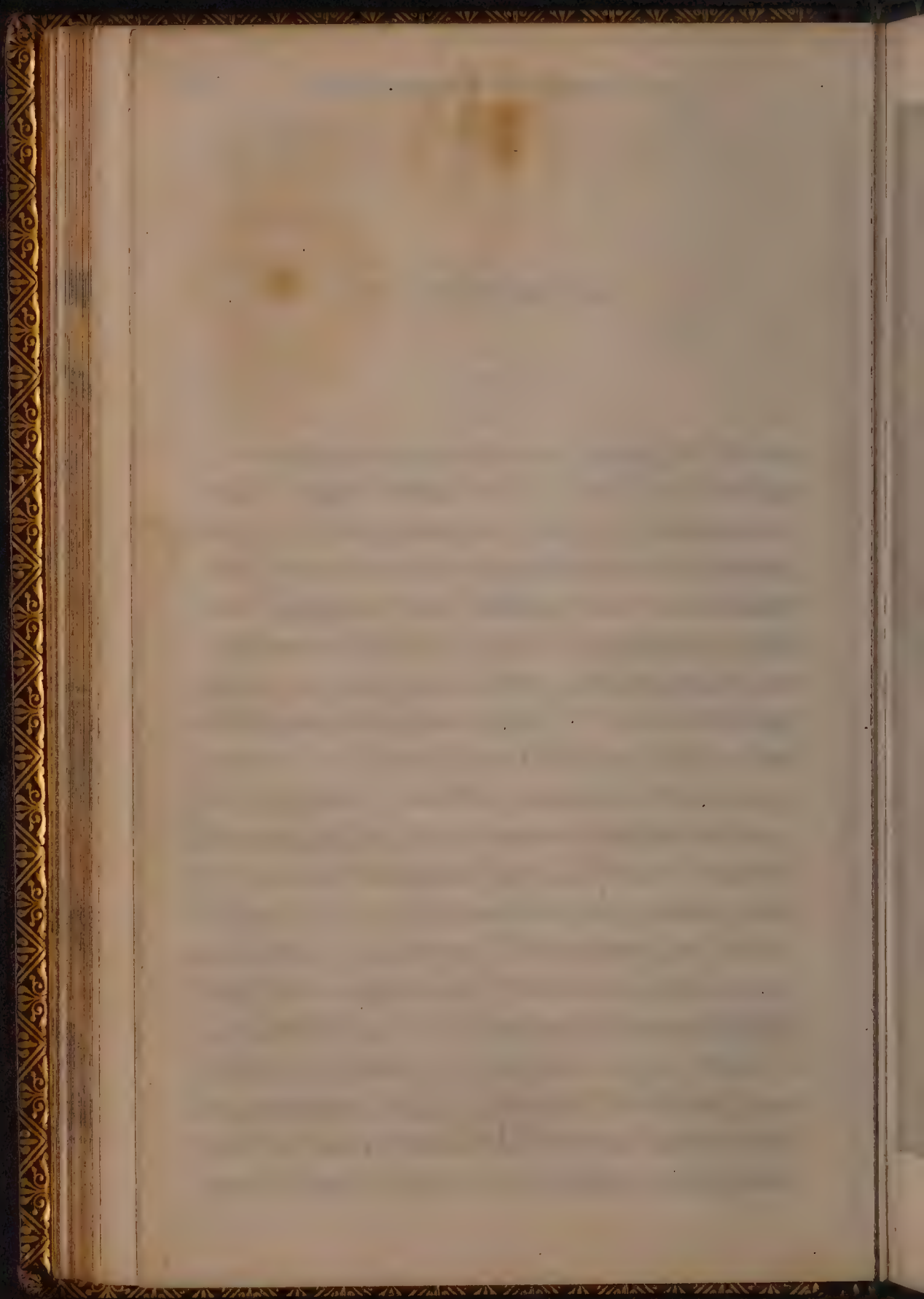
which travellers of all nations have collected. It may suffice to say, in a few words, that the Greek, in spite of the chains of slavery, and the degradation of centuries, has preserved, like the sacred fire beneath the ashes, the spirit and love of liberty that animated his ancestors; that his character is a compound of the brilliant qualities, and the derogatory weaknesses, through which he acted such important parts in the Hellenic and Byzantine history; that refined taste and acuteness of intellect have descended to him, an unimpaired inheritance; and that a considerable portion of the numerous accusations of cunning, deceitfulness, and perfidy, may fairly be placed to the account of the accusers themselves; who, having no sense for refined ingenuity of understanding, confound it with subtlety and cunning.*

* The shades of the modern Greek character have been painted, by English travellers in particular, in the darkest colours, and by none more so than by the author of *Anastasius*, who, in the hero of his story, has painted the modern Greeks in the style of Rembrandt. A part of the accusations brought against them has been falsified by their conduct, in the noble struggle they are now making for the recovery of their freedom; and we have no doubt that, should they succeed in this sacred cause, they will prove themselves worthy descendants of their illustrious forefathers.

ST. PETERSBURG.

OF all the capital cities of Europe, St. Petersburg is that, which, at the first sight, strikes the eye of the stranger with the greatest surprise: the breadth and cleanliness of the streets, the elegance of the buildings, the noble canals that traverse the city, and the regularity of the edifices on their banks, make, altogether, a most striking and impressive sight: "the united magnificence of all the cities of Europe," says a modern traveller, "could but equal St. Petersburg." There is nothing little or mean to offend the eye: all is grand, extensive, large, and open; and the streets, which are wide and straight, seem to consist entirely of palaces. The edifices are white, lofty, and elegant:—the public structures, quays, piers, ramparts, are all composed of masses of solid granite, calculated to endure for ages. Such is the metropolis left by Catherine. Much had been done by her predecessors, but her labours surpassed them all; and our admiration is increased,

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when, after contemplating all these wonders, we recollect that scarcely a century has elapsed since the first stone of the foundation of the city was laid by Peter the Great.

But, notwithstanding the accuracy of this statement, it cannot be denied that the eye is soon wearied by these straight lines, and the uniformity of the whole; that it is unable to dwell on the details, and the first impression is greatly impaired. The monotony is increased by the bright yellow colour with which all the houses are painted. The inhabitants are strictly forbidden to build, or even to make any external repairs, without the express permission of a committee appointed by the government. This committee, whose business it is to superintend the improvements of the city, approves or modifies the plans laid before it. This plan of increasing the magnificence of the city frequently leads to great abuses. Owners of houses are sometimes obliged to let them go to ruin, or to sell them at a loss, because they cannot afford to repair them according to the plan prescribed. In the end the public are the sufferers, and the exorbitant price of rent is the natural consequence.

Petersburg is irregularly paved with small flints, which was extremely inconvenient to pedestrians, till the laying down of flag pavements in

the principal streets, for their accommodation ; an improvement for which the inhabitants are indebted, we believe, to the visit of the Emperor Alexander to the British Metropolis, in 1814. Care is taken to strew them with sand during the winter : and persons are employed to sweep away the snow, and break up the ice which forms after a thaw. The most frequented quarters of the city are well lighted.

It is matter of regret that the natural situation and climate of St. Petersburg do not correspond with the numerous other advantages that it possesses. The ground on which it is built, at the mouth and on the islands of the Neva, is low and swampy, and the country round is a morass and forest, except where human industry and art have converted it, by immense labour, into beautiful scenery. It has been calculated that, on an average of 10 years, St. Petersburg has, annually, 97 bright days, 104 rainy, 72 of snow, and 93 unsettled ; there are every year from 12 to 67 storms ; which, sometimes, when they come from the west, occasion inundations. According to more than 60 years' observation, the ice in the Neva never breaks up before the 25th of March, and never later than the 27th of April : the earliest time of its freezing is the 20th of October, and the latest the 1st of December. This shows how few days in the year

can be enjoyed out of doors. The spring is so short, that it can hardly be reckoned among the seasons. March and April are generally pleasant, on account of the many fine days ; but the air is still cold, and the Neva often covered with ice. In May, the scene changes, and nature throws off her winter dress, but bleak northerly winds still check the genial influence of spring. A sudden transition brings summer at once, which, like the spring, is very short, but not without its pleasures. All hasten to enjoy it in the adjacent villas, where the pleasant season but too rapidly passes away in hospitality and social amusements. Among the peculiar charms of the summer, we must reckon the bright, and generally warm nights. The faint rays of the scarcely setting sun tinge the horizon with a ruddy hue, and beautify the surrounding objects ; the noisy bustle of the streets has subsided, not into deathlike silence, but succeeded by that idle occupation which is more voluptuous even than repose. Parties, frequently attended by music, promenade the streets in every direction, and the simple melody of the popular ballads, sung by the watermen, floats upon the air, from the boats that glide on the canals and the smooth surface of the Neva. Charmed by the novelty and beauty of the scene, the stranger, in expectation of the approach of night, continues to indulge in their

sweet influence, till he finds himself beguiled of his sleep ; and beholds, with surprise, the first beams of the rising sun gild the summits of the palaces and temples that surround him. This delightful, but too short summer, is succeeded by an autumn, which renders St. Petersburg one of the most disagreeable spots on the face of the earth. The horizon, for several weeks together, is overspread with dark heavy clouds, through which, not a ray of the sun can penetrate, reducing the already shortened days to a dreary twilight. The incessant rains (in spite of the sewers) render the streets so dirty, that it is impossible for well dressed persons to walk with comfort ; and, to complete the whole, storms and tempests are frequent in the autumnal evenings.

Upon the whole, winter is the best season ; and, at all events, has many advantages over the wet and foggy winters of more southern climes. The cold, when it once sets in, being equal and permanent, strengthens and braces the body. The roads over the hard snow render travelling in sledges commodious and agreeable ; and a journey by moonlight, during a moderate frost, is an enjoyment to which the inhabitants of milder and more variable climates are strangers. The Russians, inured to hardship, seem to inhale new life at the approach of winter, and even

foreigners are less sensible to cold than in their own country. It must not be forgotten, however, that there is no country where the people know better how to defend themselves against the rigour of the climate, than the Russians. On the approach of winter, double windows are put up in all the houses, and every joint and interstice is caulked and pasted over with paper, which, in respectable houses, is the same as the border of the paper with which the room is hung. The doors are listed, and even the floors are often covered with felt under the carpets. The stoves produce an equable temperature in the most spacious apartments, which not only banishes all thoughts of winter, but is generally so high as to be oppressive. When the Russian leaves the house, he is armed at all points against the severity of the cold; fur caps, pelisses, boots lined with flannel, and a muff, compose the winter dress. It is pleasant enough, on occasion of grand parties, to see the enormous shapeless forms arriving in the hall from which the most elegant beaux and petits maîtres are presently unfolded. The common Russian, however, cares chiefly about warm covering for his legs and feet. The drivers and itinerant dealers frequent the streets all day with their bare necks and frozen beards, provided only with a plain sheep skin, called a *shube*, or *shoob*.

Even in the severest frost, it is common to see women standing for hours together, rinsing their linen in holes cut through the ice on the canals. Winter, in fact, is the season, when the cessation of commercial intercourse with foreign countries allows the citizens to indulge their national fondness for luxury and amusement, and particularly those national diversions of which we shall speak in the sequel, after completing our description of the city, to which we now return.

The Neva, on the banks and islands of which St. Petersburg is built, here forms an angle: its course running, first, towards the north, and then towards the west, on the left bank of which the most considerable, the most closely built, and most inhabited part of the capital lies in a form approaching a triangle, the western side of which extends from the Monastery of St. Alexander Newsky to the Convent for the education of young ladies, formerly a palace of the Empress Elizabeth, situated at the bend of the river, which, flowing in a westerly course to the Gulf of Cronstadt, declining at the end to S. W. and S., forms the second, or north side of the triangle. This left bank is not interrupted by any arm. On the right, or north bank, the river throws out two broad arms. The part of the bank from the point opposite the ladies' convent, to the first arm, called

Nevka, is the Viborg side. The next arm is called the Little Neva, the main stream being the Great Neva. The remainder of the right bank, consequently, belongs to two large islands; the first, surrounded by the Neva, the Nevka, and the Little Neva, is Peter's Island; and with several smaller islands, formed by farther divisions of the Nevka, composes the Petersburg quarter. The second island formed by the Little Neva, the main stream, and the Gulf of Cronstadt, is called the Vassily Ostroff, and is a distinct quarter of the city. The extent of the capital is stated by Georgi at 24 versts, or 16 English miles; but, at the beginning of the present century, not above a fourth part of that space was properly built upon. On the land side there is a moat, or town ditch, but so far beyond the parts built upon, that there is room almost for another city. Very great additions, however, have been made during the reign of the present Emperor, especially, since the re-establishment of peace in Europe allowed him to turn his thoughts to the internal improvement of his vast Empire. The Neva is here from 900 to 1200 feet broad, and its left or south bank, to the extent of 10,000 feet, exclusive of the admiralty, which divides it into two parts, is furnished with a quay of granite, a work which, for its utility and magnificence, would be worthy of

ancient Rome, and will remain a lasting monument of the reign of Catherine II. The height of the bank, which is raised on piles, is 10 feet above the level of the water, having a foot pavement six feet wide, and a parapet two feet and a half high towards the river. At convenient distances there are double flights of steps for landing, &c. with semicircular seats at the top, for passengers. It may be readily imagined that the left bank of the Neva must be one of the greatest ornaments of the city, and rich individuals have contributed to enhance its magnificence. The row of houses along the quay, chiefly inhabited by English merchants, would not suffer by a comparison with any street in Europe. The part of the city to the south of the river is intersected by three principal canals, inclosing the same number of divisions one within the other, the general form being semicircular, but very irregular. These canals are the Moika, (the innermost or nearest the river) the Catharina and the Fontanka. The first was formerly a swampy stream, and it is still shallow; it makes many windings, and the streets on each side are narrow, which is the more to be regretted, as this canal runs through the heart of the city: great improvements, however, have been made of late years. The Catharina Canal was first improved in the reign of the Empress whose

named it bears, is about a mile and a half long, from 40 to 50 feet wide, and 6 feet deep. Its banks are faced with granite, forming an elegant foot pavement, with a handsome railing. The Nicolai Canal, connecting the Catharine Canal with the Neva, is embanked on the same plan.

The Fontanka, which was formerly but a stagnant pool, is indebted, like the former, to the late Empress Catherine, for the improved state in which it now appears. Its length is above two miles, its breadth from 60 to 70 feet. Like the Catharina Canal, it is embanked with a railing and footway, only the latter is here broader. The convenience of the situation, the excellence of the water, and the breadth of the streets on both sides, have proved a powerful incitement to the wealthy inhabitants to build in this neighbourhood. Many princely mansions and elegant houses of merchants, and others, adorn this quarter. There are five bridges of granite over the Fontanka; all, except one, of two arches, with a draw-bridge between.

At the origin of the city, and long afterwards, the houses seem to have been all of wood, and even at the latter end of the eighteenth century, the proportion of wooden houses to those of stone or brick was as two to one; but as the brick and stone houses are the most spacious and lofty,

the actual disproportion was not so great, and has since greatly diminished; as all the new houses are of brick, and no wooden house is allowed to be repaired, or, if burnt down, to be rebuilt. Yet, but for the serious objection arising from the danger of fire, the timber houses, as built in Russia, have many great advantages to recommend them. They are extremely warm and comfortable in winter; the building of them costs but little; if placed on brick foundations, they will last 60 years or more; being so simple in their construction, any alteration may be easily made; and they can even be removed from place to place. In Moscow, there are (or were) markets, where houses were exposed to sale, wanting only to be put together; a person might even purchase an additional room or two, to enlarge his habitation.

The brick houses are, on the whole, built with great taste, and due regard to convenience generally; they seldom exceed two stories, besides the basement, yet many of them are as high as houses of five stories at Paris. The basement, rising but little above the pavement, either serves as apartments for the principal servants, or is let out as shops. This basement story being now generally built of granite, has a striking and substantial appearance. Almost all the capital pri-

vate houses have an arched gateway, under which the owners and their visitors get into and alight from their carriages, without being incommoded by the weather; and spacious court yards, able to contain some hundred carts of firewood, yet leaving room enough for the carriages waiting for the company: they have broad stone staircases, ante-chambers for the servants of the guests, large dining halls, balconies, &c.

The city is divided into several precincts or quarters, the principal of which are—the 1st Admiralty quarter, between the Neva and the Moika canal; the 2nd Admiralty quarter, between the Moika and Catharina canals; the third Admiralty quarter, between the Catharina and Fontanka. The part on the Neva, beyond the Fontanka, is called the Stückhof; below the Stückhof, along the Fontanka, is the Moskovskoi; next that, on the Ligova canal, the Rohestomskoi, and adjoining that the Yœmskoi quarter. The quarters of Vassily Ostroff, Petersburg, and Viborg, on the north of the Neva, have been mentioned before.

The first Admiralty quarter, the centre of the residence, is the smallest but the most elegant of all; being to St. Petersburg what the Quartier du Palais Royal is to Paris, the seat of luxury and opulence, the centre of amusement and

business, and the splendid resort of pleasure and fashion. In this quarter are several edifices of the first magnitude; some of which command particular notice. The most conspicuous of these is the Imperial Winter Palace, 450 feet in length, 350 in breadth, and 70 in height. The magnificence which reigns around and within it, the treasures of costly works and curiosities of every kind here collected, render it the most striking object in the capital, especially as connected with the celebrated Hermitage erected by Catherine II. The situation of the Palace is most noble; in front it has a magnificent crescent of fine buildings, and behind flows the Neva; the left wing, to which the Hermitage adjoins, has a prospect of the great *Millione*, one of the finest streets in the city; and on the right stands the Admiralty. It must be acknowledged that though imposing by its shape, it is not remarkable for the elegance of the architecture: the style and exuberance of ornament sufficiently indicate the period of its origin. The basement story is a confused labyrinth of arches and colonnades. The great staircase, leading to the principal story, is distinguished for its magnificence and grandeur. The second floor contains the imperial chapel, the hall of audience, several suites of rooms for masquerades and assemblies, with the apartments

of the Sovereign, and imperial family. The former are truly magnificent and splendid; the latter are more remarkable for simple elegance, their furniture not being superior to that of many wealthy subjects, excepting, however, the paintings and other works of art, with which they are adorned. To describe the Hermitage and its contents would require more volumes than we can give sentences; the numerous accounts that have been published by travellers of different nations, render it less necessary to dwell on the subject. Our readers will be pleased to be informed that the Emperor Alexander continues, with unbounded liberality, to add to the treasures of every kind in this far-famed temple of the muses. In addition to the galleries of painting belonging to the Prince of Conde, to Count Brühl, Count Bodomin, to M. Gotzkovsky of Berlin, a part of that of Braamcamp, the Houghton gallery, the loss of which England still deploras, all purchased by Catherine; Alexander, besides many other acquisitions, purchased, in 1814, for 200,000 rubles, the unique collection of the Spanish school, belonging to M. Koswelt, a merchant of Amsterdam; and, in 1815, for 960,000 francs, the splendid gallery of Malmaison, belonging to the Empress Josephine, among which are the four times of

the day, Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, by Claude Lorrain, formerly the boast of the gallery of the Elector of Hesse Cassel; who had not, like many other sovereigns, the good fortune to have his pictures restored at the peace. Had they been in the Louvre, the Duke of Wellington would have taken care he should have them back, as well as the magnificent and celebrated *chef d'œuvre*, by Paul Potter. Four statues by Canova also formed part of the collection at Malmaison: the cabinet of antiques, the libraries, &c., have likewise been greatly augmented by the Emperor. The number of paintings is now nearly 2000; of antique cameos and intaglios, 13,000; the library consists of 100,000 volumes in foreign languages, and 10,000 in Russian. There are above 700 original drawings, and 200,000 engravings.

The marble palace, originally built by Catharine for Gregory Orloff, is one of the most splendid and extraordinary edifices in the metropolis; but it is a pity that the principal front is not towards the Neva, as the effect would have been much grander. The interior of this magnificent but gloomy palace seems to realise the prodigies of enchantment described in the Tales of the Genii. The office for foreign affairs, the post offices, the senate house, and the loan

bank, are among the most remarkable edifices in this quarter. The Admiralty is an ugly building, remarkable only for its extent. It contains store houses, docks for the construction of ships of war, &c. The launch of a man of war is a great holiday, and the vicinity of the admiralty on those occasions really presents a magnificent scene. From the summit of its lofty tower there is an interesting prospect of the streets diverging from it, like radii from the centre of a circle; particularly that called the Great Perspective, which is five miles in length. This term perspective is here applied as a general name to various long and straight streets. Of the three branching out from the Admiralty, the Nevski perspective is the principal; it extends from that building to the Monastery of S. Alexander Nevsky, which is half as wide again, at least, as Oxford-street. A boulevard, with two rows of lime trees, formerly occupied the middle of this street, between the two bridges. The Emperor has had these trees removed and planted nearer to the houses; so that the middle of the street being quite clear, there is no interruption to the view. A broad flag pavement for foot passengers extends from the houses to the streets. The numerous hotels, and the shops, which are mostly placed together in this street, and many of them equal to those

of Paris or London, attract such a concourse of people and cause such a continual bustle, as to give it a far more animated air than most other parts of the city. This street is particularly interesting to the stranger on account of the numerous churches of all denominations beside and facing each other. There are churches of Protestants and Catholics, Armenians, Lutherans, and Greeks, bearing honorable testimony to the tolerant spirit that animates the Russian people and their government. The grandest church in this quarter is that of St. Isaac, founded by the Empress Catherine, and intended by her to be the most splendid in the Capital; the basement being granite, and the superstructure, within and without, of marble, jasper, and porphyry. At Catherine's death, after 26 years' labour, it was completed to the top of the walls, and the dome was begun. The Emperor Paul, impatient to see it complete, ordered it to be finished of brick. Alexander has had this disgraceful patchwork removed, and the edifice is to be completed on the original plan; considerable progress has been made, but we understand the whole is not yet finished. A number of granite pillars from 56 to 60 feet in height, and of proportionate thickness, each consisting of one block, have been

brought from Finnland for the portico of this church.

The Summer Gardens, as they are called, or the principal public walks, are in this quarter. They are separated from the quay of the Neva by an iron railing, of such extraordinary beauty, that the citizens relate that an Englishman, who had heard of it, took a voyage to Petersburg to see it, and, having expressed his admiration, immediately returned to London.

Petersburg is on the whole deficient in squares; there are, however, four in this first quarter, which, though they have many excellences, are not worthy of their situation. The Palace Square is in some degree an exception, being well built, though unequally. Its immense extent is a material advantage on court days or on public occasions, when many thousand equipages are often assembled in it. St. Isaac's Square, surrounded with handsome houses, will be a great ornament to this part of the city when the church is finished. Peter's Square, of an irregular form,* abuts with its

* Though we use here and elsewhere the word *square*, it must be observed that the continental nations in general use the word *place*, which, not expressing form, is, on some occasions, more convenient and appropriate.

larger side on the Neva; standing here, with the admiralty to the right, and the senate house to the left, the spectator has an unrivalled prospect of the noble river, with the passing vessels, the crowded bridge, and the opposite shore of Vassily Ostroff, bordered with palaces and splendid buildings. Here too is the justly celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great, erected by Catharine II. which has been the theme of unqualified admiration.

The principal ornaments of the second Admiralty quarter, are the College of Physicians and the Opera-House, which last is a massy structure, in a simple and good style. Two of the finest Greek churches, that of St. Nicholas, and that of the Mother of God of Casan, are in this quarter. The New Bank is accounted the finest building in the third Admiralty quarter, and perhaps the most elegant in the city. The second and third Admiralty quarters are chiefly occupied by the habitations and shops of mercantile people, the banks, and the government tribunals; so that they are more frequented, and present a much more animated scene, than other quarters. The Stückhof is chiefly inhabited by artificers, persons of moderate establishment, and soldiers. There are, however, two or three large streets, where beautiful houses and noble mansions are

numerous, and the busy throng as crowded as anywhere else. The Arsenal is one of the most remarkable public buildings of this quarter; nor must we forget the celebrated Pantheon, erected by Prince Potemkin, and since called the Taurian Palace, once the scene of every species of magnificent revelry, of splendid luxury, and fine taste; but converted by the Emperor Paul into barracks. The Lutheran Church of St. Anne, in this quarter, is celebrated for its fine architecture.

The Rojestvenskoi quarter, though small, deserves notice, as containing the only convent and the only monastery in the city, both celebrated for their valuable contents, viz. the establishment for the education of young ladies, and the Monastery of St. Alexander Newsky, in the church of which is the famous shrine of St. Alexander, wrought entirely of massy silver.

Vassily Ostroff is the seat both of commerce and learning. The Exchange, the Imperial Academy of Arts, the Academy of Sciences, and the buildings for the Land Cadet corps, are all on this island. The three first are extremely magnificent and extensive edifices. The Lutheran church of St. Catherine is remarkable for its architecture, which is partly designed on the model of the temple of Concord.

The Petersburg quarter consists of several is-

lands, some of which, being but little built upon, and covered with forests, can hardly be reckoned part of the city. Petersburg, or Peter's Island, has no palaces to boast; but it contains the first wooden cottage of Peter the Great, where his bed, a boat made by himself, and other relics of that extraordinary sovereign, are carefully preserved. The greatest curiosity of this quarter is the fortress or citadel, built on a small island, close to Petersburg Island, and a little above Vassily Ostroff, nearly opposite the marble palace. Within the walls of the citadel are the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, founded by Peter the Great, whose remains, as well as those of his successors, are here deposited. The tombs are of plain marble, without ornament, and with an inscription containing only the name of the person, and the date of the birth and death: they are covered with a velvet pall, embroidered with silver. The island of Kammenoi Ostroff has in it an imperial palace, an hospital for invalids, and many elegant villas. There is, likewise, a fine imperial palace, belonging to the Grand Duke Nicholas, in the isle of Yelaguin, which is entirely laid out like an English garden. Krestoffski Ostroff, laid out in noble vistas and walks, which afford beautiful prospects, is much frequented by the inhabitants of the city.

The Viborg quarter is the most rural, being chiefly inhabited by peasantry, with the exception of the street along the Neva. There are, however, some splendid mansions with fine gardens: the wharf for merchant ships in this quarter must not be omitted.

This sketch of the great northern capital, imperfect as it necessarily is, must have convinced the reader of the truth of the assertion with which we set out, that there is no other capital in Europe that makes so powerful an impression on the mind of the stranger, by its external magnificence. Yet how many fine edifices have we passed over; such as the imperial library, the hospital for the poor, the immense building erected for the officers of the staff of the army, the palace of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Goslinoy-door, a quadrangular building of great extent, two stories high, entirely occupied with shops, being, in fact, a great bazar; the church of the Virgin, called of Sufferings, erected in 1818, one of the finest in the capital; and the church of the Mother of God of Casan, in the Nevsky perspective.

We have not yet spoken of the bridges on the Neva, one connecting the Stückerhof with the Viborg side, and another the first Admiralty quarter with Vassily Ostroff. It being impracticable to build a bridge in the ordinary way over the

Neva, on account of the ice which comes down from Lake Ladoga, these bridges are formed of boats or pontoons: that leading to Vassily Ostroff is about seven hundred feet in length, and rests on twenty-one barges built on purpose, each of which is held by two anchors. To let vessels pass, there are two draw-bridges, which are open only in the night. They are contrived with so much simplicity, that when the ice begins to come down in the autumn, they can be taken to pieces in two hours; and the public is deprived of the use of them only for a short time, before the Neva freezes. When the ice is fixed they are replaced, and again removed on the breaking up of the ice in the spring; they are not put up again till the ice of Lake Ladoga has all floated by, and this is often from four to six weeks in passing.

The population of St. Petersburg amounts to about 290,000 souls, of whom from 50 to 60,000 are connected with the naval and military service; and 30,000 foreigners, of whom, perhaps, two thirds are Germans. Though in the Russian Empire in general the births are much more numerous than the deaths, yet, in the capital, the case is otherwise, the number of deaths very seriously exceeding the births. Nor can this be wholly ascribed to the climate; it is probably

owing, in part, to the mode of life; and as it is observed that the mortality, which till the twentieth year falls most-heavily on the females, then suddenly takes a different course, some judicious persons are of opinion that this arises from the excessive use of brandy.

The amusements of the citizens are influenced by the religion and the climate. In winter, when the Neva is frozen, its surface represents a scene like that which was exhibited a few years ago in London, when a fair was held on the Thames. But the Neva, when once frozen, being fixed for months together, gives an opportunity for more solid erections than the transient frost of our climate. Among these are the ice hills, peculiar to Russia, and the darling amusement of the populace. A scaffolding is raised on the river, to the height of forty feet; an inclined plane, having a steep descent from the summit to the surface of the river, is covered with blocks of ice, which are firmly united by water being poured on them, by which they freeze into one solid mass. The ascent is by a flight of steps at the back of the scaffolding, decorated with fir trees. A low sledge, with one person in it, descends the plane with such rapidity, that the impetus it acquires carries it over a large tract of ice, cleared of the snow, to an opposite scaffolding, con-

structed in the same manner. Here he takes his sledge on his back, ascends the ladder, and descends as before. Swings of various kinds, roundabouts, and other recreations, resembling the amusements of Bartholomew Fair, contribute to the delight of the populace. Driving in sledges is a favorite diversion, and the parties of *train-eaux*, given by the nobility and higher classes, are sometimes conducted with extraordinary magnificence; but large parties, however, are not frequent. The rapidity with which travelling in a sledge may be performed, is truly surprising.

There are a Russian, a French, and a German Theatre, the expense of which is defrayed by the government. The masquerades given at court are extremely splendid, and far exceed any ideas that an Englishman would form of them. On some occasions, 20,000 tickets of invitation have been issued, and we are assured that 12,000 equipages have been known to attend. The holidays of the Greek church, and some other days, afford inducements to the assemblage of great crowds, which the police, however, take care to keep in due order. Some of the most remarkable holidays are, the first of May, when all the fashionable world assemble in their most splendid equipages, in the woods of Catherinenhof, to greet the returning spring. This fête is a counterpart,

if not a copy, of the promenade de Longchamps at Paris. The fête called *Semik*, celebrated on the Sunday after Ascension, appears to be a remnant of Sclavonian paganism. It consists in games and dramatic dances, accompanied by national songs; and at Petersburg is kept in the Yemskoi quarter, inhabited by citizens and tradespeople. The Empress Elizabeth always honoured the *Semik* with her presence, and distributed presents to the young men and maidens. Catherine II. also used to go, when the weather was fine. The ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, at the conclusion of the winter, is performed with great solemnity, all the imperial family being present.

On the whole, the Russian is a cheerful being. A happy volatility and a thoughtlessness, peculiar to himself, accompany him through life. The most penurious condition, and the most toilsome labour, still leave him some sensibility for the enjoyment of his existence. Blessed with a happy organization, hardy, sensual, improvident, given to inebriety, singing and dancing are his great delight. Singing is equally the alleviation and the solace of labour, and the never-failing concomitant and expression of mirth. The common people do not, like the French, sing opera airs and vaudevilles, which they receive from the

more polished part of the public; but real popular and national airs, written and set to music by the people themselves, and sung in the same manner in every town and village, from St. Petersburg to Irkutsk. The national interest of the subjects of these ballads, the simple but melodious tunes, and the generally good voices of the Russians, produce a great effect, even on strangers. The dance is of course a necessary accompaniment of every holiday; some of the popular dances are so pleasing and expressive, that they are even danced in the politer circles. Wrestling, boxing, football, chess, and draughts, are all common amusements of the populace.

There is something very characteristic in the quarrels that, as may be supposed, frequently arise at popular festivities, such, for instance, as those on the frozen Neva. While they are exhausting the ample store of abusive epithets, with which the Russian language particularly abounds, while they are gesticulating in the most furious manner, straining their throats to the utmost pitch, there is no fear that they will so far lose their temper as to come to blows. The police, well knowing that, with all this noise, no blood will be spilled, never interferes, farther than by cooling the heated disputants by a plentiful shower from a fire engine, which is always kept

ready for the purpose whenever a great concourse of people is expected.

The Russians are so extremely fond of the hot bath, that it may be almost placed among their diversions. There are public and private baths. The bath is heated by an oven, containing large stones; when these stones are red hot, water is poured on them, which fills the bath with vapour. Around the rooms are flights of steps; the bathers strip and lie down on a higher or lower stair, as they chuse a greater or less degree of heat. Here the Russians sit or lie and amuse themselves, in a temperature of 40° , 45° , or 50° of Reaumur's thermometer, (or $122\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, $133\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, $144\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of Fahrenheit). They rub themselves with soap and green birch twigs. This luxurious enjoyment is increased by servants pouring buckets of warm water over the body, as they recline. From time to time the bathers come down and stand in a tub of cold water, while servants pour pails full of hot or cold water, or both alternately, over them. The floor is perforated with holes to carry off the water. In summer and autumn they run from the bath while in a profuse perspiration, and plunge into the river, or in winter roll themselves in the snow; which they can do without danger, if they immediately return into the bath.

In judging of the state of education and knowledge in Russia, and particularly at St. Petersburg, it ought to be considered that the government has become civilized before the people, and that there is no reason to wonder if its influence has not pervaded the great mass of the nation. If we carefully inquire into facts, not suffering ourselves to be misled by interested or enthusiastic panegyrists on one hand, or wholesale detractors on the other, we shall first of all do justice to the government for its efforts to civilize the nation, and willingly acknowledge that it has effected extraordinary things. Though we shall certainly not give credit to the French philosophers, who found it their interest to offer up incense at the shrine of Catherine II., yet many sensible Russians doubt whether this rapid progress of civilization is natural, and whether a work, which it requires ages to mature, should be forced by factitious means like a hot-house plant? The only means of obtaining this sudden improvement, was to encourage ingenious foreigners to settle in the country, and to send the young nobles to travel in foreign parts. What has been the consequence? The Russians, taught by their sovereigns to look up to foreigners as their models, have perhaps been led to cultivate, more than they should have done, the extraor-

dinary talent for imitation with which they are endowed, at the expense of the originality to which they might otherwise have aspired. It might, therefore, almost be asked, whether there is any real national character among them? or, rather, whether that character, if it really exists in the interior of the Empire, is to be recognised in the Russian inhabitants of St. Petersburg. This certainly is not the place to enter upon so vast a subject as an examination of the national character of the Russians; and our present business is besides with the inhabitants of St. Petersburg: yet, even this is a theme, however fruitful, on which we do not mean to dwell. Several English travellers, of great reputation, have written on this subject since the beginning of this century; the lamented and excellent Dr. Clarke, Sir R. K. Porter, Mr. James, and, lastly, Dr. Lyall, in his large quarto volume, on the Character of the Russians, and the History of Moscow. Dr. Clarke's character of the Russians is, in truth, drawn in very dark colours. Yet, as he was in Russia but as a temporary visitant, in the reign of Paul I. which was a most disagreeable and dangerous period for the English, we may account for and excuse his disposition to see things in an unfavourable light; and allowing the correctness of some of his state-

ments, and his own perfect conviction of their truth, we cannot but perceive that he has dealt too much in generalities; and are disposed to believe that the national character has some redeeming qualities, though he was not so fortunate as to discover them. But Dr. Lyall's work, judging by our own feelings, is not calculated to give a much more favourable opinion of the Russians. Having resided for many years in the empire, especially at Moscow, acquainted with the language, and exercising a profession, which would procure him access to all ranks of society, he comes forward to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Correcting the too general opinions of Dr. Clarke, he gives a truly frightful picture of the manners and morals of the people, especially of those classes from whose example and influence alone an improvement might be expected.

The striking virtues of the Russian character are hospitality and charity. With respect to the former, it may be confidently affirmed that there is no capital in Europe where that virtue is carried to so great an extent, an assertion which will be confirmed by the grateful testimony of all travellers who have visited St. Petersburg, whether their stay has been short or long. A young man possessing any tolerable talents for

society, is entirely relieved from the cares of housekeeping; when once he is acquainted with six or eight good families, he may every day dine with his friends in very agreeable company. No disgrace is attached to this mode of life, which is very common with single men of all ranks. As it necessarily puts them to a greater expense in clothes, and besides obliges them to play cards to a greater extent than they perhaps otherwise would do, the pecuniary advantage derived from it is, in fact, nothing. The people of St. Petersburg, too, are fond of society, and it is especially at dinner and supper that they wish to receive visits; every one is then more freed from the restraints of business and disposed to conversation. If the single man dined at home, or at a tavern, there would be a great want of society. As unmarried ladies never visit, the great majority of all companies consists of men, whose conversation being nearly confined to politics and business, the few ladies who may be present are reduced to silence, and the attentions shewed to them in other countries are often entirely neglected.

The ladies on their part often revenge themselves for this neglect by cold answers and repulsive manners, which deter those whom they might gain by some little encouragement. Setting

aside this defect, the style of the companies here need not fear animadversion; the soul of fashionable society is that amiable ease which is the happy mean between the stiffness of German etiquette, and the too great levity and freedom of the French.

Next to hospitality, a cardinal virtue of the Russian character is charity. No person, of any rank, will let a beggar depart from his door without giving him something. They are firmly persuaded, that what they give in charity is treasured up in heaven; or, as they express it, "deposited on the altar of the Lord." It is another general opinion, that if a person is unprosperous, or is attacked with disease, he has either been uncharitable, or committed some heinous sin. If a merchant refuse assistance to the poor, he is esteemed avaricious; and if he should become bankrupt, his misfortune is, generally, ascribed to his want of charity.

Pleasing as the task would be, our limits restrict us from specifying particular instances; but, in general, it may be safely affirmed, that, except England, there is no country where it is so easy to raise money for charitable purposes; where the noble and the opulent more heartily concur in forwarding all plans for the benefit of their fellow subjects; or where there are more

numerous and honourable instances of extensive, persevering, and perfectly unostentatious charity. Nor have the Russian nobility shewn themselves deficient in patronising art and science. The liberal and enlightened patronage of every useful undertaking, uniformly shewn by the Chancellor of the empire, Count Romanzoff, would alone suffice to reflect lasting honour on the country which could boast of possessing such a citizen. We now proceed to the less favourable parts of the Russian character; quoting, occasionally, the words of Dr. Lyall.

“The higher classes of nobility, and those who have travelled, may be regarded as equally civilized, in so far as regards their conduct and manner, though, generally, not so learned as individuals of corresponding rank in the other nations of Europe.”

“The nature of the government, the too predominant military taste, and the distinction of ranks in Russia, so warmly complained of by foreigners in general, naturally render the natives, of all classes of society, servile and obsequious, diffident, and even cowardly, to superiors; haughty, commanding, and frequently severe to inferiors; and insensibly lead the attention more to the exterior of the man, his uniform and his ribbands, his stars and his crosses, than to his

religious or moral conduct, or his literary attainments."

"Equals in rank are affable and polite, obliging and social; and, perhaps, in no country in the world, do acquaintances, friends, and relations mingle with less restraint, or, *from habit*, use more warm and endearing expressions to each other, than in Russia."

"The Russians are insinuating, cunning, deceitful, perfidious, sensual, and immoral; given to levity, fond of novelty, and improvident. With little money at command, they are avaricious and mean; when cash abounds, they are cheerful, good-humoured, and social; they are luxurious, hospitable, and charitable; they love light occupations and amusements, as plays, operas, masquerades, exhibitions, dancing, singing, and instrumental music, chess, draughts, billiards, but, above all, playing at cards. They are very inquisitive into the affairs of others; have quick apprehensions; a few are endowed with good parts and ingenuity, and are men of literature; they are accustomed to good living, but are generally moderate in their cups; they are disposed to indolence, a sedentary mode of life, and much sleep; yet, when urged by business or necessity, they are exceedingly active, and endure extraordinary hardships and fatigues."

The Doctor entirely differs with Dr. Clarke, in his commendations of the beauty of the Russian women; and he gives, besides, a very unfavourable picture of their moral character, and even of their sense of general decorum. With respect to the beauty of the women, Storck, whose book was dedicated to the Empress Catherine, says,—“However beautiful the moulds may be in which the human figures here are cast, they are, nevertheless, deficient in that sharp determinate contour, which plastic nature seems to draw with so firm a hand beneath a milder and more genial sky. Even the noblest ground lines but faintly rise in the luxuriant masses of flesh; in the elastic tumidity of which, the finest sketches, and the gentle play of the muscles, are overpowered and lost. The Russian idea of beauty is inseparably connected with a florid colour; so that, in the Russian language, the ideas of red, beautiful, and paint, have only one term to express them. The women, therefore, may be excused for endeavouring to improve their charms by these means; and, in fact, the peasant's wife and daughter paint their cheeks as well as the countess. The common Russian women reckon corpulency very becoming in females; and, if they see an individual

with a slender waist, or what, in England, would be esteemed a fine shape, they conclude that she is very ill, or in a consumption. Large feet and thick ancles are, likewise, admired."

The high clergy, who are all monks, are generally well-informed men; many of them are distinguished by their learning in theology, their zeal for religion, and exemplary lives; and, now and then, some mix in public society. The lower orders of the clergy, with few exceptions, know little beyond the routine of their official duties; too many of them are dissolute and irregular in their lives, and very little higher in the scale of civilization than the peasants whom it is their province to instruct.

As the mercantile character stands so deservedly high in our own country, it seems peculiarly necessary to apprise our readers of the lamentable degradation of that honourable profession in the Russian empire. Storck declares, that it is scarcely possible for foreigners to avoid being grossly cheated by the Russian merchants and shopkeepers, though it is not easy to make dupes of their own countrymen. Dr. Lyall says,—in their dealings no check is imposed on the rapacity and fraud of the Russians by the fear of detection, the consciousness of shame, the sense

of justice, or the love of honour; speciousness, craft, dishonesty, swindling, lying, and even perjury, form the grand lineaments of all the guilds of the Russian merchants, and of the burgesses. To their character I had also applied the term *demoralisation*, but I was obliged to erase it; because, as far as I know, *morality* never dwelt among them." In another part of his work he describes, in twelve pages, what he calls "their horrible and nefarious system of traffic." With respect to the state of the civil administration, it is extremely defective. Many authors have dwelt on the bribery and corruption that characterise the courts of justice; yet it must be observed, not as an excuse, but as a palliation, that what is called a bribe, is not, in general, to be understood as something given to obtain a perversion of justice; but as an inducement to excite a person to do his mere duty, and to recompense him for his trouble. These presents may, in fact, be looked upon as a principal part of the salaries of the public functionaries; which having remained invariably the same as in the time of Peter I., are totally inadequate to their support, both from the increased expenses of the mode of living, and the depreciation of the paper currency,—the ruble having lost three-fourths of its nominal value. Some augmenta-

tions, it is true, have lately been made, but the government is well aware of their insufficiency, and instead of cutting up the evil by the roots, winks at the abuses which were the necessary consequences of it.

In a description of the city of St. Petersburg, it is not the place to speak of the condition and manners of the Russian peasantry, yet we may in a few words state, that though, abstractedly considered, they are in a very abject condition, being bought and sold with the estate they cultivate; yet they are, on the whole, by no means in so forlorn a state as many have supposed. They are pretty well fed, clothed, and lodged; and those belonging to the richer lords have little reason to complain of the hardships of their lot. But the inferior and poor nobility are often guilty of a degree of rapacity and injustice, for which the vassal has no redress; and it must not be forgotten, that, like the negroes in the West India Islands, those who enjoy comparative happiness under a humane master to-day, may be transferred to-morrow to the power of an unfeeling or capricious tyrant. Their emancipation has been talked of, and it is said to be a favourite idea of the Emperor Alexander, yet they are surely unfit for it; cruel as a state of domestic slavery must be to those who have tasted the

sweets of liberty, yet those who are ignorant of the blessing, are insensible of the privation. Should the life of Alexander be prolonged, or his system be followed by his immediate successors, the increasing number of public schools must gradually diffuse sufficient knowledge among the people, to teach them what liberty is, and make them prize it as it deserves. Their freedom may then be safely given them. The vassalage of the peasantry is entirely abolished in Livonia, Courland, and Esthonia; and if this experiment should prove successful, it will gradually be extended to other provinces of the empire. The union of Poland may at a future period induce some Czar to venture on giving a constitution to his people. How far the new ideas acquired by the Russian troops, during their long stay in Germany and France, may contribute to accelerate this period, cannot be here discussed; but it is certain that the officers at least have imbibed notions of freedom, which they otherwise might never have known, and that passions have been aroused which might have long remained dormant.

As a description of St. Petersburg cannot well be considered as complete without some notice of the imperial palaces in the environs, and of the port of Cronstadt, we subjoin the following sketch.

Leaving the city by the Riga Gate, the first object worthy of notice is the road itself, about fifty feet wide, with an elevated causeway on each side, and a deep ditch lined with stone; and, where crossed by canals, there are stone bridges with parapets of granite. Elegant granite columns, on marble pedestals, mark the number of versts. This road was constructed under the direction of General Bauer, of three different layers of materials, gravel, broken granite, and bricks; over this there was another layer of gravel, then a pavement of fieldstones, and, lastly, a covering of gravel and pounded stones. The expense was very great, viz. 25,000 rubles for each verst, (about £3700 per mile,) exclusive of the bridges and columns. For the first seven versts, (three versts are two miles,) there is an uninterrupted series of country seats and villas on each side, the variety of which, alternating with rural prospects, charms and surprises the traveller. From the seventh verst, the country seats are only on the left-hand, the road here approaching the sea coast, and presenting, on the right, a view of the Gulf of Finland. Four-and-twenty versts from the city is the palace of Strelna, founded by Peter I., which never was finished, and is now in ruins, though the romantic situation would render it a very agreeable residence,

Eight versts beyond Strelna is Peterhof, also built by Peter I., a most admirable situation, commanding a view of the Gulf of Finland, to the shores of Carelia, to St. Petersburg, and Cronstadt. This palace has received, under the successors of the founder, such a variety of improvements, that it is become a kind of specimen of the peculiar taste that prevailed in each period. The gardens are celebrated, in particular, for the magnificent water-works, which rival those of Versailles. Eight versts beyond Peterhof is Oranienbaum, built by Menzikoff, and a favorite residence of Peter III. In the gardens there is a building called the Solitude, in the midst of a dark forest. It consists of twelve apartments, fitted-up in the Grecian, Persian, Chinese, and other styles. There, too, is what the Russians call a Coach-hill, the largest in the country. This consists of a succession of structures, contrived on the same principle as the ice-hills, only here the wheels of the carriages, (which are made to contain one person, or two sitting face to face,) are fitted into grooves, in which they run with amazing velocity. The impetus acquired by descending the first hill, which is sixty feet high, forces the carriage up the second hill, which is rather lower, and so in succession till all those hills being surmounted, the carriages

stop in an elegant alcove. On each side of this course is a covered colonnade of a hundred pillars, and the whole produces a very magnificent effect.

A pleasant excursion of seven versts by water brings us from Oranienbaum to Cronstadt, the grand harbour of the Russian capital, the appearance of which is uncommonly striking. The men of war and merchantmen, from all parts of the world, exhibiting a forest of masts; the fortifications of granite, projecting in bold masses into the stormy gulph; the spacious magazines and lofty buildings that line the more distant coast, enlivened by the usual bustle of a great sea-port, form a scene equally grand, picturesque, and interesting. There are many great works here connected with the navy, but the decent houses are few in number, and make a singular contrast with the colossal edifices that surround them. The population is estimated on an average at 30,000, but naturally fluctuates considerably, on account of the continual arrival and departure of ships. The return to St. Petersburg, without crossing over to Oranienbaum, is a very pleasant voyage of thirty miles.

On the other side of St. Petersburg is the celebrated palace of Tzarskoe-selo, built by Catherine I., enlarged by Elizabeth, but chiefly in-

debted for its present splendor and elegance to Catherine II., whose residence it was. A great part of this palace was burnt down two or three years ago. The gardens are very fine, and, as well as the palaces, rich in works of art.

Pawlosk, five versts from Tzarskoe-selo, is distinguished for cheerful taste and simple elegance ; and is the favorite residence of the Empress Maria, mother of the present emperor. Gatchina, twenty versts from Tzarskoe-selo, is a beautiful palace, in a simple style, and a favorite abode of the emperor.

On the road beginning at the convent of St. Alexander Nevsky, leading to Schlusberg, along the left bank of the Neva, there is a diversity of agreeable objects. At the commencement are many handsome houses, and some of the most celebrated manufactories ; and at the distance of thirty-five versts from the city is the imperial country seat of Pella, an immense assemblage of palaces and pavillions ranged in studied irregularity, connected together by arcades and corridors, yet looking at a distance like one great whole. This seat was not quite completed at the death of the Empress Catherine II., and we are not acquainted with the improvements that may have been made by her successors.

BERNE.

Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit
Die bösen Düfte
Steigen nicht auf
In die reine Lüfte.

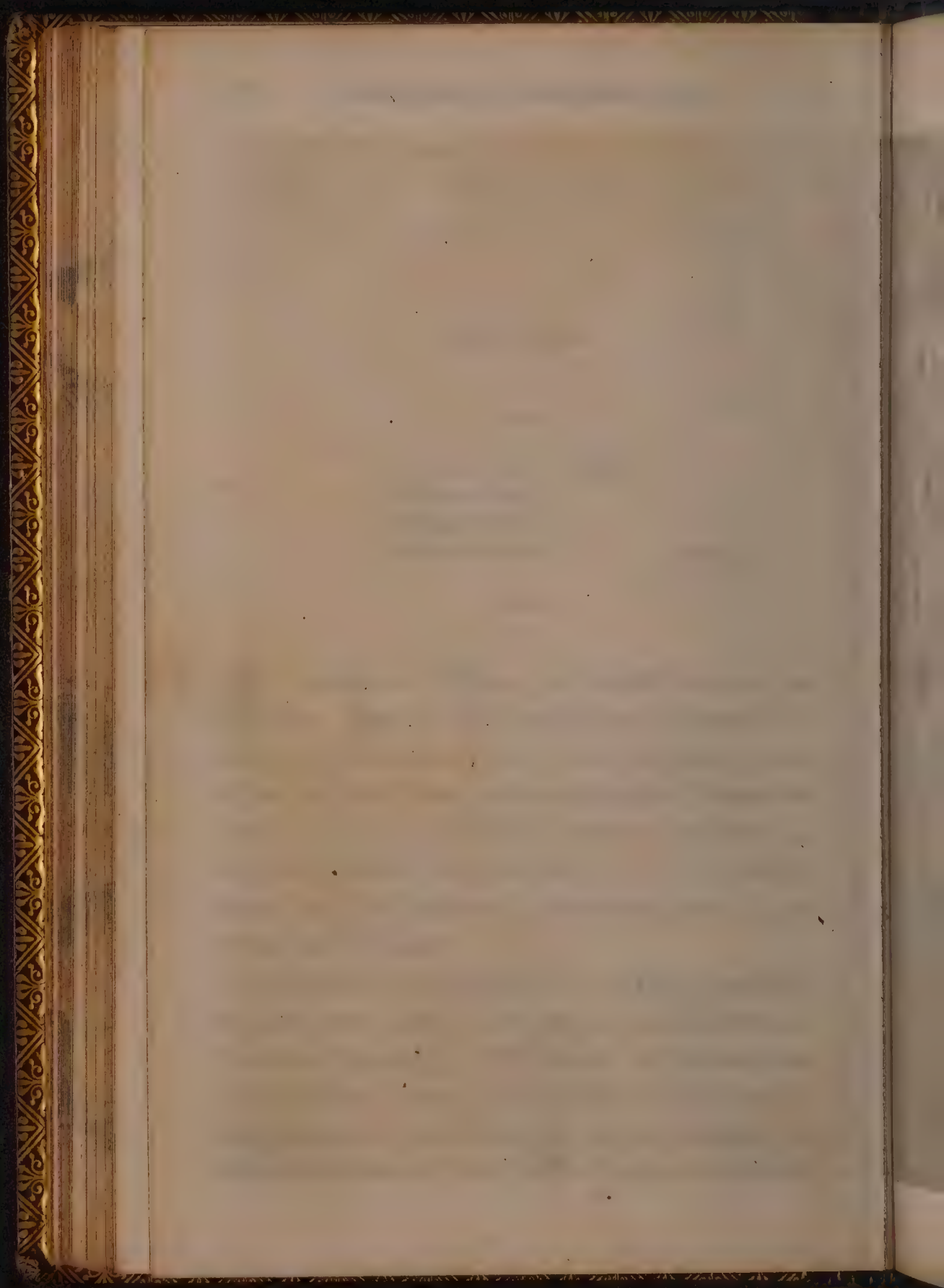
SCHILLER.

THE Canton of Berne, of which the city of the same name is the capital, was formerly of much greater extent than it now is, having lost, by the political changes following the French revolution, two of its richest portions, namely, the Argovia, and the Pays de Vaud; yet it is still the largest of the Cantons, containing many great towns and villages.

All travellers agree, that the effect produced on the spectator, by the appearance of Berne, is singularly striking. It is situated on the elevated banks of the river Aar, a sudden bend of which encloses, on all sides but one, the promontory on which the town is built. The slope all round is

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in some places covered with turf, in others supported by lofty terraces planted with trees, and commanding the finest views over the rich scenery of the surrounding country, and the lofty Alps beyond it. The houses of Berne are mostly uniform, built of a greyish stone, with side galleries or piazzas, like those of the Palais Royal at Paris, and of several new erections in that capital and in London: of course, only the principal streets have these piazzas. The pillars, it is true, are too massive, and the arches so low, that the shops beneath have not so much light and air as might be wished. But in a situation like Berne, more than seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, such covered ways, sheltering the passengers from the storms of winter, are so extremely convenient, if not absolutely necessary, that criticism is deprived of its asperity.

The first impression on entering Berne, as we have seen, is very remarkable. You think that you enter an ancient and a great city, yet its origin is of no more remote date than the eleventh century, and its actual population does not exceed 14,000 souls. There is something of Roman majesty in its lofty terraces, the massy arcades on each side of the streets, in the abundance of water flowing day and night into immense basins, and in the magnificent avenues of trees. Luxury

seems wholly directed to objects of public utility; by the side of those gigantic terraces, those fine fountains, and noble shades, we see none but simple and solid dwellings, yet scarcely any mean ones; no equipages, but many country waggons coming to market, with excellent teams of horses or oxen. Besides the public buildings, there are, however, some fine hotels, and the inns afford the best accommodations.

The most remarkable edifice in the city of Berne is the cathedral, a beautiful Gothic building; the steeple of which is particularly admired. It was erected at the beginning of the 15th century, on the high terrace, which was raised sixty years earlier. The town-hall, a Gothic building, contains the mint, the treasury, and the chancery. The arsenal in former times contained arms for eighty or a hundred thousand men, but was completely stripped by the French, in their infamous invasion in 1798. Some ancient armour, including that of William Tell, is still preserved in this building. The great hospital is a very handsome modern building; the internal arrangement of which is in every respect excellent. There are other hospitals large and well built; one is entirely appropriated to surgical cases. All these institutions are worthy of particular commendation, not only for the great attention paid to the

sick, but for the exemplary cleanliness which uniformly prevails in them. There is, likewise, a foundling hospital. The academy, like that of Lausanne, is chiefly destined for young men intended for holy orders, and many ministers, in different German states, are from this establishment. The buildings appropriated to the academy have nothing very remarkable in them. One of them contains the library, which is not very extensive, but consists of a well-chosen collection of works in all languages, and some curious MSS.; among which are many of the 13th century, consisting of songs and romances of the Troubadours, composed in that and the preceding ages, and deserving the attention of those who are versed in that species of poetry. The citizens have free access to the library, as well as to the museum, which is in the same building. Among the curiosities shewn here is a model in relief, of the snow mountains, in which all the roads and paths are represented with the greatest accuracy; portraits of ancient senators, some of which are very good; and a collection of birds in excellent preservation, most of them peculiar to the country. There are likewise fine specimens of spars, and some immensely large crystals, from Mount St. Gothard. This Museum is adorned with the bust of the illustrious Haller, by some erro-

neously supposed to have been a German; but he was a native of Berne, where his descendants are still very numerous. In these necessarily imperfect sketches, we must in general deny ourselves the pleasure of dwelling on individual merit, however eminent; but the name of Haller demands a special tribute of regard. His gigantic mind left nothing unexplored in the heavens, on the earth, or in the sea; and whatever was the immediate object of his pursuit, he seemed as if he were born for that alone. In an age when the infidel philosophy of Voltaire, and others, shone in the meridian glare of its tinsel splendor, he followed the steps of a Locke and a Newton, and shewed himself, both in his life and writings, a zealous and able advocate of Christianity. In his early youth he had himself, at times, felt doubts respecting the Christian religion; but Dillon's work on the "Resurrection of Christ," entirely removed all his doubts, and confirmed him in the unshaken belief of the divine truth of revelation. "The letters from a father to his daughter, on the most important truths of revelation," directed against Voltaire, have been translated into all the cultivated languages of Europe. Another work, in three parts, was, "Letters on some objections of contemporary Freethinkers to revelation." Of Hal-

ler it is equally difficult to say what he knew and what he did not know. Immortal, as a poet, an anatomist, a physiologer, and a botanist; he was deeply versed in almost every branch of human knowledge. He was member of all the distinguished learned societies in Europe, and had a most extensive correspondence with the most learned men of the 18th century. Like many other great men, his merits were at first overlooked in his own country; but in the year 1736, being then twenty-eight years of age, he was invited to fill the professorship of medicine, anatomy, and botany, at the newly-founded University of Göttingen; and it may be truly said, that the seventeen years which he passed there were of the greatest importance to that rising University. His Majesty George II. gave him repeated marks of his favour; he was offered, in 1747, the professorship of botany and anatomy at Oxford, which he declined. He returned to Berne in 1753, but the king continued to him his pension and all his honours, and the place of President of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Göttingen. He continued also to contribute largely to the Göttingen Literary Journal, in which there are reviews written by him, of above twelve thousand works, in every department of literature. In 1770, His late Majesty George III. caused the

dignity of Chancellor of the University of Göttingen to be offered to him, which he declined, as well as honorable invitations to Berlin, Petersburg, &c. preferring to remain in his native city, where he continued to enrich the literary world with valuable works; he died on the 12th of December, 1777, in the 70th year of his distinguished and honourable life. Though other great names might be mentioned as an honour to Berne, learning is not so generally encouraged or so successfully cultivated as at Zurich; the public schools, however, are respectable; there are colleges in the principal towns, and one also in the capital, besides the academy which answers the purpose of a University.

Berne has public granaries to afford a supply in case of unforeseen scarcity, which are under excellent regulations, so as not to be a burden to the poor, as is the case with similar establishments in some other places. We have before spoken of the beautiful fountains, of which there are three or four in every street, uniting ornament with utility. In places not supplied with water in the manner that London is, the advantages of these cisterns, where the water, clear as crystal, spouts into marble basins, are incalculable. They likewise afford the means of keeping the city clean. The method of employing con-

demned criminals in sweeping and watering the streets, has been spoken of in very different terms by different travellers. A late author, Mr. Simond, calls this a mode of punishment uniting every possible objection; destroying, in the end, all sense of shame in the criminal, and of dread in the spectator, neither amending the one, nor deterring the other. But persons, whose long residence entitles their opinions to respect, say, that experience has proved the advantages of this mode of punishment, and that many who have passed two or three years in this manner, become afterwards good members of society.

Berne is not a commercial town, nor is commerce favored by its laws. In fact, its situation out of the great roads leading to France and Italy, accounts for the circumscribed nature of its trade. There are manufactures of crape, linen, silk, leather, cotton, and woollen stuffs, clocks and watches, but with little demand beyond the home consumption. It is, perhaps, the silence, the want of bustle, combined with a certain stateliness and reserve in the inhabitants, and the handsome appearance of the city, which inspires strangers with a notion that it is not a money-getting place, but possesses sources of wealth more solid and permanent than the uncertain and fluctuating pursuits of commerce;

and that the spirit which animates the inhabitants is very different.

Though the government of Berne is an aristocracy, and there is no deficiency of aristocratic pride, the magistrates have an antique simplicity about them, and uniformly preserve plain and easy manners in their intercourse with the people ; it must not be forgotten, however, that external simplicity, and affability to inferiors, are among the characteristics of an aristocratic government, where it is politic to avoid all assumption of superiority, on occasions where real authority is not in question. If the ideas set afloat by the French Revolution deluded many of the Swiss, and led them to imagine that the aristocratical governments must, of necessity, be tyrannical, it is certain that the taste which they had of the blessings of French liberty and French protection made them eagerly return to their ancient institutions, when the downfall of Bonaparte gave the signal for a general re-action throughout Switzerland. There is, perhaps, reason to regret that the Congress of Vienna too much favored the restoration of all that was bad, as well as all that was good, in the old institutions. The Counsel of Two Hundred, however, which was formerly composed entirely of members chosen in the city of Berne, has been augmented by

ninety-nine country members. Hitherto they seem not to have acquired much influence; being mere peasants, though many of them rich, they have not been qualified by education or habit for the duties of legislators. Their sons, however, having a motive for mental exertion, will be more learned than their fathers; many of them are now studying in the College at Berne, and several have been sent to different German Universities. But whatever may be said of the theory of the Bernese government, the unquestionable prosperity of the people is a pretty strong argument in favour of its practical excellence. Considering too that the standing army consists of only 300 men, while the militia, provided with arms, regularly trained, and undoubtedly warlike (as the campaign of 1798 proves), amounts to between 50 and 60,000; and that this is a force completely popular, which the government has nothing to oppose; it is evident that no serious grounds of complaint can exist under such circumstances. This prosperity of the people is the more to the honour of the government, when we consider the rapid increase of population; the Canton of Berne, though reduced to half its former extent, by the loss of several of the finest provinces, having now as many inhabitants, 350,000, as it had sixty years ago.

The morals of the inhabitants of Berne have been spoken of almost in the extremes of praise and censure, and both are, in all probability, partially merited. If on the one hand the bonds of marriage are strictly respected, and violations of the nuptial vow unknown, it may be supposed that as fortunes are small, and the means of increasing them and providing for a family few, the number of unmarried persons, of both sexes, must be considerable, and illicit intercourse more frequent than in some other places. The custom of Saturday night's visits among young people in the country, is derived from the northern nations, and should not be too hastily condemned. Similar customs have prevailed in different parts of our own island, and in North America; and are, perhaps, even now not wholly eradicated; but it does not follow either of necessity, or in point of fact, that the consequences are the same that would be inevitable in other countries. Young men, says Mr. Simond, whose daily labours keep them away from the society of women, and yet, like Cœlebs, are in search of a wife, have scarcely any other means of accomplishing their object than the one in question, which is as follows: On Saturday night the young Swiss comes under the window of the fair lady, to whom he intends paying his addresses.

Being visiting night, and expecting company, she is at the window, neatly dressed, and admits or rejects the petition, for which the visitor is not put to any trouble of improvisation; for it is according to a received form, learned by heart, and generally in verse, and the answer we believe is in verse also. If permission is granted, the young man climbs up, commonly to the third floor, where he sits on the window; and refreshments, generally cherry brandy and gingerbread, are offered him. According as his views are more or less serious, and he is more or less acceptable, he is allowed to come into the room, or suffered to remain outside. The conversation is frequently protracted, till dawn gives the signal for departure; this, however, is not always safe; a less favoured lover often way-lays his rival, violent battles ensue, and even murder is sometimes committed; for which reason young men generally escort each other on such occasions. The worst consequences of this custom appear to be early and improvident marriages, which, considering the exuberant and too rapidly increasing population, it should be the policy of the government to discourage. To the above, we add a few extracts from the very interesting account of Switzerland, published a few years ago by Mrs.

Yosy, with the most charming representations of costume ever given in a book of travels.

“A great many people here read and understand English extremely well, as I had the pleasure of knowing by my own experience. I had often heard that the Bernese were not remarkable for their attentions to strangers, and that they were very ostentatious in granting the most trifling favor; but I can say, with truth, that I have received ten thousand little kindnesses, conferred in the most frank and gracious manner, from the De Watteviles, Muralts, Wytenbachs, and Statens, families of the first consequence in Berne. The same kind of societies are in fashion here, as in other parts of Switzerland. The inhabitants, even children, divide themselves into classes, according to their rank, and have particular days of meeting, when no person but those belonging to the society is admitted. Mothers have their parties under the same roof as their daughters; and it is possible to visit a daughter of a family for two or three years, without knowing that she has any parents living. Old ladies and gentlemen also have their society, in which they have grown up. Except, however, on these days, families meet, and live together very amicably. The lightness of the air gives a sprightliness to

their wit, not to be met with in women of other countries; and if a little more attention were paid to their understandings, they would be very shining characters. Many of them are excellent musicians, and well acquainted with the works of Handel. There is a public room for balls and concerts, and occasionally for plays. Sometimes a set of performers from Germany do justice to the tragedies of Kotzebue; but the drama is not much encouraged, and no company is regularly established by the government. Since the Revolution, the inhabitants have little money left for superfluous amusements; the contributions levied upon them at that time being so enormous, that they have not recovered from the embarrassments which that calamity produced. Many worthy families were reduced to the utmost misery at that period, when confusion, melancholy, and desolation breathed around; when the gates of the town, for the first time since their foundation, were forced, and those mighty bulwarks, constructed by Berchtold V., Count of Zähringen, six centuries ago, and which he deemed impregnable, were surrendered to the intrigues of a French army. This town, so justly called the finest diamond in the Helvetic Confederation, and celebrated for the many illustrious charac-

ters it has produced, was overthrown by its ancient ally, on the 5th of March, 1798.

“They have two fairs here every year, which are frequented by a great many merchants from Paris and Geneva. I must observe, however, that when the inhabitants were more wealthy they enjoyed fewer luxuries; for diamonds, pearls, lace, and all kinds of embroidery, were prohibited under severe penalties, and balls were not allowed, except at weddings; but now they are very common, and well attended. The tables, that before were famous for their simplicity and frugality, now groan under costly piles of food, seasoned with hot spices. This unhappy change (for unhappy certainly it is, since it increases the number of artificial wants) is owing to the desire of a few to imitate the fashion of the French. But, in general, the ladies are very attentive to their domestic occupations; most of them have a knowledge of gardening, and none think themselves degraded by superintending their kitchens. They are abundantly supplied with provisions: their fish consists of various kinds; and their meat, though much smaller than ours, is extremely good, particularly veal, which rarely costs more than four-pence a pound. In all the first societies, whist tables are introduced after

tea; even clergymen join the parties, except on communion days. Those gentlemen who have served in foreign countries are very elegant in their manners; and as the Swiss generally had troops in the pay of France, and other nations, there are many who have profited by their travels. The French language is universally spoken, though German is the mother tongue. Before the town embraced the Reformation, there were two convents in it, one of them the Cordeliers; but these buildings have been converted to much better purposes.

“The environs of Berne are exceedingly delightful; indeed, every object is calculated to inspire the mind with pleasure: meadows smiling with green and gold; the transparent waves of the Aar boldly winding to their sides; little declivities covered with flowers; innumerable cottages scattered all round, mixed with beautiful villas, which display the taste of their owners; while the views of the Jura, Wetterhorn, Shreckhorn, and Jungfrau, terminate the view.”

It would, in truth, be difficult to imagine a finer prospect than that from off the terrace at Berne. From south to west, and at a distance of forty miles, the horizon is terminated by a bold outline of extraordinary forms, rude and strange perhaps in themselves, yet blending in perfect

harmony. Every instant is marked by a change of scene, every hue is successively displayed, till the whole central chain of the Alps, so lately burning under the level rays of the setting sun, presents only a succession of pale and livid forms, sinking into night. It is, at first, difficult to account for the new and lively interest a knowledge of the names of these mountains adds to the contemplation of the prospect; but this implies a knowledge of their geography, or respective position, which at once explains shades of colour and of distinctness unnoticed before, disentangles the lines of crossing ridges, and enables us to mark the hidden lake, or deep valley, by the scarcely perceptible vapour rising between these distant ridges. As you approach Berne, from the side of Argovia, the road leads through the richest country imaginable. Meadows, carefully irrigated, yield three, four, even five crops of hay, and are divided into tolerably large farms. Not a beggar, not a mean dwelling, is to be seen. It is a matter of surprise, that so considerable a part of a country over-peopled should still be a forest. The trees, oaks, beeches, and pines, older than the Helvetic League, are magnificent, and many of them, having already passed the productive age as timber, are entering that of the greatest beauty. These fine woods extend al-

most to the very gates of Berne, where you arrive under an avenue of limes, which, when in blossom, delightfully perfume the air. There are seats on the side of the road, for the convenience of passengers, especially women going to market, with a shelf above, at the height of a person standing, for the purpose of receiving their baskets, while they rest themselves on the bench ; you meet also with fountains, at regular distances. A Bernese road resembles the best roads in England, only it is wider ; they are carried in every direction, even to the highest mountains, on the borders of eternal snows ; and all this without *corvées*, without a tax, or even a toll. The whole country has the appearance of English pleasure grounds. On the side towards Yverdun, the environs of Berne are still more beautiful. No where does the traveller find such number of walks and rides, kept up at the public expense, for convenience and pleasure ; such noble woods, such water, and such magnificent views.

Partial as we own ourselves to be to Switzerland and its inhabitants, we would willingly indulge in more extensive details, and give some account of the environs of the city of Berne. We cannot, however, conclude without noticing the beautiful village of Hindelbank, about four miles

from Berne, which is an object of curiosity to all travellers, on account of the elegant monument erected in memory of Mrs. Langhans, wife of the clergyman of that place; and Hofwyl, the celebrated establishment of M. de Fellenberg, too well known in England to be dwelt upon here; of which there is an able account in No. 64 of the *Edinburgh Review* for Oct. 1819, drawn up by Mr. Simond, author of *Travels in Switzerland*.

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NAPLES.

Tremolavano i rai del Sol nascente
Sovra l'onde del mar purpuree e d'oro ;
E in veste di zaffiro il Ciel ridente
Specchiar pareva le sue bellezze in loro ;
D'Africa i venti fieri, e d'Oriente
Sovra il letto del mar prendean ristoro ;
E co' sospire suoi soavi e lieti
Sol Zeffiro increspava il lembo a Teti.

TASSONI, *Secchià Rapita*.

THE origin of the gay, the voluptuous Naples, is involved in the mysterious gloom of fabulous antiquity. That it was originally founded by Greeks is certain; but whether it was built by the Argonauts, and whether its first name, Parthenope, was taken from a Siren, are points which we are not called upon to discuss. It seems early to have excited the envy of its neighbours, the Cumæans, by whom it was conquered and destroyed. Being rebuilt, it received the

name of Neapolis, or New Town, which, with little alteration, it has ever since retained.

“When I attempt,” says Goëthe, in his Letters from Naples, “to write words, I see before my eyes only images of the fruitful country, the spacious sea, the fragrant islands, the smoking mountain, and I am without organs to describe them.” The situation of Naples has been so repeatedly celebrated by travellers, that it will be out of our power to give many features with which our readers are not already acquainted. Seated partly on the declivity of a hill, and partly on the side of a spacious bay, it stretches along the coast, while its villas and gardens cover the gentle slopes and the adjacent eminences. The suburbs extend in a magnificent sweep from Cape Misenum, on the west, to Portici on the east. The extensive bay presents an extraordinary assemblage of scenery, equally beautiful and picturesque. On the west side, the lovely shores of Pozzuoli rise in a gentle slope from the surface of the water; on the east, the prospect is bounded by Vesuvius, with its luxuriant sides and its smoking summit; in the centre lies the city, with its churches, palaces, and gardens, rising above each other in pleasing gradation; and the view towards the sea extends over the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean, and the

verdant islands at the mouth of the bay. Though the view of this fine scenery is always delightful, yet it is, perhaps, at no time more so than at dawn of day, or at sunset: and we think our readers will be pleased with the following extracts from two German travellers, whose journals never have been published in English. The first is from the pen of the all-accomplished Lady Elisa Von der Recke, who visited this city in the spring of 1805.

“ She in whose train each virtue had a place,
Each chaster muse, each gently winning grace.”

“ What a ravishing prospect does the noble expanse of the bay of Naples afford, a prospect that is well calculated to efface all the disagreeable impressions excited on entering the city. I was hardly able to tear myself away from the contemplation of this sublime scene. The purest and mildest air allowed me to remain till late at night in the balcony, enjoying the dark blue star-spangled firmament, suspended over the ocean, which was covered by innumerable fishing boats, distinguishable by the lights which seemed to dance on the surface of the waves. With what joy did I salute, as I awoke, the dawn of a beautiful vernal day. I rose, and surveyed from the window the sea sparkling in the first rays of the sun. When I stepped out into the balcony, I per-

ceived that it was still very early. The busy tumult of life was still hushed. On the hard pavement, before the houses, and on the quay, lie families of Lazzaroni buried in deep sleep, for thousands of the populace are without a roof to shelter them; the fishermen still slumber in their boats, moored to the quay; the streamers of the vessels at anchor in the bay, among which an English man-of-war towers with an air of command, flutter in the soft cool morning breeze. Beyond this, behind Portici, is seen Vesuvius: at a distance, the island of Capri, notorious as the abode of the gloomy Tiberius, rises like a high rocky fortress defending the entrance of the bay. On the right, the west coast of the gulf extends, in the form of an amphitheatre, from the city to Pausilippo, covered with palaces, churches, houses, and gardens. The rock, strangely called the School of Virgil, projecting far into the sea joins Pausilippo; Cape Misenum is the last point of this promontory. The left arm, inclosing the bay, forms a still larger arc. Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata, Castell' al Mare, Sorrento, Salerno, till towards Pœstum these hills join each other, and on their last point is the promontory of Minerva, divided by a channel from Capri. When we see the two arms of the coast, tending to meet each other, and the island

of Capri lying between, as a point of communication, we are not indisposed to accede to the opinion, that the whole of the present bay has been formed by the sinking of a crater. The little island fortress, called, from its oval shape, Castell' del Uovo, lies on an insulated rock in the bay, about 700 paces from the coast, and is united by a bridge with the street of St. Lucia. The magnificent gardens of Lucullus formerly adorned this rock, which was then united with the land, but was subsequently separated from it by an earthquake; at present, it is one of the points that give an additional charm to the prospect."

The other extract is taken from the *Memoirs of Goëthe*, who describes the prospect of the bay as he entered it on his return from Sicily.

"Thus the afternoon passed away without our entering, as we wished, into the Gulph of Naples. On the contrary, we were constantly driven westward; and our vessel, as it approached the island of Capri, left Cape Minerva more and more at a distance. Every body was vexed and impatient; but we two, who looked at the world with the eyes of lovers of the picturesque, had reason to be perfectly satisfied; for, at sunset, we enjoyed the most glorious prospect that the whole voyage had afforded us. Before our eyes lay Cape Minerva, and the mountains con-

nected with it, glowing in the most splendid colouring; while the rocks, stretching to the south, already began to assume a bluish hue. From the cape, the coast extending to Sorrento was illumined, by the departing beams. Mount Vesuvius was visible; an immense volume of smoke towered above its summit, from which a long streak extended far to the east, and gave us reason to presume a violent eruption. At the left lay Capri, rising almost perpendicularly; the forms of its rocky cliffs perfectly distinguishable, through the bluish transparent vapour. Under a perfectly serene, cloudless sky, shone the calm, scarcely agitated sea, which at last, as the wind entirely died away, lay stretched out before us like a transparent lake. We were wrapt in extacy at the contemplation of the scene. My friend, Kniep (a skilful artist) lamented, that all the art of colouring was insufficient to represent the harmony of those tints, as the finest English pencil would not enable the most skilful hand to trace the delicacy of those lines. I, on the other hand, convinced that a far inferior representation, to what this able artist was capable of giving, would be at a future time a highly desirable remembrance, encouraged him to exert his hand and his eye for the last time; he suffered himself to be persuaded, and produced one of the most ac-

curate drawings, which he afterwards coloured, and gave an example, that even what seems impossible may be attained by the art of design. The transition from evening to night was watched by us with equally eager eyes. Capri lay quite dark before us; and, to our astonishment, the cloud over Vesuvius was inflamed as well as the dusky streak, growing continually more and more fiery; and we saw, at last, a considerable extent of the atmosphere, in the back-ground of our picture, enlightened, and frequently irradiated by flashes of lightning."

The first thing that strikes the traveller on his entrance into Naples is, the excessive population, which seems greatly to exceed that of London itself. In London besides, though there is a crowd, there is no confusion; it is a double line of people in quick motion; it is the crowd of business, and every measure is adopted to prevent obstructions to this continued stream. Naples, on the contrary, might be compared to a vast house with an immense number of inmates, the houses serving them merely as bed-rooms; for, except sleeping, every thing that men have to do, is done in the streets. All artisans have, not merely open shops, but they carry their tables and all the implements of their trade into the streets, where you see and hear them hammer-

ing, filing, weaving, planing, hair-dressing, and shaving, all the day long. Eating and drinking being the first and most important concern of a people, you cannot stir a dozen steps in Naples without finding some means for the immediate supply of these wants. There, is the cook plucking and roasting his fowls, or frying his fish. There, is a large kettle with the favorite dish, maccaroni, quite ready, with cheese grated over it, and garnished with little pieces of fruit called *pomo d'oro*. Are you thirsty? numerous water sellers are at hand, whose booths, strangely adorned with gilded pictures of saints, bunches of lemons, and nosegays, have a very Chinese appearance. To the praise of these water sellers, it must be owned, that contrary to the custom of the people, they are very cleanly in their business; they never fill their glass without first rinsing it, nor do they squeeze the lemon juice through their fingers. The crystal water (cooled with ice), looks really tempting as it sparkles in the glass; and a stranger cannot but admire the extraordinary slight of hand with which the seller attends to his customers; the crowd of whom in the hot days in summer, is beyond conception.

On the sea shore, where the fishermen offer for sale their goods, which they call *Sea fruits*, all the *beau monde* assembles on summer evenings

to eat fish. Numerous little tables stand already covered, the fisherman has his multifarious sea-fruit piled up amphitheatrically, and set out to the best advantage, and you choose what you please; but the space being rather narrow, it is necessary to bespeak places beforehand to avoid disappointment. The infinite number and variety of sea-fish, and the grotesque shapes of many species, are peculiarly striking to a stranger. Vegetables of all kinds, which are fresh and cheap all the year round, are also a chief article of the food of the people. Fruit, too, is abundant and cheap. The grapes are piled up in baskets in the form of large pyramids, adorned with rosemary branches, and have a most inviting look. Of oranges and lemons there are millions. Large pine cones are roasted, in order to extract the kernels. Pomegranates are sold whole, or in slices. Figs, apples, pears, medlars, nuts, are extremely common. Pine apples are only for the rich; for, as there are hardly any hothouses, they are dearer than even at Berlin or St. Petersburg. The Lazzarone is contented with slices of melon, with fresh water poured over them. Cheese is well known to be much in favour with the Italians, but that made here has nothing particular to recommend it. The cheesemongers, who sell nothing else, have a very peculiar mode of set-

ting out their shops. The chief ornament of them is a large white marble slab, in the middle of which stands a little marble table resting on pillars, or supported by genii, with cornucopias, &c. There the cheesemonger shows his taste, or his wit. The front of the little table is adorned either with bas reliefs, (for instance, the Lord's Supper,) or with sentences and mottos, some religious, and others laughable. Here we have a Latin verse from the bible, "*dilata os tuum et implebo illud*," (Open your mouth and I will fill it.) Another has Genii shaking ducats out of a cornucopia, with this motto: *in te, Domine, speravi*. (On thee, Lord, I have placed my hope.) Another is a wit; on his table you see "Credit is not given here to-day, but to-morrow." Milk is not carried about the streets, but the cows are driven through the city, and every body has what he wants, milked into his own vessels. But besides these cows, a great number of calves are seen running about the streets. They are the property of the Franciscans, who, not contented, like other lazy monks, with being fed themselves by the people, quarter their calves upon them. For this purpose, no more is necessary than to fix to the calf's forehead a little board or plate, with the figure of St. Francis on it. Provided with this passport, they go where they please,

eat what they will, sleep where they have a mind, and nobody will ever think of hindering them. On the contrary, if one of these calves takes it into his head to march into a palace, and there choose a sleeping place, the owner considers it as a happy omen. Meat is of good quality, and is sold without difficulty on fast-days. Buffaloes are often slaughtered for food. The Apulian sheep are remarkable for their size, and their large heads. The stranger's notice is attracted by the swine also, which are all dark grey, and without hair; they grow enormously fat, partly from being fed with maize, and partly because they are allowed to run about the whole day in the populous streets, where the immense quantity of refuse must afford them abundance of food. They are as impudent as beggars, minding neither horses nor carriages, and running between the legs of the foot passengers. The domestic fowls, too, enjoy the free range of the streets. Bread is pretty good, and is made of wheat for the rich, and of maize for the poor. There is no rye bread. Wine is of course cheap, but seldom very good, and has generally a sweetish taste. There are exceptions: for instance, the famous *Lachrimæ Christi*; but this is too fiery, and requires to be mixed with water, and is

not deserving of its great reputation. Ischia furnishes good table wine.

We have observed that, except sleeping, every thing is done in the streets; as eating, drinking, cooking, milking, feeding calves and hogs, writing letters and petitions, &c. &c. The crowds, therefore, that fill the streets may be easily conceived, and it will be evident that, without extreme attention to cleanliness, they must be in a condition of which the cities of the north can give no idea. Unhappily, no attention whatever is paid in Naples to cleanliness, propriety, or common decency; the city is a vast sink, equally offensive to the eye as well as to the olfactory nerves. Who would think that the very square in front of the royal palace, or along the wall of the church of St. Louis, is one of the most abominable places in the city. The inhabitants seem to have lost the use of smell; all dirt is quite indifferent to them, except in the rooms where they sit; their halls, staircases, and anti-chambers, are covered with thick dirt, and the palace of the minister differs but little in this respect from the booth of the meanest shopkeeper. The streets have one advantage over the houses, that the dirt is removed, not by the police, which would never dream of such a thing, but by individuals who

scrape it together and carry it away to sell it for manure. How this is done we do not mean to describe. The streets which have any declivity are cleaned by the rains, as Naples is paved with large flags of lava. In general they are straight, but very narrow. The street Toledo is certainly a very fine street, pretty broad and very long, not quite straight however, and by no means to be compared with the Perspective at Petersburg, or the Linden at Berlin. The *Larghi* (for none can be called squares,) are irregular, both in appearance and plan. Some are refreshed with fountains, others decorated with statues or sculptured obelisks. The houses are lofty; and the flat roofs, on which the owners walk and enjoy the fresh air and the fine prospects, and converse with their neighbours, are very agreeable and convenient. Above half the fronts consist of windows, or rather glass folding doors, for every one opens into a balcony, which sometimes runs along a whole story, like a gallery, adorned with plants and flowers of various kinds.

There are numerous palaces, many of them in a handsome style of architecture; but they look so smoky, and lie in such dirty narrow streets, that they produce no effect.

Yet were all the streets of Naples equal to that

of Toledo, did palaces join palaces, and did it possess the finest squares, adorned with the masterpieces of sculpture, still would Naples be a wretched city so long as it is crowded with such swarms of beggars. To describe this misery is impossible. The pen drops from the hand, while tracing these frightful scenes. If you step out of the house, twenty hats and open hands are held out to you; if you go ten paces, a beggar stops the way; women, often dressed in black silk, and veiled, impudently press upon you; men, habited like *pauvres honteux*, whisper in your ear; cripples of every description suddenly hold out their mutilated limbs; faces disfigured by disease stare at you; children, quite naked, lie in the dirt complaining. If you will go into a church, you must make your way, at the door, through an assemblage of such pictures of misery; when you have entered, as many more come on their knees to meet you. Even in your apartments you are not safe; if you open the windows to the balcony, the groans of the beggars strike your ear; monks intrude into your rooms, and beg, offering you a plate of fruit; nay, even the king's gardener has been known to beg, presenting, in the same manner, some rare fruit, perhaps stolen from the king's hot-house. It is stated, by a respected and lamented traveller, Mr. Forsyth, "that Naples

was gradually following the improvements of other nations; "the streets," says he, "are no longer pestilential with filth, or infested with beggars; these are now confined in the Serraglio, and are there maintained at the expense of the shopkeepers; yet, thousands of the poor conceal their wants through terror of confinement, and prefer dying at their own freedom, at home." But this arrangement seems not to have been long maintained; for Baroness Von der Recke, who visited Naples a few years only later than Mr. Forsyth, says, "immediately on entering the city, I observed a large building, with an inscription in letters of gold, announcing it as an hospital, but it is wholly untenanted, yet the streets swarm with beggars. The government has declared itself unable, on account of the bad state of the finances, to maintain the poor in the poor houses." Another German traveller, about the same time as Madame Von der Recke, says, "Some years ago it was determined to put a stop to beggary at once; orders were given to take up every beggar without exception, and to convey them to the large poor house, where there is room for some thousands; but one thing was forgotten, namely, to provide for these thousands. Dependence had been placed on the voluntary benevolent contributions of the Neapoli-

tans, which were at first abundant; but we know the general fate of such precarious receipts. Beneficence is but too soon worn out. The poor wretches were confined, 500 together, in a large apartment; they had no employment, and nothing to eat; diseases broke out, and those who had put them there were, at length, glad when they one after another made their escape. The beggars were no more taken up; and all goes on now in the old way."

But if the streets of Naples too frequently shock the senses of the refined, or the feelings of the philanthropist, it cannot be denied, that they are replete with the most varied interest to the philosophic observer of human character, which is here displayed without controul and without disguise. Let us walk into one of the principal streets; that of Toledo, for instance, where

"Flows the full tide of human life along."

This street, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and forty paces in breadth, begins in a fine semicircular Largo, and terminates in the Largo San Ferdinando, before the king's palace. It is always crowded to excess with people, carriages, horses, asses, &c. The number of retailers selling provisions, and goods of all kinds, in the street;

the washing, cooking, &c., in the open air, as we have described;—the numberless gigs, drawn by small, but spirited horses, and driving furiously along, to the no little danger of the pedestrian, for whom there is no raised foot-way;—the swarms of beggars and vagrants infesting the place at all hours, mixed with the splendid equipages of the nobility;—the well-dressed ladies at the windows;—the elegance of the numerous shops for coffee and ice;—make an unparalleled scene of contrast, confusion, and bustle. The motley costume of the throng is most surprising to the stranger; priests in black, friars in white or grey, officers in splendid uniforms, lawyers in the habit of their profession, citizens in habits of every possible shade and variety of colour; the women, some wrapped in the ancient Neapolitan Manto, or black silk gown and hood, others in the modern French costume; those of the inferior class with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, or a piece of calico (the Sicilian peddume) thrown loosely over the head and shoulders; and half-naked Lazzaroni, with no garment but a shirt and trowsers. The Mole is even still better adapted to study the humours of the common people. It is an agreeable promenade, extending into the sea. On the right hand are the ships at anchor; on the left, the waves

of the sea beat against the masses of rock; and the light-house stands at the extremity. Though the Mole is very broad, and paved with large flags, no carriage is allowed to drive on it; which, in fact, would be hardly possible; the crowd being so great, that it is difficult to proceed on foot. There you see a poor devil, whose threadbare, patched, but not ragged, habit, proclaim him to be next in degree above a beggar, surrounded by a numerous and motley audience of sailors, servants, mechanics, Lazzaroni, and raggamuffin boys, display a manuscript, from which he declaims, or rather sings, the history of a certain prince Rinaldo, a great favourite of the Neapolitans. He is, of course, a hero; the conqueror of robbers, monsters, giants, and Amazons; but, on occasion, very gallant to the ladies.

When the orator narrates a martial combat, he endeavours to represent it by pantomime. He draws his sword, attacks, defends himself, is wounded, distorts his features with the most frightful grimaces, gains the victory, and sings a song of triumph! Here stands a methodist, preaching to one row of Lazzaroni; there, Punch, the true representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd: yonder, another orator recounts the miracles performed by a sacred wax

work, on which he rubs his *agnuses*, and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a grain a piece: beyond him are quacks, in hussar uniforms, exalting their drugs, and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next professor is a dog of knowledge; great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centre of an oval group, singing to their crazy guitars.

Naples is the land of contrasts. There are strange sights in this place, which are not to be met with anywhere else. We meet with sports in the skirts of this town, where nothing reminds one of being near a great European capital. Houses, of good appearance, are contiguous to ruinous walls. On one side of the road you see fine gardens, and an open country; and on the other, a row of hovels, crowded with the poorest people. Proceeding on, you ascend a steep flight of broken steps, through a chasm between rocks almost perpendicular,—a most solitary place, which you might mistake for a recess in the Appennines,—you ascend a hundred steps, and you emerge into a large and fine street, well paved, and lined with convents and palaces; whence you see, at once, Vesuvius, the city, and the bay. These scenes are frequent in that

part of the city which rises on the slope of the hills of Saint 'Elmo, and Capo di Monte, in the districts called Il Petrarò, I Monti, la Salute, lo Scudillo, I Cinesi, and le Vergini. Another peculiarity of this town is, that nothing is finished. You see a vast palace, the one, for instance, near the Mercatello, at the beginning of Toledo, the first floor of which is built with princely magnificence; underneath them are many shops, all occupied; but the building has been for some years stopped: the second floor is only half raised; no lastrico, or roof, covers it; the rain stagnates in the half-built apartments, and penetrates through the ceiling into the first floor; the beams are already rotten; and, in a short time, the tenants of the shops below will be driven out of them: the building is falling to ruin, without ever having been completed. There is an extensive square, *Il Largo delle pigne*; of which only a small part is paved, and the houses on one side of it present the appearance of a city half ruined. The Largo dello Spirito Santo is decorated with a colonnade; in the centre of which it has been intended, these twenty years, to place a statue of Charles III. of Spain, the conqueror of Naples, and the head of the present Neapolitan dynasty. The unoccupied pedestal stands there, surrounded by all kinds of filth and nuisances. At

the entrance of a splendid palace stands a porter, covered with lace and embroidery; and, close by his elbow, under his master's window, you see a paltry chandler's shop, with a cobbler's stall before it. There is, also, a peculiar strangeness in the diversions of the people. You are walking quietly through the streets; all of a sudden, you hear piercing cries and dreadful yells; you see seven or eight half-naked Lazzaroni, with inflamed eyes, and clenched fists, running after one of their comrades; you think they are going to murder him; and it is merely a piece of frolic, which shows itself in such a threatening form.

Having been led to describe, rather more at length than we intended, the unique appearance of the streets of Naples, we now proceed to mention some of the principal public buildings, and other objects worthy of notice. Among the many hundred churches, few are remarkable for their external architecture; but, in the interior, they are richly adorned with gold, marbles, and paintings. Several of them are supposed to occupy the sites of antient temples. The Cathedral, a gothic structure, dedicated to Saint Januarius, on or near the foundation of a temple of Apollo, is overloaded with ornaments, in a discordant style. It is supported by 100 pillars of Egyptian granite, taken from the temples of

Neptune and Apollo; and contains several valuable paintings, by Perugino, L. Giordano, Dominichino, Spagnoletto, Solimene, Vasari, &c. But what is considered at Naples as the greatest treasure of the Cathedral, is the pretended blood of Saint Januarius, preserved in a crystal vase, and deposited in a subterranean chapel under the choir. The ceremony of liquefying the saint's blood, performed thrice a year, in May, September, and December, is interesting to strangers, and serves to shew the character of the superstitious and credulous Neapolitans, who are in extacy or despair, according as the pretended miracle is performed rapidly or slowly. The Church of the Apostles (Santi Apostoli) built on the ruins of a temple of Mercury, is thought to be the oldest in Naples. Santa Maria la Nuova contains some good paintings by Marco de Siena. St. Paul, on the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux, is spacious, and richly adorned with marble. That of St. Filippo Neri is one of the handsomest in Naples, and most deserving the attention of foreigners. The churches of Spirito Santo, in a purer style than the other sacred edifices; that of Del Parto, founded and endowed by the poet Sannazzaro; that of Santa Chiara, containing the tombs of the kings and queens of the fourteenth century; and those of

the several religious orders ; are worthy of notice. We had almost omitted the church of St. Martino de' Certosini, built after the design of Fansaga, which is more beautiful and splendid than any other at Naples. It once belonged to the magnificent convent of the Certosini; which has been taken from the monks, and converted into an asylum for invalided soldiers.

The view of the city and environs of Naples from this convent and its gardens, situated on a commanding eminence, is one of the finest and most extraordinary in this extraordinary city. The royal palaces and country seats are handsome and numerous. That in Naples, built from a design of Fontana, is not finished; but is fully large enough in its present state, and is decorated in the interior with the greatest splendour. The Palace Villa Franca, in Naples, cannot be seen without permission from his majesty; which, however, is never refused, when applied for by a foreign minister. It is well worth asking for, as here are some paintings of the very highest order, by Raphael, Titian, Schidone, Parmeggiano, Albert Durer, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, &c. Capo di Monte, built on a lofty eminence, contains an amazing number of apartments, and room enough to receive all the master-pieces in the world. There were

formerly several thousand pictures in this palace, but a very small proportion of them merited notice: they have been all removed, we believe, to the Studii, which we shall presently mention. Caserta, about sixteen miles from Naples, is a palace, not finished, of extraordinary extent and splendour. The grand staircase, adorned with a profusion of the most costly Sicilian marbles, is so surprisingly magnificent, that it seems impossible that the apartments to which it leads, can realise the expectations which such an entrance is calculated to excite. The Chapel and the Theatre are equally splendid; but the royal apartments, though vast and finely-proportioned, are ill-furnished. The Palace at Portici is remarkable on account of the Grand Museum, containing the antiquities, of all kinds, found in Herculaneum; many of them have been removed to the Studii at Naples; and it is said, that the government intends to remove the whole to that museum. His Majesty has also villas at Carditello, Persana, Procida, Castel-à-Mare, and some others.

There are seven Theatres at Naples, of which that of St. Charles, *Teatro Reale di San Carlo*, has long been celebrated as one of the largest and most splendid in Italy. This theatre was destroyed by fire in 1816; an event which filled Naples with greater consternation, than perhaps

the loss of a battle could have caused. It being just after the king's restoration, the treasury was exhausted, and private fortunes had suffered severely during the occupation of the country by the French. Happily, the manager, Barbaja, offered to re-build the theatre within a very short period, and to advance the money, on condition that the monopoly of the gaming-houses should be secured to him for a certain period. This was gladly acceded to, and in eleven months San Carlo arose from its ashes, more magnificent than ever, with six rows of boxes, thirty-two in each row. The pit can contain about nine hundred persons. The stage is uncommonly spacious; the galleries and staircases are large and commodious. An adjoining edifice, the Ridotto, contains ball-rooms, eating-rooms, and saloons for gaming, which are open night and day. The Royal Theatre del Fondo is a fine house, next in size to San Carlo, where serious operas are sometimes performed. The Theatre of St. Ferdinand is large, but not much frequented, not being in a fashionable part of the city. Plays and opera buffa are performed at the Theatre di Fiorentini, and at the Teatro Nuovo; farces and pantomimes at La Fenice and San Carlino, where the actors speak the broad Neapolitan dialect, and Policenello shines in all his glory.

The celebrated *Palazzo degli Studii*, which it would require volumes to describe, can of course be merely touched upon here. It contains an inestimable collection of works of art and antiquities of every kind; a collection which is not to be paralleled or rivalled in any other country. It now contains the antiquities found at Minturnum, Capua, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae, Nuceria, and Poëstum; and the collection of paintings brought from the Palace of Capo di Monte. It is impossible to say what is the most interesting part of this immense repository. There are here some of the noblest productions of Greek sculpture; the Farnese Hercules, the Flora, the Venus, innumerable busts of eminent poets, heroes, and philosophers; the Cabinet of MSS. from Herculaneum, and the machines for unrolling them; the paintings by the greatest artists; the Etruscan vases; the bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii; the antiquities of every description dug up at Pompeii and the other places mentioned above; the library of a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, including many splendid specimens of the 15th century; a large collection of valuable MSS., &c. &c. His majesty has now given to this museum the name of Museo Borbonico. A periodical work has just been commenced, which is intended to make

known to the learned world the chief contents of this museum.

Naples has, besides its university, several public schools. The Royal Military School, the Naval College, the Academy for Music and the Fine Arts : the Schools for the Deaf and Dumb are of considerable note. The college for the instruction of young Chinese and Japanese is singular in its kind. It has also a Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences ; a Society of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Arts ; four public libraries, a botanical garden, and an observatory. The charitable institutions are numerous and well endowed.

The city of Naples is, of late years, considerably altered in its appearance. One of the principal improvements is the new road to Capo di Monte, and the bridge forming part of it, which, like that of Carignano at Genoa, connects two hills, passing over the street of La Sanita. Beyond it, the road is cut through the rock, and winds up to the palace of Capo di Monte. This extensive pile, built on the naked summit of the hill, with its red walls, and grey pillars and ornaments, has rather a heavy appearance. The Strada Nuova by Pausilipo, which winds round the promontory of that name, and in some places appears suspended above the sea, is the finest ride in the neighbour-

hood of Naples. As yet, it has been carried only as far as the summit of the hill; but it will be continued to the other side to Bagnoli, so as to lead to Pozzuoli, without passing by the Grotto. The entrance of Naples, coming from Rome, has been also improved by pulling down wretched old buildings, which stood near the gate of St. Gennaro; and the traveller now proceeds through a continuation of fine broad streets, until he arrives at Gli Studj, whence, by a brisk turn to the left, he drives on to Toledo. These improvements were effected, or at least begun, by the French.

Another embellishment is the colonnade facing the royal palace, and the church of St. Francesco di Paola in the centre of it, built in consequence of a vow made by the present king on his restoration. The colonnade, however, loses much of its effect, on account of the buildings rising on the hill immediately behind it.

The population of Naples has been variously stated, and it is probable that the crowded state of the streets may have led foreigners to an exaggerated estimate of the number of the inhabitants; but, according to the most authentic accounts, it seems that it does not much exceed or fall short of 350,000. The Lazzaroni, as a very remarkable class of this population, have attract-

ed the notice of all travellers. They are a peculiar race, tall, well-made, muscular, with intelligent countenances. In former times they constituted a sort of company, enjoyed some municipal rights, and were under the direction of a chief or magistrate, chosen from their own body. Their numbers, which, however, have been greatly exaggerated, have greatly decreased; they have likewise acquired more social habits, and most of them have now a home to resort to at night; whereas, formerly, a great proportion used to pass the night in the streets. The name of Lazzaroni is given indiscriminately, though improperly, to the lower classes, who learn no regular trade, including fishermen and boatmen. The real Lazzaroni are porters, and ply in the streets for employment. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the indolence of the lower classes, and particularly of the Lazzaroni, we are disposed to differ with those who hold this opinion, and agree with Goëthe, who says, that he suspected this opinion to be founded on the notions of the north of Europe, where they call every one an idler, who does not work hard the whole day. But the Lazzarone, an inhabitant of the more genial clime of Southern Italy, is not obliged to incessant labour in order to live; he desires also to enjoy; he is contented

with little, he works cheerfully to gain that little, and then indulges himself for the remainder of the day, stretched at his ease on the sea-shore, listening to the story of Rinaldo, on the Mole, or gazing at Punch on the Largo del Castello. Their moral character is less depraved than that of the other classes. They are shrewd, good-natured, and jovial; but, in times of political revolution, they have been sometimes worked upon by ill-disposed persons, and their passions have been excited to the commission of the most revolting atrocities. They are, in truth, the creatures of passion, not guarded by principle.

We enter, with some reluctance, on a general view of the Neapolitan character, in which we shall be as concise as possible, and shall chiefly follow the very intelligent and impartial account given by M. Vieusseux, in his pleasing work, *Italy and the Italians in the 19th Century*.

A peculiar feature in their character is their indifference to the good opinion of strangers, in whose presence they launch forth into the most violent invectives against their own countrymen. They are, perhaps, the only people on earth, says Forsyth, who do not even pretend to virtue. On their own stage, they suffer the Neapolitan of the drama to be always a rogue. Delicacy and decency are not conspicuous in the manners of the

inhabitants ; every thing is done in public ; and their conversation turns on the most extraordinary topics, with as little disguise as possible. The windows and balconies are left open, so that every thing that is going on in the house is to be seen. The Neapolitans of almost all classes, when they come home in summer, take off their coats and neckcloths, and sit down to dinner with their shirt sleeves tucked up to the elbows. Ladies, while at their toilet, have the doors of their dressing-rooms a-jar, so as to be exposed to the sight of servants and visitors. The heat of the climate is the only excuse for this want of decorum. Such familiarity prevails between masters and servants, that the latter become acquainted with all the secrets of the family, with all the intrigues and vices of their masters, and, consequently, neither respect nor subordination can be expected from them. A disposition to laziness is a source of vice and indigence ; work is done in a bad and slovenly manner ; the chief object of workmen seems to be to cheat their masters, and to labour as little as they can for their wages. The Neapolitan workman dines at twelve, and lies down for a couple of hours after dinner. The shops are shut from one till four o'clock during the greater part of the year. This inclination to indolence is one cause of the misery of

the lower classes, and the improvidence with which they contract marriages is another. A man who earns about eight-pence a-day will marry without scruple. The women are very prolific, and thus a mendicant population is perpetuated, of whose misery and poverty a stranger can hardly form an idea. Among the higher classes, marriages are decided, as they are elsewhere, by considerations of rank and fortune; but, in the other classes, matches are imprudently made, in consequence of sudden and capricious inclinations; aversion succeeds, recrimination and disgust follow, and the nuptial vow is but too soon forgotten. The want of education in the women, the idleness in which they loiter away their time, the indelicate scenes they have constantly before their eyes, the bad examples from their early youth, the corrupt morals of the men, all, together with the heat of the climate, and the too great use of wines and spices, are more than sufficient to account for the relaxed manners and too free behaviour of the sex in general; but if, on the one hand, it must be allowed that angels alone could remain pure in such an atmosphere, on the other hand it must be owned, that women are to be found here, who, in this respect, might well deserve the name. Many families there are, in every rank of life, which

may be taken as models of moral rectitude ; the more to be admired in proportion to the temptations to which they are exposed.

Apathy and carelessness are predominant features in the Neapolitan character. They see with indifference their best friend carried to the grave, and will pass the wretched objects which abound in the streets, without even seeming to pity them, while they hurry from the starving beggar to squander their money at a gaming-table. They contract debts without any prospect of paying them. On the eve of a festival, the poor will pawn or sell their clothes, their scanty furniture, their very beds, to regale themselves on the following day. The same disposition renders them fond of gaming, and the fatal table attracts crowds to their ruin. To gain the goodwill of a person present, they will make the finest promises, without any regard to their ability to perform them ; and hence little trust can be placed in their assurances. Every thought of the future is driven away as a troublesome monitor ; and though, when Vesuvius threatens destruction, or the earthquake rocks the ground, the Neapolitans will fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted ; yet, as soon as the roar has ceased, when the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere recovered

its serenity, they sink to their former level, and the tinkling sound of the tambourine recalls them to the lascivious dance of the Tarantella.

A want of decorum and good-breeding is observable in their manners; they are noisy and disorderly in company, indiscreet in their questions and observations, indelicate and vulgar in their language; vain, boastful, and exaggerating. The shopkeepers are, perhaps, the rudest and least complaisant in Europe, deceitful and over-reaching. The Neapolitan noblemen, says Forsyth, have seldom been fairly reported. In England, where rank is more circumscribed, nobility generally commands fortune or pride enough to secure it from contempt. At Naples it is diffused so widely, that you find titles at every corner, and princes without a virtue or a ducat. Hence strangers, who have no access to noblemen of retired merit, must form their opinion of the whole order, from those who frequent the coffee-houses. Some of the nobility have been distinguished in the pursuits of literature and science, and not a few are models of urbanity. Unfortunately, they are too apt to be splendid and profuse beyond their means, and hence the economy of the noblest houses often displays an almost ludicrous mixture of meanness and magnificence.

In this upper class, the ladies, if not superior in person, seem far more graceful than the men, and excel in all the arts of their sex, which they do not practise to gain barren admiration alone. If the above sketch represents Naples as one of the most corrupt cities in Europe, it is not to be supposed that the people are without some qualities to place on the other side of the account, though they may not be classed as positive virtues. They are gay, cheerful, and, when not under the immediate pressure of want, good-tempered, communicative, and social. Considering the ignorance and misery of the lower orders, heinous crimes may be said to be rare. Assassinations seem to be much less frequent than formerly, and they generally originate in jealousy or revenge; but murder is very seldom added to robbery. The Neapolitans have good sense, penetration, and humour; they are naturally frank. Often they converse by the medium of their expressive or penetrating eyes alone, and two persons will carry on a mute conversation, unnoticed by a bystander, who is not yet initiated into the mysteries of this telegraphic conversation. They have a ready and lively wit, and, above all things, are distinguished for appropriate and brilliant repartees.

We have already mentioned, with just praise,

the charitable institutions with which Naples abounds. Though they are in general behind other nations in science and literature, they may boast of many illustrious names, whose reputation is diffused over Europe. Naples has produced many eminent painters, as Salvator Rosa, Solimene, &c.; it may be called the country of music, and its conservatorii have produced many eminent professors, among whom Cimarosa and Paisiello are the most distinguished.

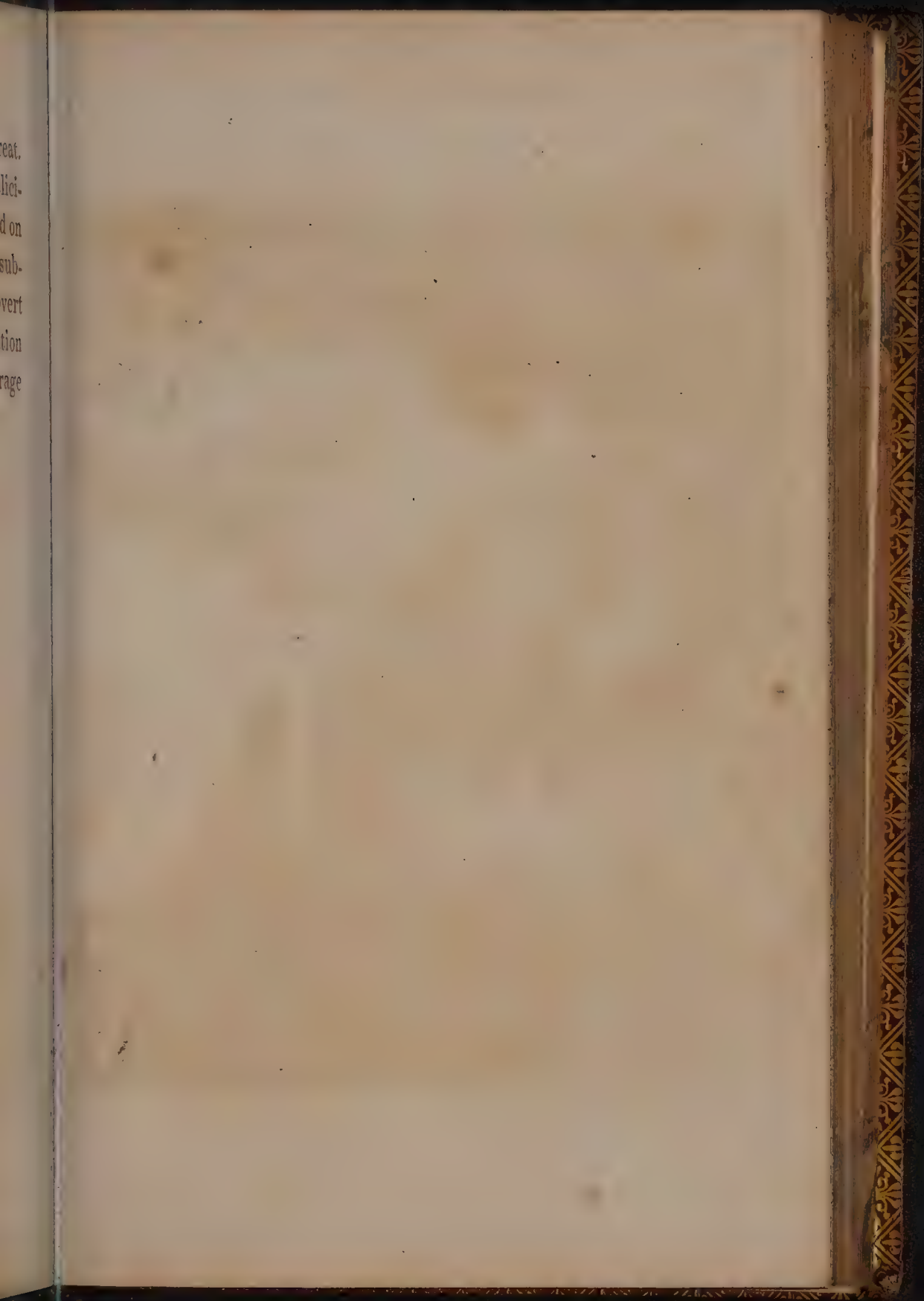
The mechanical arts have made but little progress in this country. Manufactures may be said to be almost in their infancy, though there is no want of raw materials, or of ingenuity in the people; but the true principles of trade have not been properly understood. In imitation of the French exhibition at the Louvre, a similar one has been introduced at Naples, and it is probable that, in a country like this, it may act as a stimulus to exertion; at least, among the specimens of national manufacture shewn at the last exhibition, there were some that indicated a marked improvement. On the whole, there can be no doubt that the Neapolitan character, half-civilised on the one hand, and degraded on the other, possesses the slumbering elements of most valuable qualities. An enlightened and judicious government, if enabled by a continuance of peace

gradually to ameliorate the condition of the people, to diffuse knowledge and encourage industry, would be able to effect wonders in a country like this, where nature has done every thing for man, but man has done nothing for himself.

To the mere student of nature, to the artist, the man of pleasure, to him who can be happy among a people who seldom even affect virtue, there is perhaps no city in Europe which offers so many temptations as Naples and its environs. What recollections of grandeur, what dreams of departed glory, are concentrated in every step of that classic ground! Herculaneum, Pompeii, Baïæ, Pœstum, Portici, Misenum, Vesuvius! and all those scenes of admiration and delight, which are so generally known, and with such minuteness of detail, that we need not lament the scantiness of our limits, which prohibits us from dwelling upon them. What variety of attractions! A climate where the breath of heaven smells sweet and wooingly—the most beautiful interchange of sea and land—wines, fruits, provisions in their highest excellence—a vigorous and luxuriant nature, unparalleled in its productions and processes—all the wonders of volcanic power, spent or in action—antiquities, different from all other antiquities on earth—a coast which was once the fairy land of poets, and the favourite re-

treat of the learned, the opulent, and the great. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this delicious region; spared it, adorned it, lived and died on it. Since time immemorial this country has subdued all its conquerors, and continues to subvert the two great virtues which are the foundation and guardians of every other virtue—the courage of man, and the modesty of woman.

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"THE FORTUNE TELLER."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In the Collection of the Duke of Dorset.

THIS most distinguished ornament of the English School of Painting was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723. His father, a clergyman, sent him, at the age of eighteen, to London, to study under Hudson, at that time the best portrait painter in England. Reynolds, after only two years' continuance with his master, had made such progress as to excite his jealousy, which occasioned their parting soon after; when Reynolds returned to Devonshire, and settled at Plymouth Dock, where he painted numerous portraits. In 1746, when Admiral Kepel went to the Mediterranean, he invited Reynolds to accompany him. This voyage was productive of extraordinary advantage to him. At Port Mahon he remained a considerable time, and painted the portraits of most of the officers on that station. He afterwards went to Italy, where he passed three years; in which time he visited most of the principal cities in that country. He returned by way of France to England, where he arrived in October, 1752; and, after a short stay at Plymouth, settled in London,

where he was soon placed at the head of his profession. In 1768, his late Majesty having instituted the Royal Academy, Reynolds was unanimously chosen the first president, and received the honour of knighthood. The Academy was opened on the 10th of December, 1768, by Sir Joshua, with the first of those admirable discourses, for which he was at one time supposed to be indebted to Burke or Johnson, but which are now known and acknowledged to have been his own. The number of his portraits, of the most eminent characters of both sexes, does credit to his industry. With respect to their merit, they possess such a combination of excellences, as almost to rise to the dignity of history. In this latter branch of the art he cannot be placed in so high a rank; his composition, in particular, being frequently defective; yet here, too, the fascination of his colouring is equally powerful. His light poetical pieces are esteemed much superior to those of a narrative or historical character: among these we may place the charming piece, which we have chosen as a specimen, and which, though the young girl who is having her fortune told, and the young man, are portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Dorset, is a sweet little piece of pastoral poetry, distinguished by charming simplicity and bewitching naïveté.

A TALE OF DISOBEDIENCE;

Or, the *Mysterious Chamber.*

BY MRS. OPIE.

THERE is, probably, nothing in life more productive of unhappiness, than hasty and inconsiderate marriages—and no breach of the moral law more frequently attended with retributive justice in this world, than disobedience in children—especially in the article of marriage.

Deeply impressed with the importance of this subject, I venture to give the following story to the world; which is founded on fact.

“It never will do, my dear, and I must still deny my consent to this marriage,” said Robert Meredith, a respectable tradesman, retired from business, to his sympathizing wife. “Certainly,” she replied, “since it seems that we are not likely to know more of this young man, than what he tells us.”—“Except, that he is very agreeable, and

that our rash child has given him her affections. But I never will allow her to accept any man, till I have ascertained what his connexions are, and what character he bears amongst those who have known him best and longest." So spoke, and so resolved, the wisely-cautious father—and never was caution more necessary—since all that Julia Meredith herself knew of her lover was, ha the was handsome, agreeable, charitable, and accomplished—knowledge sufficient to satisfy a thoughtless girl, but not her more wisely-judging parents.

- If it be injurious to hold the reins of parental authority too slack, it is nearly as injurious to hold them with too tight a hand, and to exact unqualified obedience. Edward Barry, *alias* Normanby, was a proof of this latter truth.

He was a being, in whom some virtues were mingled with many faults—but, from want of early religious culture, and the forming hand of a wise and pious parent, the faults choked up the virtues. His father was a Protestant Irish gentleman, who, because he went to church regularly himself, made his family do the same, hated the Catholics, and always wore an orange cockade on certain days, not only believed that he was a friend to civil and religious liberty, but fancied himself a religious character—but, as he

was a stranger to that teaching of the heart, in which true piety consists, that spiritual obedience which brings the temper and passions into subjection, Edward Barry early learnt to think meanly of religion itself, since his father's religion had not power to render him amiable and kind; but that he was, on all occasions, a domestic tyrant. Consequently, he was easily led into error by sceptical and dissipated society. Nor was his father's example befitting the head of a family. He was fond of high play; and the morning sun often found him at the card table, where betting, of the most ruinous nature, was constantly practised; and as this imprudent man held a place of pecuniary trust, under government, it was thought that he risked the loss of his situation by these proceedings. In the meanwhile his example certainly aided to corrupt his son; and he, on a more extensive field, engaged in nightly gambling after his daily business in his father's office was over. The consequence was, that he one night lost a considerable sum, and was obliged to apply to his arbitrary parent to pay the debt for him. This was the more painful to him, because, on the preceding night, after dining where the bottle circulated too freely, he had been led, by his riotous companions, to commit a breach of the peace, and obstruct an

exciseman in the exercise of his duty; and as this conduct was attributed, though very unjustly, to democratic politics, his father was already exasperated against him, and was, therefore, little likely to receive his petition with indulgence. But, as honour required that the debt should be instantly paid, Edward ventured into his father's presence, with his confession and his petition. He consented to pay the debt; but did so, with execrations against his son's double fault; a proof of incorrigible profligacy, which it was criminal for him to utter, and pernicious for Edward to hear. For that unhappy youth came to him contrite, miserable, self-condemned; and had mercy tempered justice, had parental love beamed through parental displeasure, the self-judged culprit might have been snatched "like a brand from the burning;" but he entered his father's room a mourning penitent; he left it a disowned child, a hopeless outcast, and a hardened sinner.

To the money which he required, his almost-frenzied father added the rest of his portion to a younger son; then bade him quit his sight, and his neighbourhood, for ever!

In vain did Edward implore forgiveness of his first fault—declare his resolution so to offend no more, and his willingness to be, and to do, what-

ever his father desired. The angry parent, exasperated, perhaps, by the suggestions of conscience, which whispered that he had set his son a bad example, persisted in his renunciation of him, and even forbade him to take leave of his mother and sisters.

But Edward thought they would not let him depart unsoothed by a parting blessing, a parting embrace. He, therefore, lingered about the house and grounds, in the shadows of twilight, hoping that his mother, at least, would suspect that he might still be there, and would come to search for him:—but he lingered in vain. That timid mother had submitted to the prohibition of her tyrant husband, and had required that her daughters should do the same. Therefore, the beings whom poor Edward loved the most, came not, sent not!—and while, with that injustice which often attends disappointed affections, he concluded that not even his mother loved, pitied, or regretted him, he felt as if his every tie on earth were severed for ever; as if all the pure and holy affections of the heart were henceforth to be dead unto him; and as he hurried, a lone and desolate being, from the home of his fathers, he exclaimed, in the words of the fallen archangel, “Evil, be thou my good!”

In these moments of misery and despair, he

was again tempted, and he again fell. But, ere he had experienced another run of ill luck, he was allured, from the chances of the gaming table, to participation in a still more desperate game—but one which tempted him in the shape of virtuous patriotism. He had long felt for the wrongs and miseries of his unhappy country, and long desired to see its wrongs redressed, and its miseries relieved.

Now, therefore, that he was an outcast, and a wanderer upon earth, he was not likely to reject an invitation to join a band of united Irishmen. But, soon after he joined them, the hand of the law cut short the life of one of their leaders: Edward Barry found means to escape through France to England, and was able to remain there, under the assumed name of Normanby, safe, and unsuspected, but sad and desperate still.

I will not follow this forlorn and tempted one along the career which ensued, a career only too natural to beings who are deserted and disowned by those who should have watched over them. But I shall go to that period when he came to reside in Julia's native city, and was thrown, by his own benevolence, under her observation. He was only to be seen in the walks in or about the town, for he never frequented the theatre, or places of public amusement; and as Julia and her

parents were, on principle, strangers in such scenes themselves, Julia believed that he avoided them from the same cause: and when she found this interesting stranger was well known in the cottages of the poor, and met him sometimes by the bedside of a poor dying woman, in whom she was much interested, and whose pitiable case had been made known to him, she gave him credit for possessing every virtue—while her parents became anxiously desirous of knowing the man who had thus, on apparently just grounds, interested their susceptible child. But, just as the father was going to call on him, he suddenly left the town, without having given the slightest intimation to Julia, who could not help saying, in the depth of her disappointed heart, “yes, yes, I might have expected this, for his manner has been very cold to me lately, and he has, evidently, avoided me whenever he could;” for Julia was not sufficiently conversant with the human heart, to know that there is often as much love betrayed by *suppressing*, as by *indulging* an inclination, and that avoidance is not always a proof of dislike or indifference.

In this case, it was one of feelings the most opposite to indifference, or dislike; and of the actions of Edward Barry’s life, his quitting the city of ———, was the most *meritorious*. What-

ever was or had been his course of life, it had not been such as to render him incapable of feeling a virtuous attachment, and he was soon captivated by the beauty and modest merit of Julia Meredith. But he felt his own unworthiness to possess her; he knew that he ought not even to wish to associate her fate with his, and though conscious that he might not probably woo her in vain, he had the virtue first to avoid, and then to quit her presence, as he believed, for ever!

But, who can be sure of continuing to act right under a recurring temptation, unless the resistance has been the result, not merely of moral teaching, but of religious principle. Therefore, when, unexpectedly, Edward met Julia at a watering place a few weeks afterwards, the surprise of meeting threw them both off their guard, and before Edward parted with her that evening, at the door of her father's lodgings, they exchanged vows of mutual love and constancy. Notwithstanding, he knew himself to be as improper a husband for Julia as he was before; but his power of resistance was gone, because it had not been derived from the only true and lasting source.

It were needless to relate what parents, deeply interested in the welfare of an only child, said, or suffered, when Julia related to them all that had

passed between her, and her now declared lover, whom Julia had leave to present them the next day; and soon after this introduction, the conversation took place with which I begun my tale.

Julia, however, thought her parents' resolution, not to sanction Edward's addresses till his friends in Ireland could be written to, and references to those in London obtained, was unnecessarily severe; for, as he assured her that his family was ancient, his income good, she believed all that he said, though he had come to reside awhile at her native place, unknown and unrecommended, and though he owned he had left that residence in order to conquer an attachment which would not, he feared, be approved by her father! But her usually indulgent parents were, on this head, unyielding, and proof against all her entreaties; entreaties urged with such alarming earnestness, that her father, suddenly interrupting her, exclaimed, "Julia, unhappy girl! if the persuasions of a lover, the acquaintance of yesterday, have more power over thee than consideration for thy father's peace, go to thy lover! marry a man who may, for aught we know, carry thee away from us, to another country, and leave us alone in our old age! Go, and leave us to mourn, that our only surviving daughter was not taken away with the rest, but was left, not as a mercy,

but as a chastisement!" "Yes, Julia, go!" said her weeping mother—"but I think, Meredith, our child can never be so ungrateful for all our tenderness and indulgence!" "No, never—never," cried Julia, throwing herself on her mother's bosom, in an agony of filial tenderness; and when she begged her parents' blessing that night, it was with a solemn resolution, that she would do nothing to forfeit it. The next evening she went to meet Edward, and, as she intended, for the last time: resolved to tell him that, till her parents' objections were satisfactorily removed, and their inquiries answered, they must meet no more. But Edward, aware that this could never be, had a chaise in waiting, and the intended farewell ended in an elopement to Scotland! while her unhappy parents, added to their other miseries, breathed under the bitter consciousness, that the child, in whom they confided, had deceived as well as abandoned them. They, whose hearts had been severely torn by the death of two daughters, had looked to Julia as the remaining treasure which was to make them amends for the sorrow they had endured—but, as they had treated her with kindly-meant but most pernicious indulgence, they were now admonished, but too late, that habits of obedience cannot be too soon inculcated in children; and

that those who have early learnt to obey in *trifles*, will alone be able to surrender their own will, on important occasions, at the call of duty in riper life.

But regret was vain, and self-reproach painful; they, therefore, turned their thoughts towards their own consistent tenderness to this ungrateful child, and tried to encourage each other in resolves not to forgive her for a year at least; but the very first letter from her, breathing, as it did, the language of contrition for having offended them, and declaring that their forgiveness was all that was wanting to complete her happiness, made their angry resolutions vanish, and they bade her and her husband hasten to the arms of their forgiving parents. When the young couple arrived at——, whither the Merediths returned in order to receive them, Meredith told Normanby that if he did but make his daughter happy, he had nothing further to desire, except that he hoped he would consent to live with or near them, as they should feel it hard to be separated from an only child. Normanby replied, that her happiness should be the study of his life, but took no notice of this request, for he knew it was impossible for him to grant it; and, in a short time, he informed the disappointed Merediths that the interests of his trade required him to re-

side in London. However, he remained four months at their house, during which Julia was severely indisposed; and as her husband never left her, except when forced to go to London on business, but scarcely left her room, reading to her, and endeavouring to raise her oft and frequently-depressed spirits; her parents, satisfied that their daughter would be tenderly treated, tried to reconcile themselves to their approaching loss; and though their letters of enquiry, to Ireland, concerning *Edward Normanby*, remained unanswered, they resolved to be satisfied with his own account of himself, and inquire no further.

The hour of Julia's departure from her parental home, was a trial to her as well as to her parents; nor could her husband behold, unmoved, the anguish of which he knew himself to have been the original cause; but as Edward's attentions to her had never experienced the slightest diminution, she was cheered long before she reached London, and felt that the wife of Edward Normanby could not long be miserable. Still, when she found herself introduced into a dark, though commodious house, in a court in the city, and that her husband informed her, those relations, who would, he expected, have been there to welcome him, were gone back suddenly to Ireland, she felt disappointed and saddened, though her house was

well furnished, and the establishment was that of opulence. Indeed, as Normanby settled his wife's fortune wholly on herself, and had the income of it tied up for her sole use, Julia's father was quite satisfied with the marriage, in a pecuniary point of view, and believed, that though forced to resign his child, she had bestowed herself upon a man of opulence and integrity.

But Julia's wedded happiness was painfully overcast when Edward informed her, that though some of his business was carried on in the house, he must be a great deal from home. "My evenings, however," said he, "will be, I trust, wholly devoted to you. As for company," he added, "I dislike it so much, that I resolved when I married, that I would choose no woman that could not be a companion to me, and obviate the necessity of any other. In you, Julia, I found that woman; and I presume to hope, that you will be as contented with my society, as I shall be with yours. Is it not so, my beloved?" Julia expressed her assent, but could not help owning, in the fondness of her heart, that as his mornings, as well as evenings, had been hitherto her's, she should find it difficult to reconcile herself to the loss of his society: to all other society she was, she assured him, as indifferent as he was; and it was well for her that she was so,

since, with the exception of a few gentlemen to dinner occasionally, and some to supper, the latter of whom were so coarse in their manners, that Julia always retired as soon as she could, she rarely saw any one. But she had many domestic duties to fulfil; and, as at no distant period she expected to be a mother, she knew she should, ere long, have the most delightful variety given to her employments. Then, too, her father and mother had promised to come to her; and when surrounded by all she loved, how could she fail to be happy? Yet, still, there were moments when her conscience asked, what right that being had to expect happiness, who had laid the foundation of her's on the ruins of the first of duties?

When the time of Julia's confinement drew near, her parents paid her the long-promised visit, and they had soon the misery of discovering that their child was not happy. But why was she otherwise? Scarcely could a mother venture to ask leave to remove the proper veil, thrown by a wife over her domestic sorrows, if caused by a husband; and Julia's mother suspected, that Normanby occasioned hers; therefore, it was long before she could presume to name the subject to her, especially as she had brought her misery on herself. But at length, however,

maternal anxiety prevailed; and when her child approached her hour of trial and of danger, she asked her, if she had any thing weighing on her mind which she wished to communicate. "Nothing," she replied, in a tone of calm resignation; "nothing whatever. I own, I am not quite happy; yet I should find it difficult to say, why I am not so, for Edward is the kindest of husbands; and as I am ever jealous of the time he spends away from me, he is trying to earn and save as much money as possible, in order that he may leave off business." "Pray, what is his business?" said her mother, interrupting her. "I really do not exactly know; and he told me, I should not understand it, if he tried to explain it to me. But this business is one cause of my unhappiness, since it takes him from me on journies oftener than I like; but what makes me most unhappy is, that he is not happy himself. He comes home sometimes so gloomy! and instead of that confidential intercourse which is, as I have been told, the greatest charm of wedded life, he is close, reserved, and evidently has secrets which he will not reveal to me. Else, dearest mother! I have cause to be happy,—far more happy than a disobedient child deserves! therefore, when unhappy, I humble myself before Him who is thus chastising me, and own,

with tears of contrition, how merciful He is!" Salutory, indeed, had been these overturnings of her too ill-founded hopes to this fair child of error, since they had taught her to draw near in spirit to Him who alone could heal her sorrows; and while she acknowledged her transgressions, she felt enabled to submit patiently to the chastisement of them.

Her mother, comforted to see how deeply and how properly Julia felt for the fault which she had committed, and pleased, also, to find that at least she had not to complain of her husband's diminished affection, eagerly related what had passed to her equally anxious father; who resolved to watch Normanby narrowly, and see if he could discover what his secret cares were. But all he could observe was, that he often sat in a profound reverie, often fixed his eyes on vacancy, and sometimes spoke rather pettishly, when his wife urged him to read aloud, as he used to do. However, he was usually very affectionate both to her and to the old people; and when occasionally he had a friend or two to dinner, he was as gay and as fascinating as ever; therefore, the wife and her parents flattered themselves, that whatever clouds obscured his prospects, they would clear away again.

At length, Julia gave birth to a boy, and the

joys of the mother promised to make her ample amends for the occasional sorrows of the wife. But, though tenderness, and earnest rejoicing for her safety, marked the looks and manner of Normanby when he first saw his wife after her trial was passed, his feelings, when he beheld his child, betrayed emotions far more a-kin to sorrow than to joy ; and his mother-in-law beheld his emotion with wonder. But she felt more painful wonder still, when, on communicating to him the death of the infant, which happened a week after its birth, she saw a suppression of satisfaction in his countenance, which he vainly tried to disguise ; while he could not, without great effort, join his poor wife in her heart-felt lamentations for her loss.

“ What a strange, mysterious being it is ! ” said she to her husband ; “ but very amiable, notwithstanding.” “ And so kind to us,” added the old man. “ He will not hear of our going away, my dear, and wishes we would live with him.” When Julia was able to leave her room, her anxious mother could not but observe, that something more than the loss of her baby preyed on her spirits, and made her indulge in gloomy abstraction, after the manner of her husband ; they, therefore, thought themselves justified in asking, what new cause was thus making her

unlike herself; and, at length, she owned, that one night, when her husband, no doubt, thought she was asleep, he had entered the adjoining dressing-room, in which she had chosen that her child should lie until it was buried, and she overheard him say, in a low tone, "what a mercy, sweet innocent! that thou art removed! thou, born perhaps to suffer for ——!" Here his sobs choked his voice, and she could hear no more; but she had heard enough to make her very suspicious, and very uneasy. And who could wonder that she was so? not the sensitive and tender-hearted parents who listened to her, and who could do nothing for her, but bid her cast her cares on that Being whom, till He had through her means chastised them, they were conscious of having too much forgotten themselves. But they soon became more and more surprised, if not more and more alarmed. "Now, my dear, that you are able to walk over the house, I wish that you would let us see the whole of it," said her mother, one day; and Julia, but as they thought, reluctantly, complied. Accordingly, she unlocked some rooms on the second floor, which had been only recently furnished. "But what room is this?" said the father, pointing to one at the end of a long corridor, which was evidently lighted only by a sky-light. "Oh! that room,"

said Julia, blushing, "is always kept locked; and it is where my husband sits,—it is his study, I *believe*; but, as I said before, no one, not even a servant, is ever admitted into it." "No; how strange!" said her father. "Well," cried her mother, "I have always been reckoned a very obedient wife; but, if my husband had such a mysterious chamber as this, like Bluebeard's wife, I am sure I should have contrived to peep into it." "Would you?" cried Normanby, with a forced smile, but a pale and quivering lip, who had stolen on them unawares; "but I trust that *my* wife knows her duty better." "I trust she does," observed his father-in-law. "She would not force herself even on the secrets of the most *mysterious* husband, but deem his right to privacy sacred." "I always *have* done so," said Julia, firmly, though mournfully. "That thou hast, my precious Julia!" cried Normanby, tenderly kissing her cheek; "and thou art all a husband might glory in; but!"—here he turned away, and suddenly left them, and they saw no more of him till dinner time; then he drank a great deal of wine, and was gay, if not happy.

But that mysterious room! what could it contain?—and though Julia, not only from a sense of duty, but because she was not of a suspicious

nature, ceased to dwell on circumstances so old and familiar to her, it was so new and so alarming to her parents, that it was to them a constant topic of conversation, and a constant source of uneasiness ; the more so because, before Normanby went out the next time on one of his journies, he had put a padlock on the door.

During his absence, he insisted on it, that the Merediths should not leave his wife, and he again earnestly pressed that they would take up their abode with them ; and he also hoped that if they went to reside abroad, they would still make but one family. This was pleasant, this was flattering, this was consoling ; and but for this mystery, this reserve, and this abstraction, who could be more charming than their son-in-law ?

At the end of a few weeks Normanby returned, and they all observed that he returned, looking as if he had suffered, and was still suffering, and he was more absent than ever. But, whatever ailed him, he disclosed the cause of his pain to no one ; though it was certain that his brow, at times, betokened not only uneasiness, but uneasiness amounting to agony, and his nerves were so shaken that he started at every knock at the door. Another month went on in this way ; Normanby, all love to his wife, and kindness to her parents, but seemingly wretched and anxious

almost beyond the power of concealment. One morning he went out early, saying he should be home to dinner; but a hurried note soon came to say, that he should not return till the dark hour: however, before that hour arrived, Julia was informed that two gentlemen wished to speak to her, and they followed the servant up to a room on the second floor, where she and her parents were superintending the putting up of a bed.

“Excuse us, madam,” said one of the gentlemen, (aware that this intrusion excited angry surprise,) “excuse us, madam; but we wish to go into that room,” pointing to the room at the end of the corridor. “That room, sir? what right can you have to intrude even where you are now; much less to enter where I never was myself? Who are you? and what are you, sir? I must desire you to go down directly.” “Impossible,—our business here is, to enter that apartment, and enter it we must, therefore, pray give us the key.” “I have it not, sir; and if I had, I never would allow such a violation of my husband’s rights and property. Never,” said she, running to the door, and setting her back against it, “never, while I have life, shall you enter here.” “Julia! my love! be calm,” cried her trembling father,—“I fear, you must comply;—

I fear—but, gentlemen, by what authority do you come hither, and presume, as I see you are going to do, to force that door?" "By a warrant from Bow-street, sir: we are Bow-street officers." "Oh! my dear, unhappy child!" cried Julia's mother, wrapping her arms round her, and trying to draw her away, but she could not; she, however, yielded to the commands of her father, who told her, resistance was unavailing; but as she did so, she said, with a sort of wild earnestness, "Oh! father, tell him: tell Normanby, that I resisted to the last! and now, what terrible scene is to be unfolded!"

The door was forced, and the officers who entered first, exclaimed, "It is as we expected! See, sir, see!" speaking to Meredith, "this is the workshop of a *coiner*!" It was even so! and the wretched Julia not only saw all mysteries at once cleared up, but felt that her beloved husband's life must be, if he were discovered and taken, forfeited to the offended laws of his country! and, with a shriek, piercing even to the hearts of the agents of justice, she fell to the ground in a state of utter insensibility.

But where, meanwhile, was the unhappy delinquent himself? Trying to escape into a foreign land—but he was overtaken at Dover, and committed to prison.

It would be unnecessarily painful to dwell on the misery of this guilty, but affectionate husband, and of his tender, wretched wife, who could not but see, in this awful event, the chastisement of her disobedience. Edward Barry was soon brought to trial; and Julia found that the being for whom she had sacrificed her filial duty, must end his life on a scaffold—a forfeit to the offended laws of his country!

But when this awful sentence was pronounced, it was not the heart of the tender wife, or her sorrowing parents alone, that it wrung with the bitterest anguish.

There was a heart which felt it, perhaps, even more acutely than their's did, felt it as severely as that of the penitent criminal himself; since all sorrows are light compared to those occasioned by self-upbraiding, and the pangs of remorse.

After Edward Barry left Ireland, his father persevered in his own mischievous career, and continued for awhile at the height of his worldly prosperity; but some rash and careless proceedings, which I am unable to detail, involved him, at length, in circumstances of great suspicion; and as he was, though most unjustly, suspected of being favourable to the rebel cause, and was known to be a determined gamester, he was, after a trial which he called any thing but a fair

trial, deprived of his situation under government, and dismissed, with a blighted reputation and a breaking heart. "True," said he, "I acted rashly, but not dishonestly; and for a *first fault* it is hard to be consigned to infamy and contempt!" As he said this, the image of his banished son, to whom he had dealt so hard a measure, arose before him! increasing his present agony by that of self-upbraiding! He heard his pathetic pleading, not to be disowned for a *first fault*, till at length, an eager desire to find out, if possible, the haunts of that ill-treated son, was added to an aversion to remain where he was; and he set off for England, resolved to discover him if possible: but all he knew of him, after he drove him from his home, was, that he had fled to England, where one of his accomplices was executed. Having, however, fruitlessly endeavoured to find out what name his son had assumed, he sought him long, in vain, and had given up the hope of ever discovering him; when he read in the papers, that Edward Barry, *alias* Normanby, was committed on such a day to prison for coining, and that his trial would take place the next week! "And I drove him to this! Had I done the duty of a father to him, this might not have happened," he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his remorse;—"but

I will go to him! I will humble myself before him, and exclaim, Would that I could die for thee, my son, my son!"

Edward, whose recollections of his parents, his kindred, and his home, had become painfully vivid when he saw himself about to stamp with disgrace a name once dear to honour, had just parted with his wife, whom sudden illness had forced to leave him awhile, when he was told, that a gentleman wished to see him. "What is his name?"—"That he refuses to tell—but he is so like you," replied the jailor, "though much older, that I think he must be your relation—" "Admit him," replied Edward Barry, with a thrill of emotion compounded of pain and pleasure; for he fancied it might be his father, and his heart yearned for parental forgiveness. When he saw that it was indeed his father who had sought him out in his dungeon, and was approaching him, not with the frown of former days, but with outstretched arms, and eyes overflowing with tears, he rushed forward to meet the proffered embrace, but falling on his knees as he did so, while, in broken accents, forgiveness was mutually implored and mutually accorded.—"Do thou too, forgive?" cried the afflicted and penitent father, falling on his knees beside him—"and make, for thou can'st make, this bitter trial and

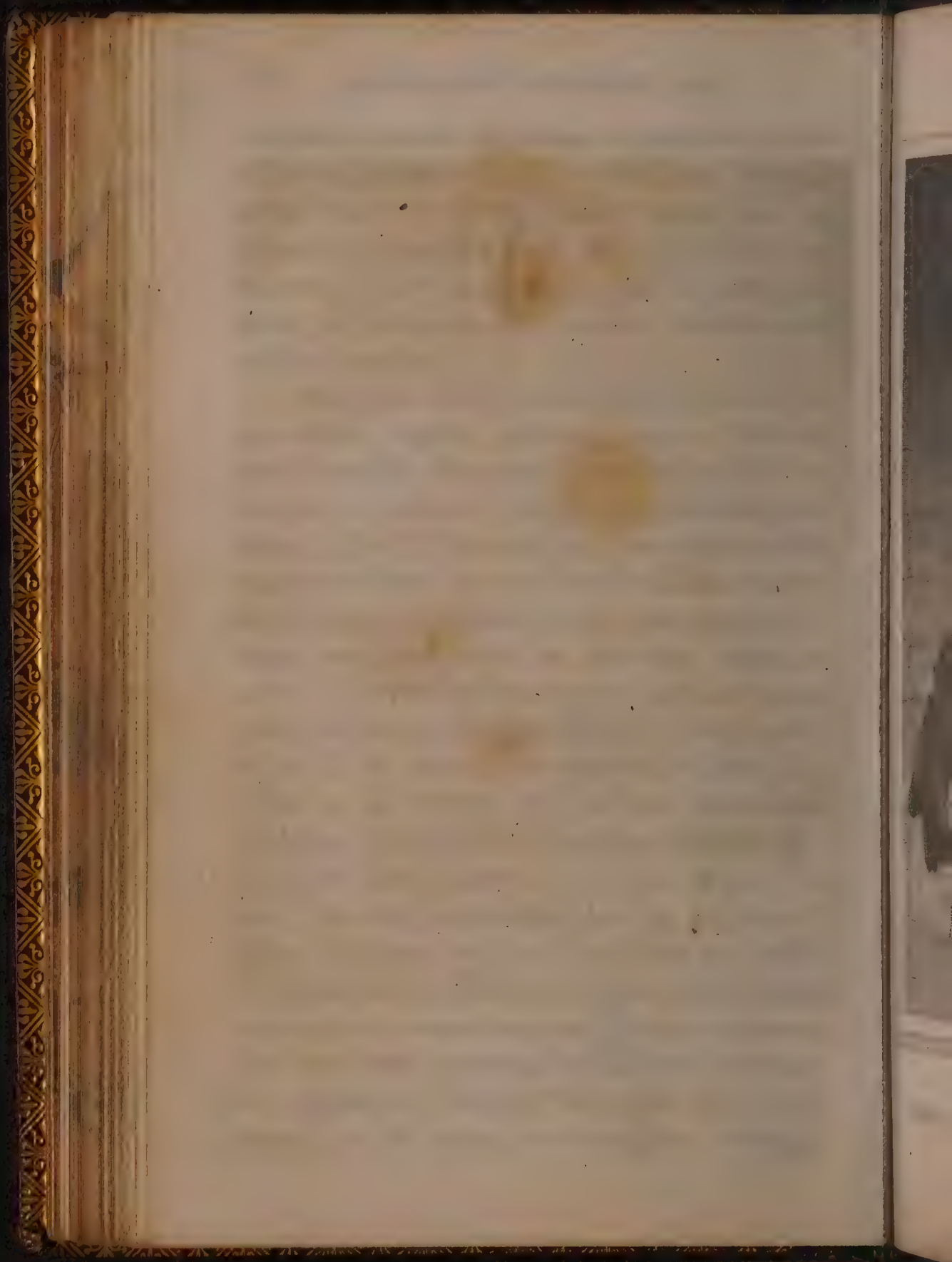
this awful moment the means of pacification, and of reconciliation to thee!"—"Oh! my father," cried Edward, "thy being here is a proof that my prayers have been heard—since, spite of your severity, I have pined to see you for years, and hear you pronounce my pardon;—but what of my dear mother?"

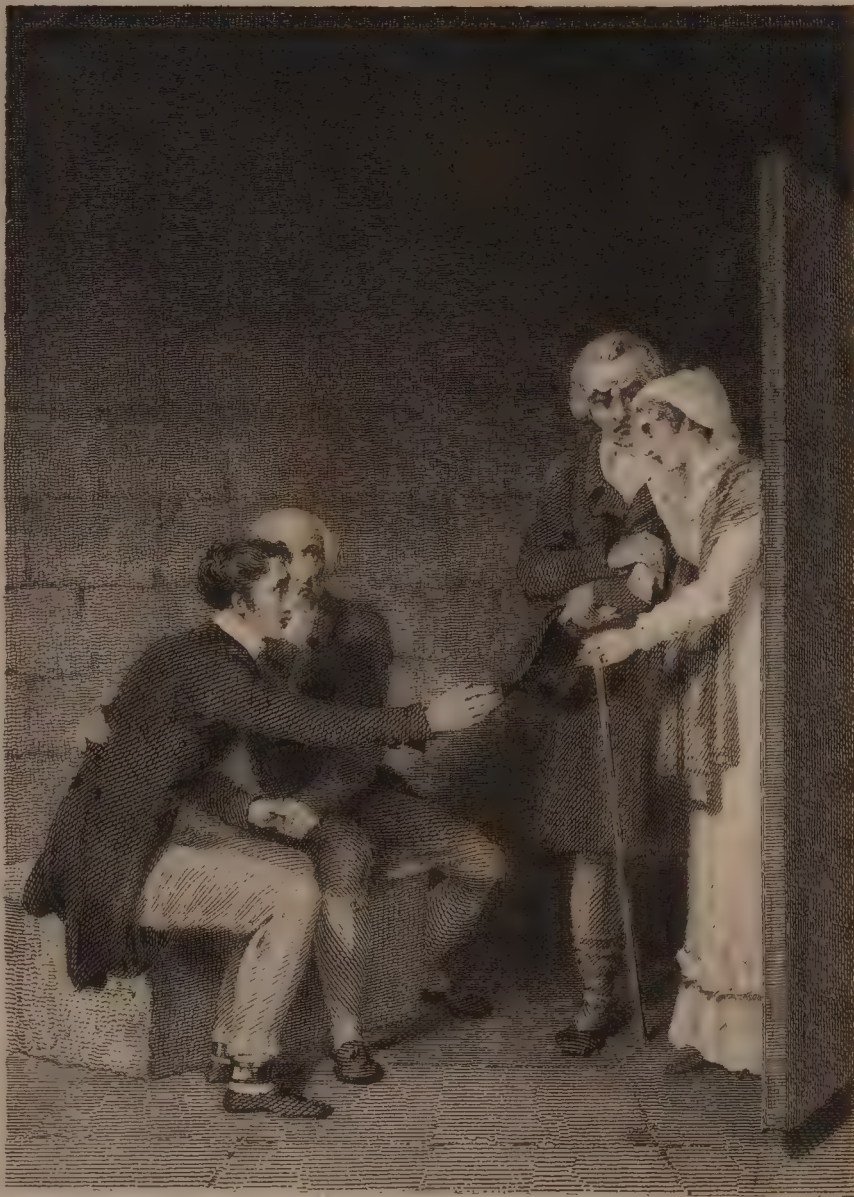
"She did not long survive thy departure," he mournfully replied, turning away.—"Indeed, was it possible that she, or any one, could then love me so tenderly?" said Edward, bursting into tears. "Had I thought so, that consideration might have kept me from much subsequent evil; though not even greater tenderness than a mother's was able to set me free when once involved." Before his father could ask an explanation of these words, the door of the cell opened, and Julia entered, accompanied by Meredith. "This is my wife!" said Edward, raising his head from his father's supporting shoulder, and giving her into his arms. "Oh, my dearest father! love her and cherish her for my sake!" When the heart and the conscience are really awakened, they cannot rest till they have wholly unburthened themselves, and at such a moment they can bear reproach better than kindness. The epithet of "dearest," therefore, applied by Edward to his father, overcame that unhappy

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THIS IS MY WIFE SAID EDWARD.

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man to such a degree, that he gave way to a torrent of self-reproach, and disclosed to his weeping auditors, in spite of Edward's entreaties, all his habitual severity, and that particular act of unforgiving cruelty which had, he firmly believed, occasioned his son's present misery. "I doubt not that what you say is true," said Julia, grasping her husband's hand, and looking up in his face with still unchanging love; "I am *sure* he could not have erred else—for I am certain his nature was very, very good: you know, father, I always told you so; and you see that if he had had such parents as mine, he would not have been *here*." Meredith sighed, and said nothing; for he felt that neither extreme is good—and that had he been less indulgent, she might not have been there either. Still, when he listened to the dreadful upbraidings of the self-judged father of Edward, he could not help saying to his wife that night—"However we might err, my dearest wife, in bringing up our child too indulgently, we can lay our heads on our pillow with more comfort than Edward's self-judged father; for it is sweeter to reflect that one has erred from too much love, rather than from too much severity—he *renounced*, and we *FORGAVE*."

But though the crime of coining was not likely to be pardoned, Edward's father implored

Meredith to petition that his son's sentence might be commuted for transportation for life. "You," said he to Meredith, "whose alliance and acquaintance he would, in his more prosperous days, have scorned; you, a man of unblemished character, may ask my poor son's life, though his own father dares not. Go, then, plead his youth and his penitence, and, if necessary, my cruelty, which drove him into crime; and if his life can be saved, how gladly shall I accompany him into his exile!"—"Surely," replied Meredith, "the petition of his wife would be more successful—and certainly it is worth the trial." The attempt was made, but made in vain—*Then as now*, not only human life, but property, was guarded by the arm of the executioner, and no difference was made by the law between the punishment awarded to the greatest of crimes, and one of far inferior turpitude—and still in vain has it been declared of the Merciful Judge of us all, "that he willeth not the death of a sinner, but had rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live."

Edward Barry was soon told that he must prepare for execution; and when he had bidden his wife a last farewell, he could say with Lord Russell, "the bitterness of death is past. With every mark of a converted heart, with that humble

confidence in Divine Mercy, which can alone support a criminal in his last awful trial, and comfort those whom he leaves behind, Edward Barry met his fate.

The widowed Julia bore her trials with that patience which true contrition and piety can alone bestow; but when she reflected that she was likely to become a mother, (a circumstance which she had concealed from her husband, lest it should add to his misery,) and that her child would be born the heir of its father's disgrace, her humbled spirit was bowed to the earth in sorrow; till she remembered it would be sweet to have a living pledge of that love, which had never known diminution: and she trusted that few would be so unjust, as to frown on an innocent child on account of its guilty father. But she was spared the pain of knowing that she calculated too much on the humanity of her fellow-creatures, for her child scarcely lived to see the light; and Julia saw herself, while yet in the prime of her days, restored to her paternal roof, with all her affections disappointed and withered! What a blight, what a termination was this to all the natural ambition of affectionate parents, for a child to whom her Creator had given beauty and talents, and they education and accomplishments! For this dear girl, the father had toiled

to gain wealth, and the mother had endured many a year of maternal solicitude! And how had they been repaid? She had become the wife of a criminal, and was the widow of a man who had perished on a scaffold! So spoke the disappointment of parental feelings; but their amiable selfishness whispered that, after all, she *was really* returned to them; she was *their own* again, never to leave them more; for they knew she would not form a second connexion, and the whispers of mortified pride could not long be heard amidst those of gratified affection; while Julia herself was full of thankfulness that her filial ties remained unbroken, and that she could resume her duties with a heart resolved to fulfil them better than she had done before, and to make reparation for past disobedience.

In vain was she solicited to contract a second marriage, under the most favorable auspices: she devoted herself wholly to cheer the declining years of her parents, who were long, in mercy, spared to her; and when they were taken from her, the sunshine of an approving heart shone sweetly on her solitude, and the evening of her days was *Peace*.

THE MENTAL THERMOMETER.

BY MISS MARIA EDGEWORTH.

THE eastern style of allegory and narrative, of which there are so many examples in the *Spectator* and *Adventurer*, was once a favorite with the public. There was too much of it—it went out of fashion, and has of late been considered as suited only to juvenile taste. Perhaps, for the sake of variety, it may now and then be again permitted in periodical publications. There appears something of oriental style and invention in the following fiction, which was intended to turn popular attention to a curious problem in the history of the human mind—a problem which has long been discussed, but which has hitherto been unsolved by metaphysicians. Whether different people feel the same positive degrees of pain or pleasure with equal intensity—whether all men have the same capacity for happiness or misery? It seems further to suggest a moral idea, that many were led to pursue what others

falsely call *pleasure*, merely from their want of the power of comparing and reflecting on their own feelings, and thus of deciding for themselves in what their real happiness consists.

“My father was a merchant of considerable opulence, and of established credit in the city of London. The habits of circumspection and frugality, which are insensibly acquired in the pursuit of wealth, had neither soured his temper nor contracted his natural benevolence; but, on the contrary, he found himself, as he advanced in years, not only in the possession of an ample fortune, but blessed with a mind capable of enjoying and sharing it with his fellow-creatures. The fame of his liberality drew round him numbers who were in want of his assistance, and his discernment in distinguishing those who were proper objects of his bounty, obtained for him the notice and friendship of many who were disinterested admirers of his virtues. Amongst those of the latter description, I can remember from my childhood, an elderly gentleman, who had the air and accent of a foreigner, who, after having casually met and conversed with my father in several places of public resort, seemed particularly to solicit his acquaintance. My father was equally desirous of cultivating his society, and by degrees a friendship arose between them,

which continued, without interruption, during the remainder of my father's life, and which, after his death, seemed to devolve upon me, his only son. Indeed, I had ever been ambitious of ingratiating myself with this person, and of deserving his esteem, for I thought that he possessed a singular sagacity in judging and deciding upon the secret motives of human actions. I was but a very young boy when I first saw him, but even then I was struck with his appearance. He had a remarkable serenity of aspect, and a general expression of benevolence in his countenance, but an eye which guilt could not withstand, which seemed to penetrate, with a glance, into the inmost recesses of the human heart. Whenever he fixed it upon me, I well remember the awe which it diffused over my whole frame, an awe which even the consciousness of innocence could not dispel. What his thoughts of me were in those moments, I know not, but the reserve of his manner towards me was gradually dissipated, and he began to admit and to encourage my childish conversation and familiarity. He had been a great traveller, and had acquired an amazing fund of knowledge, which he perfectly well knew how to dispense in conversation, so as to entertain and instruct. When I was a child he would often take me between his knees, and tell me

marvellous stories, such as were fit to rouse my curiosity and so fix my attention, blending at the same time useful knowledge and moral truths with his narratives, and infusing, as it were, wholesome nourishment with delicacies the most grateful to my palate.

As I grew older he instructed me in the sciences, in which he was most profoundly versed. Indeed, at times I could not avoid suspecting that his knowledge in the mysteries of nature was even greater than he thought it prudent to avow. I had a confused idea of secrets equally valuable and dangerous. This idea increased my reverence, but I never ventured to hint it to him, lest I might by an idle curiosity offend him, or lose his company and friendship. He continued, this subject excepted, to treat me with the most unreserved confidence, till the time of my father's death, when I looked up to him as the only friend who could console me for my loss.

At this time, when my heart was softened with grief and disposed to solitude, he took me with him to a retirement at some distance from the metropolis. It was a charming spot, rich in all the beauties of nature, and highly cultivated by art.

After any irreparable misfortune has been severely felt, a species of mental calm succeeds. I

now experienced a kind of philosophic melancholy, which, though somewhat painful, I was fond of cherishing. In one of those thoughtful moments, towards the close of evening, as I was sitting alone with the good old man, my second father, he addressed me with uncommon seriousness, urging me to tell him the plans which I had formed for my future life. Struck with the suddenness of a question on which I had scarcely deliberated, I hesitated to reply. "I have not," said I, after some recollection, "as yet formed any determined resolution, probably from not being impelled to it by necessity. You know the success of my father's industry. The fruits of it he has left to me, and finding myself possessed of a more than affluent fortune, a fair hereditary name, youth, health, an active mind, and one of the best of friends, I seem to have little care in life but to enjoy its blessings." But how securely to enjoy those blessings, said my instructor, is the question? You, doubtless, wish to be happy, and believe the means to be in your power: but recall the scenes which we have observed together in the metropolis. How many are there in possession of the very blessings which you boast of, and who are yet discontented and miserable. That happiness which is in the power of so many, why is it not enjoyed, or rather, in

what does it consist? Recollect, and tell me who you do believe to be the happiest man you know? I readily replied, "Of all men I have ever seen, you appear to be the happiest, and yet I cannot precisely tell the reason why I think so—you are not young; you do not possess any visible means of wealth; your way of life precludes you from all the gratifications of public admiration; and yet the unalterable serenity of your countenance, and the cheerfulness of your manner, convince me that you are happy. Perhaps it is to your superior knowledge and philosophy that you owe your felicity. The confidence you are now showing me, however, encourages me to speak my whole mind. From several circumstances which have occurred since we were first acquainted, and from some accidental expressions which have dropt from you at different times, I conceived the notion that you were master of some extraordinary secret, but I have hitherto repressed my curiosity on this subject, as I did not think it became me to penetrate farther into your confidence, than you condescended to admit me."—"You have," said he, casting upon me a look of approbation, "fully merited my confidence, and it shall be no longer withheld. It is true I am in possession of an extraordinary secret—a secret I may deem invaluable. It has been the purchase of many years'

toil and experience, the reward of the reflection and the studies of a long life. I am a native of Italy, and my life has been spent chiefly in travelling through different countries. There is no part of the globe which I have not visited, having uniformly kept one object in view, to which, thank Heaven, I have at last attained. You know," continued he, "my friendship to your father, and my particular attachment to you. I wish to give you some proof of my regard before nature calls me from you, and I think I have it in my power to leave you a gift truly worthy of your acceptance."—Here he paused.

He drew carefully from beneath his vestment a small tube, of a substance which I had never before seen—it enclosed something which I concluded was a talisman. The old man put it into my hands: upon a nearer view, it appeared to me nothing more than a small instrument, constructed like one of our common thermometers, and marked into a great number of divisions; after I had examined it in silence for some time, my friend took it from me, and placed it near the region of my heart—when instantly a fresh phenomenon appeared, a multitude of new divisions became visible. "There are many more," said my friend, observing my astonishment; "there are many more too nice to be discerned

by the unassisted eye of man; but the longer and more attentively you regard them, the more you will be enabled to discover.”—“But what is this liquor?” said I; “or is it a liquor, which seems to move up and down in the tube? and what are those small characters which I perceive at the top and bottom of the instrument?”—“The bright characters which you see at the top of the crystal are Arabick,” said he, “and they signify *perfect felicity*; the degrees which you perceive marked upon the crystal, form a scale of happiness descending from perfect felicity to indifference, which is the boundary between pleasure and pain—and from that point commence the dark divisions of misery, which continue deepening in their shades as they descend, and increasing in distance from each other, till they touch the characters at the bottom, which signify the final bounds of human misery and *despair*. The liquor which you see contained in the tube,” continued he, “is endued with the power of rising or falling in the crystal, in exact proportion to the pleasure felt by the person who wears it at any given period of his existence.” I cast my eye down the tube as he held it in his hand. “Perfect felicity and despair,” I repeated, and sighed: “how many of my fellow-creatures are doomed to feel the one, how few attain the other.”—“These ex-

treme points," said the good old man, recalling my eyes to the tube, "though apparently so far distant from each other, are equally dangerous. It will seldom, however, be found actually at these extremes, and the intermediate degrees it defines with unerring precision."—"But," said I, "is it not enough for me to feel pleasure, to be convinced I feel it, and will not a little reflection ascertain the degree with sufficient accuracy?"—"Perhaps not," said he, smiling at my presumption—"perhaps not so readily as you imagine. The want of precision in this circumstance is one of the first causes of the mistakes which mankind fall into in their pursuits, especially the young and enthusiastic; reflecting little on the past, and forming great expectations from the future, they seldom rightly value their present sensations. Guided by the opinion, or the example, of others, they mistake the real objects of happiness; and the experiments necessary to be tried, to set them right, must be so often repeated to make any useful impression, that life itself passes away before they are convinced of their error, or before the conviction has been of any material advantage to them. Now such is the nature of this little instrument, that if you wear it next to your heart, it will invariably preserve its efficacy—in all the situations of life—in the most tumultuous assem-

bly, as well as in the most tranquil solitude—at the moment when your soul is the most agitated—when your emotions are the most complicated—when you would not, or could not, enter into any strict scrutiny of your own heart, this little crystal will be your monitor: press it to your bosom, and ask yourself this question,—‘What degree of pleasure or of pain do I now feel?’ The answer you will find distinct and decided. The liquor in the tube will instantaneously point it out upon the scale of happiness or misery—it will remain stationary, until you unlock the chain from around your neck, in your hours of retirement.”

Now I began to comprehend the true use and value of this present, and retracting my hasty judgment, I expressed, in the warmest terms, my acknowledgement.—“Take it, my son,” said he, putting it into my hands; “may you, in the course of your life, experience its utility as much as I have done—may it facilitate your improvement in virtue and wisdom, the only genuine sources of happiness: my life must now be near its close—my habits are fixed, and I have no further occasion for this monitor; yet, it has been so long my constant companion, that I can scarcely part with it, even to you, without reluctance. “Promise me, however,” added he, “to

send me frequent and accurate accounts of the experiment you try with it; they will be an amusement to me in my retirement." I readily made my friend the promise which he required, and having again thanked him for his present, I eagerly clasped the golden chain round my neck, and resolved to begin, as soon as possible, a series of observations.

It happened, however, that the evening on which I had intended to commence these, I was visited by one of the most celebrated metaphysicians of that day, a friend of my father: to him I communicated the secret I had in my possession, and shewed him my treasure. Envy flashed in his eyes; he pressed my thermometer to his heart. Instantly the liquor rose almost to the point of perfect felicity; then, fluttering, alternated between that and despair. "Could I but possess this instrument for one month," cried he, "I could solve problems the most interesting to metaphysicians, and I could perfect my theory of the human mind." Friendship, philanthropy, and, to own the truth, some degree of curiosity to see how high the liquor would rise in the tube, if I should comply with his desire, decided my answer. "Your wish is granted," said I: "and at that instant the liquor rose to the point of *perfect felicity*, with such violence, that the tube burst

with a sudden explosion ; and I, and the world, and the metaphysician were deprived for ever of our intended experiments on the Mental Thermometer.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

BY L. E. L.

Look on this mound ; the newly-turn'd-up earth
Has two or three green patches of wild flowers,
Pale in their slighted beauty ; one white group
Of daisies that, like the sweet gifts of hope,
Spring every where : methinks, it were a spot
Whereon the traveller would love to pause,
And the tir'd peasant rest him from his toil,—
So cool the ashen tree spreads its green cloud,
So beautiful the lanes that from it wind,
So rich the sweep of meadows it commands.
But no ! all shun the place ; some in vague fear,
And some in pity, some in pious awe ;
It is the Suicide's unholy grave ;
The one who sleeps here, had no humble prayer
Breath'd o'er the clay it hallow'd by its faith ;—
Even in death, shunn'd by his fellow men !

In the small village which that first green lane
Leads to, in serpentines of sun and shade,
By hedges, fill'd with may and violets,

And scarlet strawberries and honey-suckle,
An old man dwelt; he had an only son,
The child of his old age. Himself had led
A life of toil upon the ocean wave,
And came at length to spend his latter days,
In peace and quiet, 'neath the straw-thatch'd roof
Which saw his birth.

A few brief words may tell
How pass'd the early childhood of that boy,
In innocence, in health, and happiness:
But time brings many changes, and he went
To seek his fortune in the crowded city.
It was a sabbath evening when he left
His native village, and the ringing bells
Were pealing cheerfully, and the red light
Made mirrors of the cottage lattices.
When they had reach'd the green lane, which shut out
The hamlet from their view, the old man paus'd,
And bade the youth look back. "Just such a day
It was when I return'd again to my own home;
May your heart be as light when you come back
As mine was then."

They parted, and the boy
Went on, with hurried steps, as if to leave
His thoughts and tears behind. But once he paused
Before a brake in the thick hedge's screen;
There lay the meadows, with their fragrant hay,
Breathing of June; the small white cottages,
The garden filled with fruit trees, the clear stream,
The willows crowding on its further bank;

The church, whose window like a rainbow shone ;
And there he saw his father, saw him turn
Towards the burying ground, and tears, which fill'd
His heart, gush'd forth like rain. Why must we lose
The sweet warm feelings of our earlier time ?
The world is as the sea, in whose salt waves,
Like streams, we lose the freshness of our youth.

Long years have pass'd,
Yet look from that green lane, and mark how slight
The change that time has made ; the same clear stream
Darkens beneath the willow, the red sun
Lights the same colours in the window pane ;
And there the cottage, where the old man dwelt,
Looking the same, though he dwells there no more.
Alas ! how much the change that marks the course
Of time, is only in man's heart and works !
There is such change in cities ; towers arise,
And halls and palaces, and the next day
Some other vanity fills up the scene.
But in the quiet valleys, where the hind
Lives in the cottage, follows at the plough,
Which were his father's, time will scarcely leave
A vestige of his flight. Yet, even here
One saddest change has been ; that aged man,
Propping his feeble steps by the white rail
Before the workhouse, he is old and blind,
And the rail is at once support and guide.
His eyes have lost their sight with many tears :
The child he lov'd, led step by step to guilt,
Had been an outcast from his native land,

For seven long years. One morning he had crept
By his accustom'd path, rejoic'd to feel
The warmth of summer light upon his brow,
And near his side pass'd a pale haggard man,
Who turn'd to gaze upon him : 'twas his child !
My Father ! groan'd the wanderer, and hid
His ghastly face within his hands ; the voice
Pierced to the old man's heart—he knew his son—
He trembled, and the wretched one sprang forth
And caught him in his arms ;—but he was dead !
Next day, a corpse was seen upon the river :
They took the body, but they did not dare
To lay the guilty where the innocent
Sleep their last holy slumber : it was laid
In common earth, where careless feet might tread ;—
It is this mound.

HOME.

BY THE SAME.

Aye, here, dear love, is just a home,
Like what our home should be ;
A home of peace—a home of love—
As made for thee and me.

A cottage with its roof of thatch,
Its porch of the red rose,
Its white walls hidden by the wreath
The bridal jasmine throws.

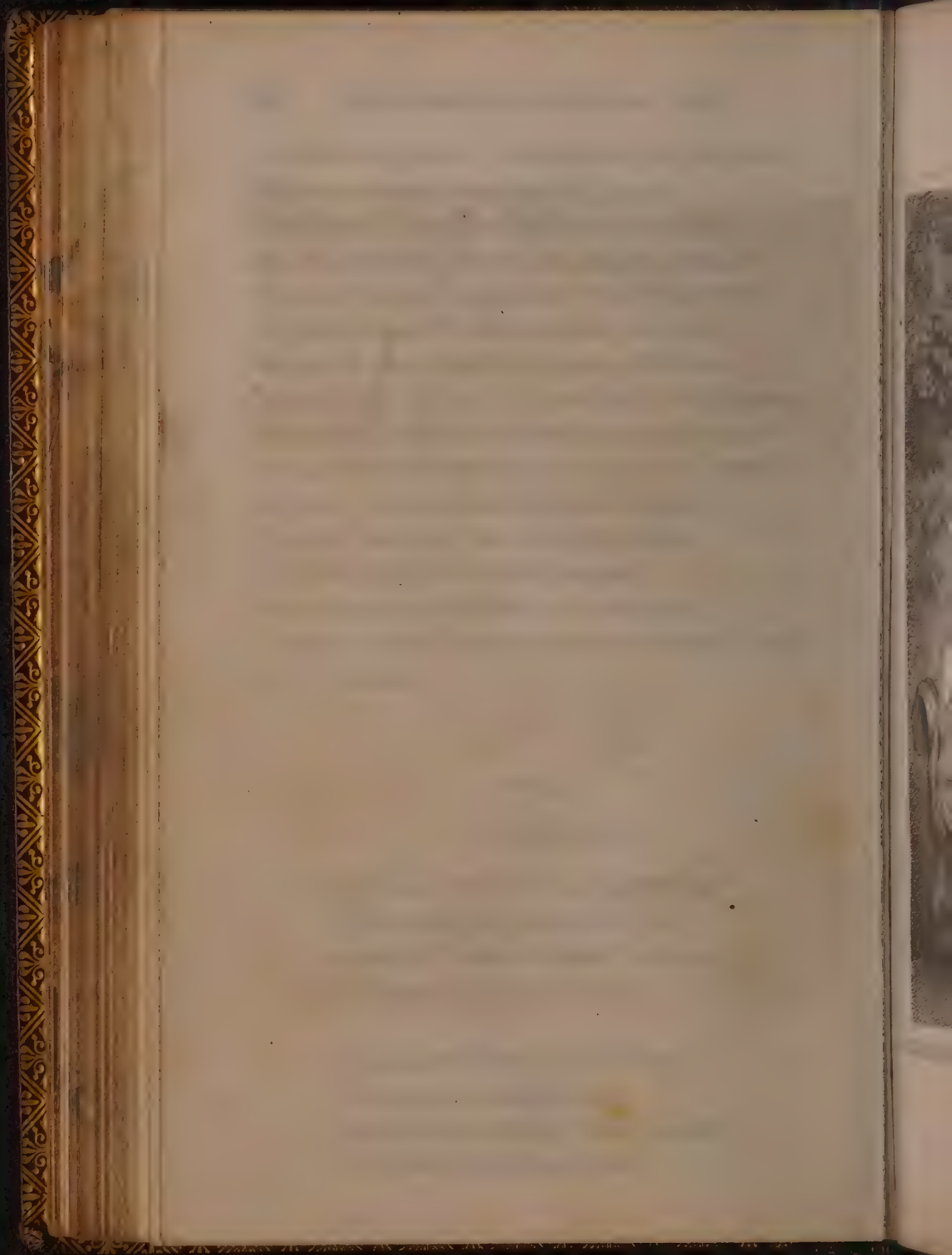
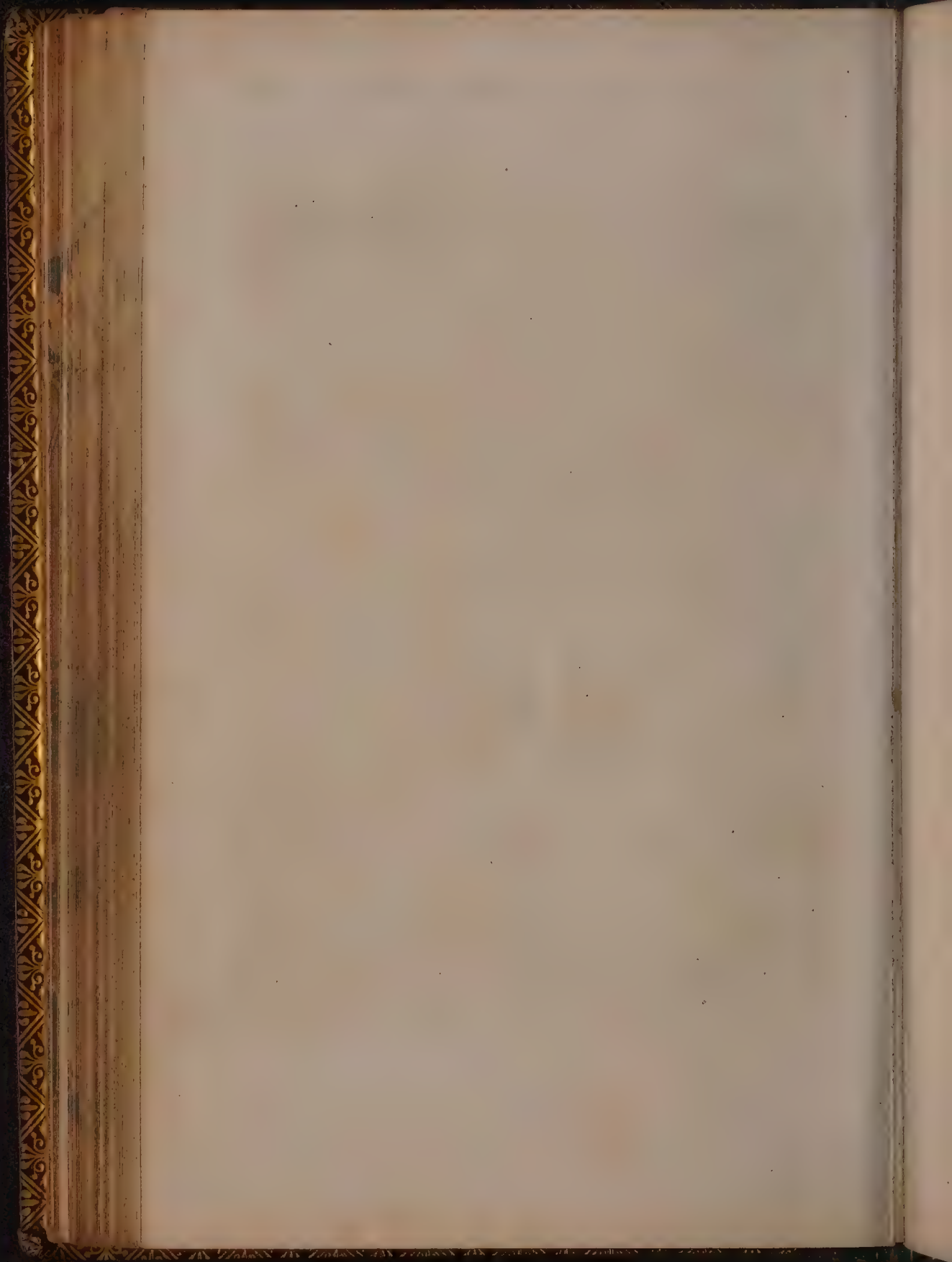




PLATE II



The rooms are dark, for the green vines
Have twin'd each lattice round ;
Where, veil'd by leaves, the wild wind harp
Breathes forth its lonely sound.

And round are many landscapes hung,
Each of some foreign shore,
Of rock, and storm, to make us prize
Our own calm home the more.

A green turf lies before the door,
A fairy carpet spread
With silver daisies—pearls of dew,
Sweet for the Elf-queen's tread.

About are beds of many flowers,
Sweet shrubs, and blossom'd trees ;
Beside that elm the dove cote's plac'd,
Beneath that ash, the bees.

And there the little green-house stands,
A refuge for the spring ;
Where, even in the winter time,
The rose is flourishing.

There is a murmur on the wind,
Of the far billow's sweep :
Come on this mount of scented plants,
And you can see the deep.

Look to the east, where the grey wave
Is blent with the grey sky,
To where the setting sun has left
Its purple pageantry.

How pleasant, in another hour,
Our wand'ring there will be !
When the dim ships, like shadows, ride
Over the star-lit sea.

When sailing in the deep blue heav'n,
The moon, like a young bride,
Comes timid, as she fear'd to claim
Her empire o'er the tide.

Then, to return from the white cliffs,
Where winds and waters beat,
How shall we love the leaves and flow'rs
Of our own calm retreat !

We should be happy ;—yet let all
Sweet dreams, like these, depart :
It matters not whate'er his lot,—
Love's home is in the heart.

FAREWELL.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

FAREWELL! but not for ever!
The chain of holy love,
Tho' doom'd on earth to sever,
Shall yet be link'd above:
Thy latest words were spoken,
To save me from despair;
Thy last departing token,
Foretold a meeting *there*.

Few were thy days of gladness,
Sweet maid,—and quickly gone:
Too soon—in clouds of sadness,
Thy sun of hope went down.
Thy soul to Heav'n resigning,
Thou passed'st calm away;
In anguish,—unrepining,
And patient,—'mid decay.

As silver clouds reposing,
On eve's unruffled breast,
While night's dim shades are closing,
Still glimmer in the west;
So, long shall memory borrow
Faint lustre from the dead,
And, o'er the waste of sorrow,
A mournful radiance shed.

Yet now no more thou hearest
The sigh of fond regret ;
The living mourn—my dearest,
The happier dead forget :
But ne'er shall time divide thee,
From this unchanging heart,
Till laid in death beside thee,
We meet, no more to part.

For tho' the path was cheerless,
And dark, that thou hast trod,—
Thy soul was firm and fearless,
It led thee to thy God.
And, oh ! when death is near me,
And earthly ties must sever,
Then shall thy last prayer cheer me,
Farewell !—but not for ever !

EXPOSTULATION.

BY THE SAME.

AND thou before that shrine hast knelt,
Where I had hop'd to kneel ?
And that impassion'd throb hast felt,
Which I had thought to feel ?
And that beloved hand is thine,
Which fancy long had pictur'd mine ?

Well ! be it so :—I will not dwell
On all thy falsehood now ;
The wrongs that in my bosom swell,
No more shall words avow :
And none but thou shall ever know,
How fond my love—how fix'd my woe.

I deem'd the faith of earlier days
Could beauty's pow'r defy ;
I might have known thou could'st not gaze
On that young beaming eye,
And think of friendship's claim the while,
Or aught, but Ellen's angel smile.

Yet, let not shame, with suff'rings keen,
Thy forfeit faith atone ;
Be but to her what I had been,
And do as I had done,
And then thine injur'd friend shall bless
The blow, that crush'd his happiness.

Meanwhile, of earthly hopes bereft,
I seek a hope divine ;
Nor sigh for all I lov'd and left,
So this at length be mine.
There is in happier realms above
A firmer faith, a truer love.

Yet ever in my daily prayer
Shall Ellen's name ascend ;

And thine, too, shall be mingled there,
For I am still thy friend,—
That all may meet in that calm heaven,
Alike forgiving, and forgiven !

TO THE MEMORY OF SOPHIA.

BY H. E. LLOYD.

1.

YE solemn groves ! beneath whose ev'ning shade
Retiring oft, I leave the noisy throng ;
Ye bow'rs ! where oft, with ling'ring feet, I stray'd
To drink, with rapture, Philomela's song ;

2.

Thou, Nymph ! whose dimpling streams the moss bank
lave,
Where, with Sophia, oft I used to rove,
Where oft we sat beside thy silver wave,
And Echo whisper'd to the voice of Love ;

3.

No more, ye bowers, I seek your cool retreat,
No more on Philomela's strain I dwell,
No more, Oh Naiad ! do my wand'ring feet
Delight to linger near thy crystal cell.

4.

For oh, ye beauteous scenes ! though swift-wing'd time,
With wasting hand, has made no change in you ;
Though still you flourish in your richest prime,
And see each Spring bestow a lovelier hue—

5.

Yet, with far other eyes I view your charms,
Far other thoughts your once-lov'd haunts inspire ;
Since that dread day, when, in these hapless arms,
I saw Sophia's faded form expire.

6.

Moment of horror—when the hand of death,
In night eternal, quench'd her eyes' soft flame ;
When her dear lips, with their expiring breath,
In trembling accents sigh'd her Henry's name :

7.

Then in my sight, all Nature seemed to fade,
Each beauteous scene was veil'd in midnight gloom ;
And nought appear'd, save yon deep cypress shade,
That low'ring bends above Sophia's tomb !

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

1.

WHY thus, amid the horrors drear
Of this lone forest's midnight gloom,
Where valor's self might learn to fear,
And all is silent as the tomb?
Why, reckless thus of health and ease,
Should I delight alone to stray,
To shun each scene that wont to please,
And yield to silent grief a prey?

2.

Ah, yes! too well, too well I know,
Whence come these tears that swell mine eyes;
I know the cause of all my woe,
The source whence all my sorrows rise.
Since first my soul, with soft alarm,
On fair Maria's beauties hung,
No other sight has pow'r to charm,
No sound but from Maria's tongue.

A TALE OF RESIGNATION :

Or, The Gold Heart.

BY MRS. OPIE.

I BELIEVE there is no virtue reckoned more necessary, and no feeling more boasted of, than that of resignation to the Divine Will. Still, I fear, that this feeling is more frequently on the lips, than in the heart. For, what is resignation? Not the occasional overflowing of a contrite and devotional spirit, but that habit of mind, that "obedience better than sacrifice," that constant surrender of our own will to the will of our Creator, which makes us receive all its manifestations with submission, and eat our daily bread with thankfulness, whether it be bitter or sweet.

It is a willingness to endeavour, with cheerful alacrity, to make the best of every dispensation, however trying,—and not sit down in idle despondence, murmuring at trials, and as if spitefully resolved to sink under them;—it is that confidence in the mercies of the Deity, which

hopes on when many would despair, and which can say, even in the depths of the sorrowing heart, "I know, O, Lord! that thy judgments are right, and that, in faithfulness, thou hast afflicted me!"

In illustration of the foregoing observations, I subjoin the following tale.

The childhood, and even much of the youth of Fanny Lemorne were passed in the sunshine of worldly prosperity.

Her father was a man of ancient family and large fortune in a neighbouring country, and her mother a high-born heiress of her own. But if the character be not under the only sure guide, and the temper have been taught no curb, the conjugal union can never be a happy one: and so violent and frequent were the quarrels between Fanny's parents, that the frightened child used to fly from this scene of domestic broils to the sick couch of her father's sister; a being, who, taught by illness and disappointment, was patiently waiting the hour of her removal to that world, for which she had been for years preparing herself, and whose only remaining care in this was, to teach her niece those habits of mind, and that resignation to the Divine will, which had shed over her painful path the sunshine of the blessed.

It was so natural that this sensitive child should prefer her who soothed to those who terrified her, that Fanny left her aunt as little as possible:—and fortunately, her preference of her aunt's society was neither regretted nor felt by her parents. The father was so devoted to his only son, and the mother to her elder daughter, in whom they saw their own image, that Fanny's tender and timid beauty bloomed unseen by them, and was appreciated only by that affectionate being, who beheld it with tranquil delight, because she knew that she had thrown over its otherwise endangered possessor, the shield of Christian humility, and of religious principle.

This sweet and holy monitor died when Fanny was only nineteen; and as the grave closed on her, she felt as if she was then alone in the world, and all was desolate around her. But this sensation could not long last in a mind like her's. She sorrowed, but it was not "like those without hope." She remembered too, that she had parents; and that, however negligent they might be of her, she had duties to perform towards them. In their presence, therefore, that face was decked in smiles, which, in the solitude of her chamber, was as yet covered with the tears of affectionate regret. It is not possible to calculate on the probable effects of a bland and conci-

liating temper, even on the most unpromising natures. Fanny sometimes stole in on the angry gloom of her contending family, like a sun-beam through a crevice into a darkened chamber, making its gloom more visible by contrast, till, shamed into a sense of their own degrading violence, by her smile of Christian love, and soothed by the soft tones of her persuasive voice, they yielded to her gentle pleadings, and the storm of passion was hushed.

Whenever Fanny had succeeded in these pacific endeavours, she was always consoled, nay, even thankful for her aunt's having been so soon taken away from earth, as her removal enabled the niece to be always at hand, in order to still domestic storms, and try to gain access to that maternal heart which had hitherto seemed to take no pleasure in her: but, when she heard herself called, by her family, the young peacemaker, she could not help saying, with a sigh, "How glad my dear aunt would have been to hear me so called!"

In spite of her growing importance in her family, Fanny had much to suffer;—her path lay not by the side of still waters. She was sometimes reproached by her brother and sister, because her aunt had left her estate to her; and, but for the positive prohibition of her parents, she would

have shared the income of it with her upbraiders.

Leisure to feel for slight vexations was now, however, over with this perturbed family. The father, whose irritable temper did not confine its ebullitions to his own domestic circle, offended a neighbouring gentleman, in such a manner, that, according to the laws of worldly honour, nothing but his blood could expiate the insult. A duel was the consequence, and Lemorne was killed. On examining his affairs, they were found in the most disastrous condition; for, want of self-government often goes through a character, and his extravagance had induced him to live like a prince, (as the phrase is,) on the limited, though handsome, income of a country gentleman. Nothing, therefore, was left but the marriage settlement of his wife: but, alas! it was soon discovered, by the creditors, that the writings had not been properly signed, and the money was seized to help to pay the debts. In this emergency, a commission in a regiment abroad was offered to the son, which he accepted; but was killed in the first campaign that occurred after he joined the armies. The mother, who, as she had long ceased to love her husband, lamented the loss of her accustomed state more than his death, was not so much afflicted at the

loss of her son as some mothers would have been, because he had always taken part with his father against her; and while her Georgina, her darling elder girl, remained to cheer her, and Fanny was with her, whose assiduities were become necessary to her comfort, she did not feel quite forlorn, even though Fanny's estate, in right of her aunt, was all they had to live upon. But, being accustomed not to rule her feelings, but to be ruled by them, she soon told Fanny, that remaining where she was, was so mortifying to her pride, and so trying to her sensibility, she could no longer forbear to request that she would allow her estate to be sold, consent to live in England, and purchase a house in some cheap county there.—“For, indeed Fanny,” said she, “I cannot bear to live in this degraded condition, where I used to hold up my head with the highest!”

“What! sell the pretty cottage, endeared to us by so many tender recollections,” cried Fanny, scarcely able to restrain her tears—“but, no matter—so as you will be happier, dear mother, and I dare say, the cottage will sell for a great deal.” Her mother thanked her, called her a good girl, and told her she would give orders to have the estate sold directly. “No, that you shall not,” said her petted Georgina, “for I will not allow it—I will not go to England—I will not

stir from hence.”—“ Disobedient ! insolent girl, what can you mean ? ” said her indignant mother. —“ What I have said. ”—“ But, dear sister ! ”—“ Away ! cockatrice ! do not expect to beguile me ; but for your arts, this property might have been mine. ”—“ But, as it was given in justice to your more amiable sister, ” cried the angry parent, “ she has a right to dispose of it ; and, Fanny, I shall certainly remove to England. ”—“ Then you may go alone—for, never, never will I quit Ireland. ” So saying, she left the room, and the next morning she was not to be found ; for the truth was, that she had formed an attachment to the son of her father’s agent, and had eloped with him.

This rash and degrading marriage put the finishing stroke to the misery of the proud mother. It was in vain that Fanny implored her to forgive and see her sister. She persevered in her refusal, and as soon as the cottage was sold, she insisted on sailing for England. Fanny was right in her prediction—the estate had sold well, and with part of the money, her mother chose to purchase a house in Devonshire. But, as Fanny foresaw, their income from the remainder, which was vested in the funds, was not large enough to cover the expense of living in their new purchase, and they were very soon

obliged to sell again at a great loss, and removed into a hired dwelling, which was so small, that the still unhumbled pride of the mother made her resolve, in a paroxysm of mortified feelings, that she would never hold any intercourse with her own family,—never be seen by any eye that had beheld her in her prosperity, but change her name, and endeavour to steal, forgotten and unnoticed, to her grave.

How different had been the feelings of Fanny Lemorne during this period of successive trials! She had converted them into a series of stepping-stones, leading her on her way to heaven. “How often,” said she to herself, “did I grieve, because my poor father and brother did not love me! but now, what a mercy it was; for had they loved me, what a loss would they have been to me! but now I mourn their sad fate, not on my account, but their own.” When loss of fortune succeeded, she remembered how much she had lamented that her aunt had left her every thing; but now she was thereby enabled to prove her love for her mother, and try to purchase her good-will by dedicating her fortune to her wants: therefore, poverty was, in her eyes, rendered sweet. Even from her sister’s marriage she derived some comfort; for now that her mother was removed from her influence, Fanny trusted

that she would adopt habits of economy, and that, as she was wholly dependant on her for comfort, she might, in time, gently lead her along the path to salvation, and induce her to forgive her erring sister. Meanwhile, no one that had seen Fanny could have imagined that she had been thus schooled in vexation and sorrow; for her blue eye was lighted up with the sunshine of her resigned soul, and the smile on her beautiful lip was that of hope and contentment. "Fanny," said her mother to her, "is this cheerfulness want of feeling, or is it pious hypocrisy, and put on to deceive and cheer me?"—"It is neither, I trust," she replied, "but springs from a better source."—"What is that?"—"Submission to the Divine Will!"—"Would thou could'st teach it to me, my child!"—"I cannot, but there is One who can."—"Whom dost thou mean?"—"That God who heareth prayer."—"Foolish girl! my sister made a Methodist of thee; however, I thank her—for, whatever be thy creed, it has taught thee to be the best of children, and the only comfort of thy poor mother." How happy these words, and the manner in which her mother had received her replies, made the heart of this affectionate child! Hitherto, she had angrily rebuked her, when she hinted at religious subjects; but now she had answered with gentle-

ness, and had even owned that Fanny's virtues were to be attributed to her belief. Could she then do otherwise than bless that adversity which had brought her beloved parent into such a frame of mind? and sweet, indeed, were the slumbers of Fanny that night.

But her trials were not at an end. She found it necessary to turn her talents to profit, as their income was by no means sufficient, especially as the good old servant, who had followed their fortunes, was struck with palsy; and they had not only to pay for medicine and attendance, but were forced to have another servant in her place. At least so willed the mother of Fanny, who was not yet humbled enough to bear that her child should do the work of a servant: but as she chose to sit in a darkened room, which she never left, and, as she could not bear to see a stranger, did not admit the new servant into her presence, but allowed her daughter to wait on her, Fanny dismissed her, as she knew her mother would not discover that she had done so. Accordingly, Fanny rose with the lark to perform her household duties: she made drawings, and did ornamental work, to dispose of at a shop in London, by means of a person who resided there, and who had married an attached servant of her aunt's. As a stage passed very near the end of the lane

where they lived, she was able to send her performances to the person in question, and he, by the same conveyance, sent the remittances in return. But it was long before Fanny dared to disclose to her proud mother the use to which she had put her talents; nor did she do so, till the burden of concealment weighed heavily on her, as a sort of sin. But she had the happiness of finding that her mother's pride had at length been a little subdued by her afflictions—for she assured Fanny that she was glad she had found such a resource in their hour of need, as she was certain that her sister's maid would never betray them, and their change of name prevented all danger of discovery. This resource had, indeed, been resorted to just in time.

What remained of the money which Fanny had received for her estate, had been vested in the funds; but as it did not bring her in five per cent., her mother persuaded her to sell it out, and lend it to an old friend of her father's, who had sought them out in their change of fortune, and had written to offer them the full interest for the sum in question: accordingly, it was sold out, and the friend received it.

I am willing to believe that, when he made this offer, it was from a real wish to improve the income of these unfortunates; but he was a spe-

culating and a needy man, and the sum so obtained, came at a time when he wanted it. The result may be but too easily foreseen—all his speculations suddenly failed; he was forced to fly his country; and he carried with him the additional pang, of knowing that he had utterly ruined the widow and the orphan.

Fain would Fanny have concealed this overwhelming stroke from her mother; but her deep conviction, that the Almighty always afflicts his creatures for some merciful purpose, forbade her to indulge her feelings thus. At first, her mother was overwhelmed, and thought but of herself—but she soon felt for Fanny. “I fear, that we must dismiss our new servant,” said she. “She was dismissed long ago,” replied Fanny, smiling; “and I assure you, I have felt it no difficult task to do the work myself,—quite the contrary.”—Her agitated auditor turned pale, and was too much choked for some time to reply; but she, at length, faltered out,—“Oh! it were a wicked distrust of Providence, my child, not to believe that, even here, thy virtues will be rewarded!”

Their cares were now a little decreased by the death of the palsied Norah; but the expenses of only a decent funeral were more than they could well afford: however, she had a small store of drawings and paintings remaining to dispose of,

and for these she received ready money. But as Fanny thought the rent of their present abode too much, she obtained her mother's consent to hire a cottage nearer to a market-town, where, on occasion, she had disposed of some of her clothes, and might perhaps sell some of her works. Still, as all removals cost money, and as Fanny's earnings were nearly all expended, before she was able to finish another collection of things for the London market, her spirits began to fail her, because her mother was very unwell, and wanted nicer food than usual.

At this anxious period, while she was cutting some wood, a splinter stuck into the finger of her right-hand with such violence, that it broke off in the flesh, and she found it impossible to extract it herself. She was, therefore, obliged to go to a surgeon, who told her that she must be careful not to use her hand for some time, as, if she did, the wound would inflame, and become dangerous, as well as troublesome. And it was her right-hand! that hand which maintained her mother and herself! This, then, was the destruction of her usefulness! this annihilated her power to fulfil the necessary duties! and whither could she go for help? They had no neighbours—and in an agony, such as she had never known before, poor Fanny sat herself down on a

stone by the road-side, and gave way, for the first time, to a burst of uncontrollable anguish; but when her full heart had thus relieved itself, it turned, as it had always done, towards the consolations of religion.

“And while her eyes to heaven she rais’d,
Their silent waters sunk away.”

Still, what could be more forlorn than her situation? Her mother ill, and she disabled from providing her with food, and even from waiting on her! She had vainly written to her sister, who was, she knew, rich, compared to them, but she could get no answer. She had already sold whatever clothes herself and her mother could spare, to help to defray part of the expenses of moving. “What, then, can I do?” she exclaimed, and with a depression of spirits, she returned to her cottage, and with a slow step, unlike her usual one, she entered her mother’s room. To her great surprise, she found her up and drest, and expressed her hopes that she was rather better.

“Could I bear to lie here,” she replied, “and do nothing, when you were in pain, and ought not to work? No—no—I shall cook the dinner, and do all the work now, and thou shalt lie in bed, and be the fine lady, Fanny—yes—yes—

yes." This was uttered with such alarming rapidity, that Fanny was sure it was the language of delirium, as well as of an awakened conscience; and gently forcing her mother to the bed, she prevailed on her to lie down, and had, at length, the satisfaction of seeing her sink into a quiet sleep. Then falling on her knees, she fervently prayed for strength, and for direction: she arose calm, supported, and resigned.

But how was she to raise money sufficient to procure medicine and advice, and sustain life? To beg, she was ashamed. Still, when she recollected that it would be a child begging for a parent, she felt that she could do it without reluctance. At this moment, she remembered that she had a trinket, which, if sold, would procure her some shillings at least; but then it was rendered sacred, by many grateful recollections and interesting hopes.

I said, in the preceding pages, that the aunt of Fanny had known disappointment: that disappointment was of the heart. She had, early in life, loved and been beloved by a young officer; but her father forbade their union, and her lover accepted a cadetship, and sailed for India. Before he went, he had a farewell interview with Louisa Lemorne, in which, though they freed each other from all engagements, they exchanged

mutual vows of fidelity, and her lover expressed his hopes that a time might come when he should be rich enough to return, and make Louisa his wife; but they were forbidden by their parents to correspond, nor was he even allowed to write to Louisa's bosom friend, who was then about to marry her brother. Spite, however, of his promised constancy, Francis Campbell married in India, when he had been there only three years. but Louisa Lemorne continued single for his sake. When they parted, he had given her a gold heart containing his hair, and she had constantly worn it next her own, till her last illness, when she reluctantly resigned this pledge of frail human tenderness to her beloved Fanny; resolving that no earthly image should henceforth come between her and the only proper object of adoration—that Great Being, whose love can never know change or diminution.

Having told Fanny the little tale appertaining to it, she conjured her not to part with it, but to wear it either round her neck, or on her watch-chain. "Perhaps," said she, "one day or other what we call the chances of life, may bring you into company with General Campbell; if so, give him this remembrance of one whom he once held so dear, and tell him that I always prayed for, and blessed him." To have said that she

forgave him, would have been inconsistent with delicacy; but she trusted that her message did not say too much, and she thought that when he heard of her death, it would be a comfort to him to know that she had spoken and thought of him with kindness. She had little foreseen that neither neck nor watch-chain would long be worn by her exemplary niece, but that she would be soon deprived of all adornments, save those of the Christian woman, described in Scripture—namely, modesty and good works.

Fanny had, therefore, long been obliged to wear the heart in her pocket—but there she persisted to wear it, in compliance with her aunt's will, and had, perhaps, romantically continued to hope that she should one day or other see General Campbell. Now, however, as such a hope was utterly annihilated, she thought that she should be justified in disposing of it for the necessities of that trying moment; finding, therefore, that her mother grew evidently worse, she took advantage of an unexpected call from one of their neighbours at their last place of residence; and, leaving her sleeping parent under her care, set off, on foot, for the town of —, though her finger throbbed with agony, and there was a burning sun over her head.

It was a watering-place—and then full of com-

pany: but the afflicted girl, looking neither to the right nor to the left, thought only of getting as fast as she could to the jeweller's shop which she had remarked during her last visit to the town. When she entered, she found the jeweller engaged in conversation with a gentleman who, happening to look at Fanny, was struck with her restless eyes and burning cheek; and observing, from that intuitive knowledge which benevolence gives, that she was fatigued and suffering, he offered her a seat. "I can stand, thank you, sir," she replied; but sinking into the chair from inability to support herself. Her voice, ever sweet, was now turned, by sorrow, to a tone which no one could hear with indifference, and the stranger absolutely started when it met his ear. Fanny got up again directly, conscious that she was in haste, and accepted the gentleman's offer to resign to her his place at the counter—doing this with such graceful ease, that he felt she was accustomed to, and had a right to respectful courtesy.

This little incident, however, was unnecessary to make her increasingly an object of interest to the stranger, who, almost rudely, watched every look, and approached as near as possible to hear her conversation. But Fanny heeded him not, she was intent only on her business: and when the jeweller, after weighing the heart, declared

that he could give her two pounds for it; the delighted girl exclaimed, "two pounds! oh! then I think that I am reconciled to parting with it!" A burst of tears instantly contradicted this assertion—and made the gentleman wish that he dare throw the whole contents of his purse into that of the interesting object before him. But, even to accost her was impossible, for as soon as she had received the notes, she ran out of the shop, and would have ran down the street, had not inability now forced her to walk. "See, sir," said the jeweller, "here is the trinket that beautiful girl sold—and clumsy old work it is—we make these things better now a-days." He took it with a trembling hand; he examined it with a tearful eye—then, having touched a spring, it opened, and shewed hair and initials! He instantly rushed out of the shop, and stopt not till he overtook Fanny; who, faint and bewildered, was glad to take his arm and lean on him for support. "Who are you?" cried he; "in pity, tell me who you are, and where you got this trinket? Speak, I conjure you!" But Fanny, whom the agony of her finger, fatigue of body, agitation of mind, and the intense heat of the day, had thrown into a fever, was unable to attend to him, and could only say, "I must go back to my mother, she is ill, and expecting me! Oh! I

must go, or she will be starved to death!" "Dreadful! but who is your mother? What is her name?" "It was Lemorne—but it is a secret now."—"Are you the daughter of Louisa Lemorne?"—"No, she was my dear, dear aunt—but she is dead now! Pray, let me go—do not hold me, I will not be held," she cried, trying to disengage herself from his grasp, for he had thrown his arm round her, and had pressed her to him, with the tenderness of a father.

"No, no," said he, in a faltering voice, "we part not thus; tell me, whither you want to go, and my carriage, which is now in sight, shall take you thither directly?" But he spoke in vain; she grew quite incoherent, and springing from him, she ran with delirious speed, till she fell exhausted on the pavement.

General Campbell, for it was he himself, then bore her to his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive home, where he put his senseless charge under the care of a sister, who lived with him, and sent for medical advice.

Meanwhile he acutely felt for the misery of the vainly-expecting mother of Fanny, but was unable to contrive any means of dissipating her anxiety. At night, however, he was told that a poor woman wanted to see him, and it proved to be the neighbour whom Fanny had left with her

mother. That lady, on waking, and in her senses, was terrified at Fanny's staying so late, and had insisted on her attendant's going in search of her. Luckily, the woman knew whither she was gone, and the jeweller directed her to the general, who instantly set off for the cottage, accompanied by the poor woman;—but long before they approached it, his companion exclaimed, "There she is! there is the poor lady herself, come to meet her daughter! Oh! she will get her death!"

It was she indeed: her aversion to behold the light of day, or the face of any one, her illness, her weakness, her mean attire, all were forgotten in interest for Fanny; and she had wandered forth to shorten her terrible suspense.

The general instantly alighted, and recognized, with unspeakable emotion, in the meagre, pale, tottering being before him, the once beautiful wife of Lemorne, the friend of his youth, the bosom friend of his first and dearest love, and the confidant of his and her sorrows!

She did not recognize him, for the suns of India had changed him: besides, she could think only of her daughter; and seeing the woman with him, she exclaimed, "Where is my child?"—"She is safe, and at my house," replied the general. "But why is she not here? and who

are you?"—"A friend; and I am come to take you to her."—"Impossible! she must come to me."—"That she cannot do, for she is unwell."—"Unwell!" she exclaimed; then uttering a cry of agony, which went to his heart, she fell into a deep swoon, during which he bore her unresisting to his carriage. When she recovered, it was not without a thrill of aversion that she learnt who her companion was; for she had loved and revered Louisa Lemorne most tenderly and profoundly, though she had been unable to imitate her virtues; she, therefore, could not behold with a complacent eye the faithless lover of her friend. But she was more reconciled to him when he gave her reasons for his marriage, which exculpated him from the charge of inconstancy. She rejoiced, with trembling joy, that her child had fallen into such hands.

He had been betrayed, by an artful woman, into paying, what she chose to call, particular attention to a young girl under her care; and as he had won her affections by his attentions, and the mis-representations of others had ruined her matrimonial speculations in other quarters, he felt himself bound in honour to marry her, and sacrifice the dear, but almost fruitless, hope of marrying Louisa. But having lost his wife a few years after his marriage, and becoming, by un-

expected circumstances, master of a large fortune, he had returned to England, with the delightful hope of sharing it with the woman of his heart, if, as he was told she did, she continued single, and would deign to accept him. Great, therefore, was his disappointment at finding, on his landing in England, that Louisa was dead, and her family ruined and dispersed, no one knew whither.

“I must, however, assure you,” said he to his agitated auditor, “that I was going over to Ireland purposely to enquire you out; when, from distress of mind, and other causes, I became alarmingly ill, and was sent hither for my health. For many months my amiable and pious sister nursed me here, as tenderly as your Fanny nurses you. *Our* Fanny I must call her; for the child of Louisa’s adoption shall be the child of mine.”—“She was called Frances after you,” said his companion, with emotion; “for then we had not heard of your marriage.”—“I suspected it might be so,” said he, in a faltering voice, and after a pause of some minutes. “And,” added he, “that is another reason, that, as she may be called my god-child, I should, as I have no children, adopt her as my daughter; and, Oh! how happy shall I be to restore Louisa’s pupil, and your child, to her station in society! The first sound of her voice thrilled through my

heart, and carried me back, though I knew not why, to the days of my early happiness and hopes. No, no! I cannot part with her more, even if she were not so like her aunt; for never did I hear such a character of any one as your poor neighbour gave of her. But here we are; and, I trust, we shall find her recovered." They found her quite free from fever, as it left her as soon as the pain in her finger was relieved, and sleep was then recruiting her exhausted frame.

But to what overwhelming happiness and thankfulness did Fanny awake! She beheld her mother tenderly watching over her, every trace of former coldness removed, and the maternal heart glowing unveiled before her! She, also, saw herself raised from the depths of anxiety to a state of cheerful hope; and found, that the very step which would, she thought, destroy all chance of her ever meeting General Campbell, had been rendered the means of leading her into his presence.

When the two invalids were entirely recovered, the general again declared his intention of adopting Fanny, and his desire that they should both reside with him and his sister. "I am returned to England," said he, "sick of my trade of war, and eager to turn my spear into a pruning-hook: I am sick of the world and its empty pleasures,

and pine for domestic comfort; I, also, want an almoner; and to bestow the wealth I value not, on those who need it. Let me, then, I beg, put myself under the guidance and tuition of one of Louisa's pupils, that she may fit me as she has been fitted herself, for that future and enduring world where the ties of pure and virtuous affection may, we humbly hope, be again renewed, and be renewed for ever!"—"Fanny shall reside with you, certainly," replied her mother; "but I have taken an aversion to society—I hate the sight of strangers—and I am only fit to live alone."—"Never shall you do that, dear mother!" cried Fanny, throwing herself on her neck. "If you do not live with the general, I will not. Do you think I would desert you?"—"My heart had anticipated your decision," said the general, "and approved it. Yet, if your mother goes, you must go with her, but not to your former poverty."—"General Campbell," cried her mother, eagerly, "we must remain poor; Fanny can maintain me by the exertion of her talents, and I shall do something for myself. I cannot bear to owe pecuniary obligations to any one but my child."

"I knew your pride of heart," replied the general, "and am prepared to fight with it."

Georgina," he continued, tears filling his eyes as he spoke, "read the letter I hold in my hand. You wrote it to me at Portsmouth, when you was a rich heiress, and I a poor cadet. You tell me there, that if money can expedite my promotion, and enable me to return to England to marry your dearest friend, your banker would honour my draught for any sum. I conclude, you do not deny your hand writing?"—"No; but remember, you did not accept the offer."—"There was no need of it. But, had I wanted the money, I should have done so; for I knew, that had I been rich and you poor, I should have been eager to benefit you; and I felt that I could bear to accept from a friend that service which I could, with alacrity, have performed. Georgina, friend of my youth, that is a false, not a *noble* pride, which loves to *confer*, but cannot bear to *receive* service. It is a feeling more a-kin to a *mean*, than a *generous* spirit."—"Mean! General Campbell."—"Yes. But you have no right to forbid your child to accept a fortune from me; and as I shall make her independent of my caprice directly, it will be her duty to maintain you in a style becoming her mother. But Fanny, I know, would like to reside with us; and as I have given orders to have her estate in Ireland re-

purchased, at whatever cost, that I may occasionally reside at the cottage for *auld lang syne*, I hoped to take you both with me thither, and in restored prosperity."

"What! is it possible," cried Fanny, "that I can ever live at the dear cottage again? Oh! my dearest mother! if my beloved aunt could look down, and see *who* were living there together, and *wherefore*, how delighted she would be!"—"Give me leave to recollect myself," she replied, and suddenly left the room. Fanny would have followed her; but the general, whom her well-timed observations had pleased, but overpowered, would not allow her. "Leave her to herself," said he; there is still a conflict; but maternal love will, in the end, conquer pride."

He was right. In a few minutes she returned. "Campbell," said she, leading Fanny up to the general, "this dear girl has a right to command me, and I will sacrifice my pride and my habits to her; aye, and my *resentment* too, for I will forgive and see her sister; I, and I alone know all her merit; and she has so entirely subdued me by her virtues, that I hope I shall be able to give her, ere long, the only reward of them which she could value; namely, proofs that her

piety has not laboured for my conversion in vain; but that I feel that confiding, purifying faith in the mercy and justice of my Creator, whence she has derived her matchless patience, and her perfect RESIGNATION."

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD

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"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

MURILLO.

In the Collection of Sir Simon Clarke.

BARTOLOME ESTIVAN MURILLO, one of the most pleasing of the Spanish painters, was born at Pilas, near Seville, in 1613. Having chosen the profession of an artist, he became a disciple of Juan del Castillo, whose favourite subjects were fairs and markets; and Murillo, before he quitted him, painted several pictures of the same description. Leaving Seville for Madrid, he became known to Velasquez, through whose friendship he enjoyed opportunities of studying some of the finest works of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, whose various excellencies he has happily blended in his own manner. He was eminently successful in those subjects of familiar life, where amiable and tender sentiments are expressed, exciting sympathy and compassion. His sacred subjects, captivating as they are, by truth and simplicity of character, by clear, tender, and harmonious colouring, do not reach the elevation of the Italian School. His style, however, is indisputably his own; his works bear strong evidence of his successful study of nature, though the

combinations are the creations of his own fancy. His back-grounds are frequently confused and indistinct, the parts being much blended with a free pencil and indeterminate execution; but the effect is in general very pleasing, and the principal objects, perhaps, derive additional beauty and relief from this mode of treatment.

As an instance in point, we may quote the very pleasing picture of the "Good Shepherd," in the possession of Sir Simon Clarke, of which there is an excellent copy by Grimoux, in the Gallery of the Marquis of Stafford.

Having greatly improved both in the knowledge and practice of his art during his visit to Madrid, he returned to Seville, where he painted altar pieces for most of the principal churches, and many pictures for public buildings there, and also at Granada, Cadiz, and Cordova, which gained him so much reputation, that he was invited by Charles II. to repair to Madrid, which offer he, however, declined. Though he derived great wealth from his profession, he lived in the most simple style, devoting his riches to public charities. He died in 1685, in consequence of a fall from a scaffold, while engaged on his last work for the church of the Capuchins at Cadiz, an accident which, though it did not immediately prove mortal, he did not long survive.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

BY L. E. L.

1.

OVER the land, and over the sea,
Youth of my heart ! will I follow thee.
See, I have doff'd my silken train,
My lace 'kerchief, and golden chain ;
For cap and plume I've chang'd my veil,
And my pearl-wreath'd braid of the lily pale ;
And for satin slippers, a buskin tied,
Made of the red deer's stiffen'd hide ;
And my heavy length of yellow hair,—
Look on the river—'tis floating there.

2.

Last night, I stood in my father's hall,
With broider'd robe, and Indian shawl :
Lovers caught each breath of my sigh,
And vassals watch'd the turn of mine eye ;
A sandal-wood lute was in my hand,
And my step was the first in the saraband.
To-night I stand in the hunter's dress,
Belying my weak loneliness.

Instead of music, and dance, and song,
And serviteurs, and a courtly throng,
Is the quiet shade of the greenwood tree;
And for many false hearts, a true one in thee.

3.

And I am happy. Oh ! love should live
But for the sweet life itself can give.
Where are gems like the lily, wet
With tears it has kiss'd from the violet ?
Where is the lamp in a lady's bower,
Like the first pale star of the twilight hour ?
What hand ever waked from the lute a tone
Like the nightingale's voice, when she sings alone ?
Not to the dark city, not to the false court,
Will health, and truth, and love, resort :
Their dwelling is made with the leaf and the flower,
Amid summer sunshine and April shower ;
They live by the brook and the forest tree,
In a wild sweet home, such as ours will be.

THE SAILOR.

BY THE SAME.

He was their last and their only child,
But one remaining of many ;
And is not the blossom the last on the bough
The most beloved of any ?

They brought him up 'mid the mountain and flood,
Till the spirit of sickness was banish'd,
And the roses of health laugh'd on the cheek,
Whose hectic bloom had vanish'd.
And chiefly it was the boy's delight
To make ships of slips of the willow ;
And then he would call the lake a sea,
And the rippling wave a billow.
And he loved, on the long and winter's night,
To read each gallant story,
How the brave had rais'd the blood-red flag,
And died for their country's glory ;
And how some had sailed to stranger climes,
With but sea and sky before them,
Till the God, whose marvels they'd seen, saw fit
To their native land to restore them.
His mother wept, but his heart was fix'd
On a sailor's life of danger ;—
He envied the wind, for it could be
O'er the wild sea-waves a ranger !
She blest him beside his father's grave,
And the setting sun shone o'er him,
His lighted brow seemed an augury
Of the life that lay before him.
Oh, hope is catching—she found it so,
And her mother's grief concealing ;
While he was still by her side, she felt
The glow of her sailor's feeling.
But when he went, and she saw him turn,
And gaze on the home he was leaving,

What bitter tears wash'd away the web
The fairy hope had been weaving.
That night she sat down to her lonely meal
And wept; there were none to chide her,
That night it was a servant's hand
Laid the book of prayer beside her.
The boy was glad—but one fond thought
Of the mother, who smooth'd his pillow,
Fill'd his eye with tears, when, for the first time,
His slumber was waked by the billow.
But he slept 'mid dreams of the blood-red flag,
The ball and the grape-shot's rattle,
The cutlass sweeping the boarded deck,
And the storm of an ocean battle.
But his ship was bound for a sultry clime,
Where an Indian sun was beaming,
And from every wind that swept the sail,
Was the breath of fever streaming;
And men who had stood, unscath'd, when the balls
Like dust on the gale were flying,
And those whom the tempest of night had spared,
Were now like spring leaves dying.
He, too, was fading; that sailor youth,
The rose of his cheek had departed,
And his thought had turn'd to his own dear home—
And the mother he left broken-hearted.
It was one evening :—the signal gun
O'er the echoing wind was ringing,
And the warning waves broke round the ship
As if they a dirge were singing.

He hear'd the sound, his step grew faint,
And his pale brow waxed yet paler ;
Next day the sea o'er the hammock broke,
Where slept the youthful sailor.
'Tis the church yard here where his father rests,
Here his mother's grave is making ;
And his is where the wild wind sweeps,
And the ocean waves are breaking.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

BY H. E. LLOYD.

THRO' the bright way which, bending, led to earth,
When first the Almighty fiat gave it birth,
A stream ethereal from its heavenly cave
'To smiling Eden roll'd its lovely wave ;
Along whose cloud-form'd banks and crystal tide
Fair angel forms were often seen to glide ;
Nor God himself disdain'd, on themes divine,
In converse free with happy man to join.
But when, rebellious, into sin they fell,
God, in his wrath, dried up the aërial cell.
The heavenly host reveal'd to view, no more,
In dazzling beauty, trod the hapless shore ;
Shudd'ring, they turn'd, with hasty steps, away
From realms deform'd by death's terrific sway ;
Those peaceful hills where once immortals trod,—
Those groves once honor'd by their present God,—

Those happy vales, to seek whose blest retreat,
The heavenly youth oft turn'd their willing feet,—
Those shades where oft, by tender joy opprest,
And sweet sensations, men would love to rest,
Are now accursed, enwrapt in fatal gloom,
Their once immortal tenants' general tomb.
But when, at length, the world new-born shall rise,
Triumphant, from its ashes, to the skies,—
When God, beneath its own immediate sight,
Shall the whole round of moving worlds unite,—
When no dark cloud shall spread unwholesome gloom,
The stream ethereal shall its course resume,
And brighter roll, fresh-bursting from its cave,
Through the *new* Eden, its eternal wave.

Vide *Messiah*, Canto i.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY THE SAME.

1.

THE slave condemned to ply the lab'ring oar,
His feet oppress'd beneath the galling chain,
Does, in his wand'ring prison, oft deplore
His freedom lost, tho' he deplore in vain.
But should this freedom to his prayers be given ?
Insensate ! from his chains he will not part ;
But madly sells this noblest gift of heaven ;
Such power has habit o'er the human heart.

2.

Cynthia, this fool am I : thy base deceit

Releas'd my vows ; and yet before thy will
I bend, and to thy chains submit my feet.

This fool am I : nay, e'en more foolish still ;
For, since from thee no favor I receive,
My liberty I do not sell, but give.

EPITAPH ON A LAP DOG,

IN A GARDEN AT FLORENCE.

From the Italian.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH this verdant turf Belinda's laid,

Of faithfulness and sense example rare,
Whose tender limbs a daring spirit clad,

That even the boldest dog might justly fear.
Yet did she never bite ; but playful sport

She lov'd, till fortune ravish'd her away.

Ye pious dogs, who near this place resort,
Pay due respect to poor Belinda's clay.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY THE SAME.

SOFTER blow, ye gentle gales ;

Smoother flow, ye crystal streams ;

Fresher bloom, ye scented vales ;
Milder, Phœbus, dart thy beams ;
Nymphs, more lightly tread the glade ;
Shepherds, stricter silence keep ;
While, beneath the cooling shade,
Fair Erminia sinks to sleep.

TO LISIS,

ON SEEING HER BUST IN MARBLE.

*From the Spanish of Don Francisco Quevedo de
Villegas,*

BY THE SAME.

SEE, Lisis, where the sculptor's curious art
In purest marble has thy form display'd,
Not with less care has he the copy form'd,
Than his fair model was by nature made.
Did she a white and frozen breast bestow,
And bid all other beauty yield to thine !
Colder and whiter than the new fall'n snow,
With equal beauty, see thy image shine.
But she, who wish'd to make thee soft and kind,
To mould thy form such sweet materials chose,
That to the flatter'd sense, thy charms outvie
The fragrant myrtle and the vernal rose ;
While he, who saw thee change thyself to stone,
Of the same substance did thy bust compose.

FROM THE ITALIAN,

ARIADNE,

BY THE SAME.

1.

THE lovely maid along the fatal shore,
With mad'ning steps pursued the faithless swain,
And more had said ; but lo, the vessel bore
The treach'rous prince across the pathless main.

2.

Then on herself she turn'd her useless rage,
Her faithful bosom tore with cruel hand ;
Or loud complained, her anguish to assuage,
With many a tear along the barren strand.

3.

Oh ! whither dost thou fly, ungrateful, say ?
If Ariadne be no longer dear ;
Oh ! take her as thy slave, nor as a prey
To wild despair neglected leave her here.

4.

But if thou wilt not take the last fond breath
Of her who faithful still remains to thee,
Oh ! let me from thy hand receive my death,
Or give me back my heart, and set me free !

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING; OR,
FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI.

BY THE SAME.

YE lovely eyes, ye mortal stars,
The authors of my woe ;
Who, even in sleep, that ye desire
My death, too clearly shew.
If thus, while closed, your flames devour,
When open, what will be their power ?

A Free Imitation. By the same.

THO' sorrow's clouds o'ershade thy brow,
And tears thy cheeks bedew,
Maria, still thy powerful charms
Can all my soul subdue.
But if those eyes, with tears o'erflow'd,
Can thus my heart beguile ;
If thus thy grief has power to charm,
Ah ! how resist they smile !

TO THE FLOWER CALLED, FORGET ME NOT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

FOND memory's flower, of azure die,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave ;
When in death's narrow bed I lie,
Oh ! bloom around my humble grave.
And if some tender faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me, Forget me not !

LANUCCI.

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

WHENCE comes it that the most inveterate hatred frequently disunites the hearts of those whom heaven appears to have destined most truly to love each other? Nothing is more dreadful than fraternal enmity. Yet, how often did brothers shed each others blood at the period of the feuds between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, in Italy.

At the time when these two parties were contending, with equal boldness and insatiable hatred, Pisa and Florence, the two most considerable republics of Tuscany, desolated by the horrors of civil war, were frequently the theatre of the most fatal family feuds, of which the following story is a melancholy instance.

Two sisters, equally distinguished by beauty and high birth, had married a Bandinelli of Florence, of the party of the Guelphs, and a Lanucci of Pisa, of the party of the Ghibelines. These sisters, who had been united from their earliest infancy, by the tenderest friendship and sisterly

affection, became the mothers of two sons, Antonio Bandinelli and Frederick Lanucci.

The morose disposition of the young Florentine had conceived from his childhood, even during their boyish sports, the most violent animosity towards his cousin, which increased with his years. He was scarcely eighteen, and had acquired sufficient skill in the management of his horse and arms, when, with a heart full of hatred and lust of combat, he one day determined to ride to Pisa. He was already in sight of the walls of the city; when, riding along the solitary banks of the Arno, he perceived his enemy, who was exercising his horse, unsuspecting of any evil. Without any provocation on his part he loaded him with the bitterest reproaches, drew his sword, and dismounted to attack him. The other, compelled to defend himself, did the same. Lanucci was, however, more expert in the management of his arms, and had the additional advantage of an unruffled temper. He avoided wounding his antagonist, only wearying him, by forcing him to retreat step by step. At length, he had him entirely in his power, and might have taken his life; but his generous heart hoped to subdue him by love. He placed his sword on his breast, saying, "You see that your life is in my hands, but I joyfully spare it. Think, too, of our mo-

thers, I conjure you; and for their sake let all enmity between us from this moment cease." Bandinelli, in this situation, promised all that his brave adversary required; but scarcely had he restored him to liberty, when he rose, with redoubled fury, and aimed a blow at him from behind, which would infallibly have brought him to the ground, had he not avoided it by a sudden and instinctive motion.

Lanucci, indignant at this inconceivable treachery, was unable to check his just anger: "Wretch!" cried he, "you will not have peace; receive the reward of your baseness." Thus saying, he, with one blow, brought him to the ground, and left him weltering in his blood. Returning to Pisa, Lanucci, stained with the blood of his cousin, would not go to his mother's house, but concealed himself with a friend, whence he sent a written account of the event to Florence, to justify himself by a simple and faithful narrative. The death of Bandinelli filled his heart with despair, though he had been obliged to wound him by the necessity of self-defence.

But the monster, Bandinelli, was still alive, and was to live long, to embitter the life of Lanucci. Some peasants had found him weltering in his blood, and conveyed him to Florence; where his wound being dressed, was pronounced

dangerous indeed, but not mortal. The traitor, who, as he recovered his health, felt his hatred revive, and, if possible, increased through shame and rage at being conquered, or rather from vexation at having made in vain his cowardly attempt at assassination: the traitor, I say, meditated the foulest calumny to gratify his revenge. He, therefore, declared that he had been suddenly and perfidiously attacked. As he was one of the Guelphs, they took his part against Lanucci, whom, as a Ghibeline, they already considered as a traitor; and their faction being at that time predominant, he was sentenced, in spite of his most solemn protestations, to banishment from Pisa, and the confiscation of his property.

Lanucci possessed the rarest treasure to be found on earth, the most valuable blessing in adversity, which, in prosperity, we can seldom acquire or retain; Lanucci had a friend—Belfiore was his only support; especially as his inconsolable mother, plunged in sorrow, began at times to entertain doubts of the virtue of her son. Belfiore having in vain exerted himself to the utmost in Lanucci's defence, offered to give him an asylum at one of his country seats. There, at a distance from the tumult of the world, they hoped to lead a tranquil life in the enjoyment of mutual regard and friendship. But the measure of

the sufferings, which inexorable fate had destined for Lanucci, was not yet full.

In this retreat, the prohibition to return to his native city was doubly painful, when he received news of the illness of his mother, which, to complete his misery, was soon succeeded by that of her death. From that time he was plunged in silent melancholy, while some pleasing recollections of his childhood but rarely cheered the gloom that enveloped his mind. The room which he inhabited, and in which he usually slept, was separated from that of his friend and host, only by a saloon, into which both their doors opened.

One night, when he had hardly fallen asleep, he was waked by a noise, which seemed to proceed from the saloon. He raised himself up and listened, but was unable to hear any more. Fancying that it was only one of those melancholy dreams, which haunt the unfortunate in their sleep, he tried to compose himself to rest, but in vain. Soon after, he thought he heard a groan, and it seemed to him to come from his friend's chamber. He listened with double attention, and heard the groan repeated; he immediately rose, and hastened to Belfiore's bed-side. He calls to him, but receives no answer. In the darkness of the night, he has no means of ascertaining his situation, but by feeling him; he

raises and presses him to his breast, but cannot awake him. With his heart filled with anxious foreboding and terror, he runs back to his own apartment, and returns with a lamp to the bedside of his friend. But, oh dreadful sight! he finds him bathed in his blood! the deadly steel plunged into his generous bosom, and himself stained with blood, from having taken his friend in his arms, who just then heaved his last sigh. At this heart-rending scene, overcome by his feelings, he utters a piercing cry, and throws himself on the corpse of his friend. He, unconsciously, lets fall the lamp—it is extinguished—and night again envelopes in a gloomy veil this scene of horror!

Meantime, the domestics being awakened by the noise, hasten to the assistance of their master. They find him murdered; Lanucci stretched upon his corpse: he regards them with a fixed eye, and a pale and terrified countenance, and the just extinguished lamp is still smoking at his feet. A cry of horror proceeds from all present. Lanucci awakes to the most fearful recollection: with convulsive fury he leaps up, exclaiming, “Where is he? Where is the perfidious assassin? Why cannot I plunge this dagger into his breast? O, Belfiore! O, my beloved Belfiore!” A flood of tears rushed from his eyes, and he

again sunk senseless on the corpse. Amazement, grief, and horror deprived all present of the power of utterance. At day break the news of this dreadful event was spread on all sides. With the rapidity of lightning, it extended to Pisa. The human dispensers of divine justice sent their officers, who arrested all the inmates of the house, and carried Lanucci himself before the chief judge, who was of the party of the Guelphs. He was here confronted with all those who appeared, as being suspected of this heinous crime; all the evidence united to point him out as the criminal. The place where he was found by the servant, the blood which stained his hands and breast, his terror, the newly extinguished lamp, which was found at his feet, his previous condemnation, and its cause, and still more, his cypher on the dagger, which was taken from Belfiore's breast, and which every body recognised to be his, all conspired to mark him as the murderer. Even his despair seemed to accuse him. "I," said he, "I murder the only friend whom I have met with in the world! him, to whom I am indebted for the preservation of that life which I now feel to be a curse! him, whom I loved more than myself! for whom I would joyfully have shed the last drop of my blood! I deprive him of life, sully my hand with so foul a

deed! and, at what hour, in what place? Am I accused of murdering him in the silence of the night,—in his peaceful slumber? I, his friend, to whom he afforded protection and hospitality? can I be thought capable of such cowardice? Oh heaven! to what an excess of sorrow hast thou doomed me! Oh great and merciful God! are the trials which thou hast appointed me not yet sufficiently severe? Oh, spirit of my mother, pray for thy son, for thy unhappy child, to the Almighty who knows his innocence!”

When he had uttered these words, the unfortunate Lanucci was completely exhausted; but nothing transpired to weaken the evidence against him, or even to lessen the suspicion. But among his judges there was one of those rare men, who, particularly in times of civil dissensions, are hardly ever met with; his name was Cardeghe. Though of the Guelph faction, he did not think that a Ghibeline, accused before the tribunal, ought to be found guilty merely because he was a Ghibeline; and by his just and equitable sentiments he gave his contemporaries an example of a conscientious and upright judge. Moved by Lanucci's anguish, by the honest frankness which appeared in his looks and his words, he openly defended him. The rest of the judges, on the other hand, considered the despair of the accused as the effect

of remorse, or as one of the artifices usual with criminals. They said, that the proofs of his guilt were too clear and manifest; his murderous hand, accustomed to assassination, had already attempted the life of his cousin, the young Florentine; that it was necessary to suffer the useful rigor of the law to take its course; the enormity of the crime required exemplary punishment; besides this, that the populace cried aloud for vengeance, they demanded his condemnation, and they durst no longer delay it. Lanucci was almost unanimously sentenced to death. Cardeggha in vain attempted to defend him; in vain he reminded them of the curse of heaven, which overtakes the unjust judge; he could obtain nothing save only the melancholy consolation of imparting to the unfortunate Lanucci the dreadful sentence which had been passed.

At the sound of the massy bolts and hinges of the prison, the heart of this worthy man was oppressed, and an involuntary tear started into his eye, but he wiped it away, for he wished to appear calm and composed, and in every case to administer comfort. The gates of the subterraneous vault now opened, and by the faint glimmering of a lamp, he beheld the miserable Lanucci stretched upon the earth, absorbed in grief, and oppressed by the weight of his chains. His

compassion was again awakened, and his eyes filled with tears, which he was no longer able to repress.

“You accuse me of murder,” said the prisoner, “you consider me as a traitor!”—“My son,” rejoined the humane judge, “the being we call man, is but a tissue of error and illusion; I believe you innocent, and therefore pity you, less than I do the judges who pronounced your sentence of death.”—“My sentence of death! Then it is decided! Loaded with infamy, I shall descend into my grave!” At the melancholy train of images which this terrific word excited, Lanucci was seized with a kind of suppressed rage, which ended in a perfect stupor. A long and horrible gloom hung over his soul. Those who approached him melted into tears, and tried in vain to tranquillize him. The thought of death was not terrible to him; since the death of his mother and the loss of his friend, he considered it as the only termination to his sufferings. But to survive in the memory of his fellow citizens as a murderer, to be executed in the square of his native city, where every object recalled to his mind the sports of a happy childhood, it was this that overpowered his lofty soul.

Cardeggha returned, and taking advantage of an interval of apparent composure, he kindly took

the hand of the unhappy sufferer, and pointing at the same time to the crucifix, which hung on the opposite wall, "Do you think," said he, "that He was guilty? Behold His wounds, admire his resignation to the Divine Will, and think of the sufferings of Him who died on the cross for your sake."

Lanucci gazed in silence on the cross: then, as if suddenly inspired, he exclaimed,—“O my God, my God, all power is thine! Pardon the wavering of my soul; I do not dread death, and I will even submit to infamy; my death is just and equitable, if thou in thy wisdom hast determined it. What is it to me the opinion of the world, O my divine Redeemer? Thrice wast thou denied by the most faithful of thy apostles, and to me the most unworthy of thy creatures, thou dost send an angel of comfort into my gloomy prison. O Cardeggha, I owe thee more than life; I die full of faith in God and his blessed Son; soon I shall again hear the welcome voice of my mother, and embrace my friend whom I could not save from the murderer's blow!”

All who were witnesses of this painful struggle of the guiltless youth were now perfectly convinced of his innocence, and they all sincerely wished that he might be saved. The news of his pious resignation had already spread itself in the city, which was followed by a general belief in

his innocence, and murmurs arose on all sides. The people wished the execution of the sentence to be delayed. Time, they said, would discover the criminal, for it was impossible that Lanucci should be guilty.

A considerable party of moderate persons had resolved to make a solemn application to the judges, and public opinion had already decided in his favour. But the noble Cardeggha had not lost a moment. Immediately after the first depositions were taken, he had sent an express to Florence ; this messenger had returned, and every thing assumed a different aspect.

The murderer of Belfiore was a Banditto, hired by Bandinello. Not content with having caused his cousin to be deprived of his property and banished from his native city, he aimed at the life of Lanucci, which he considered as a disgraceful monument of his own treachery. On the day of their first encounter, Lanucci's dagger had fallen from his girdle, and was picked up by the peasants who conveyed Bandinelli home, and who delivered this weapon to him, supposing it to be his. He put it into the hands of a Banditto, and promised him a large reward if he executed his nefarious design.

Cardeggha's friends at Florence had caused all persons to be strictly watched, who went

in and out of the Bandinelli palace: by this means they had discovered the murderer. It appeared from his confession, that he had secretly entered Belfiore's house, where he concealed himself till midnight; but that, mistaking the apartments of the two friends, he had murdered Belfiore instead of Lanucci. In order to make it believed that Lanucci had killed himself, he had been ordered to leave in the wound, the dagger given him by Bandinelli. Hastening, as soon as the deed was accomplished, to fly the Pisan territories, he was attacked at the gates of Florence, by one of his comrades, whom Bandinelli had commanded to lie in wait and murder him on his return. His comrade, whom he had overcome, made this confession to save his life. He was arrested by the Florentine police in the vestibule of the Bandinelli palace, where he wanted to conceal himself, in order to punish Bandinelli, for his treachery. The chief magistrate, of the same party as Cardeggha, had voluntarily given up the banditto, and the more readily, as the two republics were at that time at peace, and Belfiore was of a great family at Pisa; and, on the other hand, there was nothing to be feared for Bandinelli, who, according to the barbarous custom of those times, had to dread no punishment for his crime, but the pangs of his own conscience.

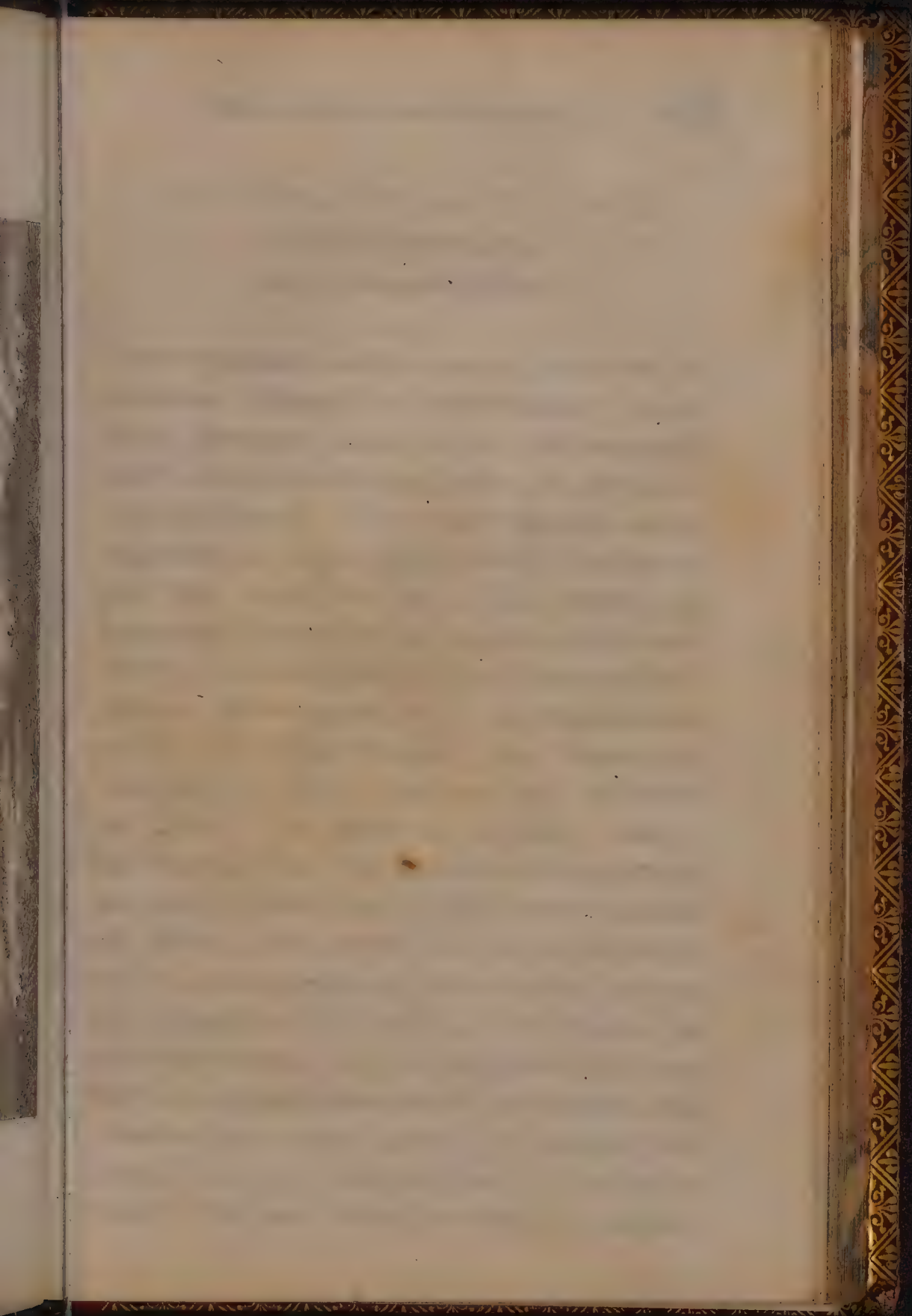
As soon as this news was known in Pisa, the citizens, who felt the deepest interest in Lanucci, gave themselves up to the greatest rejoicings. But the sudden and unexpected transition, from grief to joy, nearly proved fatal to him. When he saw his innocence thus solemnly recognised, he was so overcome that he sunk on the ground, without consciousness, and almost without life. Cardeggha, who did not quit him, afforded him all possible assistance; and when Lanucci recovered, they both prostrated themselves before the image of our Saviour.

“O, religion,” cried Lanucci, “the strength which thou givest, taught me to endure the idea of an ignominious death; this day thou dost still more; thou teachest me the duty of living. O, my mother! O, Belfiore! your son, your friend, has constantly remained worthy of your love and your esteem. Merciful Father! deign to turn Bandinelli’s heart; pardon him, and may judges, in all ages, learn, through my unhappy story, how often deceitful appearances can mislead! And you, noble Cardeggha, to whom I am indebted for my life, my honour, tell me what return I can make you?” He replied:—“By doing that for others, which Heaven has permitted me to do for you.”

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“AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.”

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

In the National Gallery.

THIS celebrated artist is one of the most remarkable instances of extraordinary genius, slowly developed under all the disadvantages of mean origin, humble occupation, and unpromising beginnings. When very young, he was put apprentice to a pastry-cook, and it does not appear that, during the time of his servitude, he was noticed for any of the peculiarities or eccentricities which frequently indicate the presence of genius. At the expiration of his time, he engaged in the service of some young artists who were going to Italy; and we soon afterwards find him in the house of Agostino Tassi, a landscape painter, by whom he was employed to prepare his colours and perform other incidental offices. The services he had to do for his master leaving him sufficient leisure, he amused himself with drawing, and became acquainted at least with the rudiments of his art. But his early performances do not seem to have possessed any decided merit; yet, animated by a laudable desire of independence, he resolved to trust to his own efforts for future subsistence.

Happily, he adopted the right way to acquire excellence in his profession : instead of following the steps, or adopting the manner of any preceding or contemporary artist, he devoted his attention to nature alone, and by unwearied application, and the most patient industry, he at length attained that pre-eminent rank as a landscape painter, which no artist has yet been able to dispute with him. Rich as England fortunately is in the finest works of this delightful artist, it would be wholly superfluous to repeat all that has been said of the magic charms of Claude's pencil. Though his pictures are decidedly representations of Italian scenery, they are in general not portraits, but composed with consummate skill from the ample stores of his portfolio. His marine views and sea-ports, in particular, are unrivalled in truth, brilliancy, and splendour. It is remarkable, that though he was deeply impressed with the advantage that the landscape painter may derive from studying the antique, and bestowed great pains upon it, he never acquired the perfection that might have been wished, in designing the human figure.

Born in Lorraine 1600—died 1682.

THE JUBILEE AT ROME.

HIS Holiness Pope Leo XII. having resolved to celebrate a Jubilee in the year 1825 to be proclaimed, according to custom, on Christmas Eve, 1824, our readers will, doubtless, be pleased with a short account of the origin of this remarkable festival, and the ceremonies with which it is accompanied.

The Roman church having recognised penance as one of its principal sacraments, which is divided into three acts,—repentance, confession, and atonement, did not fail in the sequel to claim the power of granting indulgences or remission of sins, the sale of which became a fruitful source of revenue, the flagrant abuses of which were a great cause of the Reformation. Though the Roman Pontiffs, previous to the thirteenth century, had already sufficiently practised on the credulity and superstition of Christendom, regardless of their dignity and the price at which they purchased their short-lived splen-

dor, as well as of the pernicious influence of their example on every order of society ; it would be difficult to name a Pope more remarkable for ambition and iniquity, than Boniface VIII., who preached a crusade against the illustrious family of Colonna, during which he profited largely by the sale of indulgences. To complete the whole, he conceived the idea of holding a public market for the disposal of indulgences, for the purpose of replenishing his coffers.

As the year 1300 elapsed during his government, he deemed it a convenient epoch for fixing a Jubilee, or Holy Year, the idea of which was furnished him by the institutions of the Mosaic law, whilst the secular games of Pagan Rome afforded him every hint he could desire, towards increasing its attraction and magnificence. A universal and solemn remission of sins was to be the happy lot of erring men, and the means of enriching the Pope, agreeably to whose counsels a similar holy year or jubilee was appointed to be held every hundred years thereafter. The indulgence peculiar to the year 1300 was, that every person, who visited the high church of the apostles, that of St. Peter at Rome, should receive absolution. The bull to this effect was promulgated in the beginning of March, 1300 : in it he promises, in full reliance on the mercy of

God and the merits of the apostles, not only a plenary and extensive, but the most complete absolution to all such as should come to confess their sins at Rome. The people of Rome could only obtain it by frequenting the churches for thirty days; whilst strangers were allowed fifteen days for this purification.

This is the first and most extraordinary event of such a nature recorded in the Christian annals. The multitude who flocked to Rome, were so great as to fill every street; Villanius estimates them at 200,000, whilst W. Ventura sets them down at two millions. By their concurrent testimony, it appears that the Pope, his clergy, and Rome, reaped an immense harvest. On the first day, Bonifacius himself appeared in his pontificals, and blessed the people; but on the second, he came forth in his imperial vestments, a naked sword being carried before him.

The Pope, as well as the Romans, had found this festival too profitable a speculation to wait a hundred years for its being celebrated anew. Clement V. had transferred his residence to Avignon; a change which, as it had very much injured the commercial gains of the Romans, they looked upon as a very cogent argument for demanding a new jubilee of Clement VI. "A hundred years," said they, "is too long; scarcely one

man reaches such an age, and the majority of the human race necessarily, therefore, is cut short of that invaluable blessing. Clement VI. was not inexorable ; it would have been indeed a miracle, had he proved so. He had scarcely assumed the triple crown in 1342, when he issued a bull, decreeing, that the holy year should be held every half century; he was the first who made use of the appellation, "Jubilee Year." It was fixed for the year 1350: the *Lateran* was recommended in addition to the church of St. Peter, as an object of the pilgrim's visits: and those who died on the road, were assured, not only of a perfect absolution, but also that angels should immediately transport their souls to paradise.

It should, however, appear, that this jubilee was not much resorted to, as the Romans complained of having made but a very scanty harvest. It was, certainly, not devoid of splendor, though it was not to be compared with the first. The charm of novelty wore away in proportion as the demands of Roman covetousness grew more vehement.

Gregory XI. transferred his residence again to Rome; and, on his death, in 1378, the great schism of the double Popes began. Urban VI. had made himself so much detested by his austerity, which bordered on ferocity, that the

cardinals took to flight, and the major part of them elected Clement VII., who fixed his seat at Avignon. These dissensions were sorely lamented by Urban, and particularly distressing to the Catholics, who knew not which of the two was the legitimate pontiff. Well might they exclaim,—“What! two Popes at a time? Which of them is infallible? and which the rightful forgiver of sins?” Urban was any thing but disposed to let this high office slip through his hands, and resolved, at least, that his pretensions should not lie dormant. To save men’s souls, and fill his own pocket, he bethought himself, in the last year of his pontificate, of commanding a jubilee. As the year 1400 was too distant, he determined to abbreviate the fifty years’ interval; and, consequently, ordained the market day for the remission of sins should, in future, be held every thirty-three years. It is not improbable he hit upon this division of time; because thirty-three years was the term of Christ’s life upon earth. To be sure, it ought to have been kept in 1383; but the time being long since passed by, he determined the arrears should be brought up, and that the jubilee should commence at Christmas, 1388, and continue throughout the whole of 1399. Urban did not outlive it, for he died in the first days of this year.

His successor, Bonifacius IX., reaped where he had not sown. He found the jubilee year in full progress, for it was numerously attended. Notwithstanding the vast wealth which was poured into Rome, Bonifacius's covetousness remained still unsatisfied; he, therefore, sent his agents into various countries, where they remitted the sins of those who were unable to visit Rome, at the easy price of the expense they would have incurred in going thither. These receivers often scraped together above 100,000 florins in a single province; a most enormous sum indeed, for those times, when money bore so high a value.

As Urban VI. and Bonifacius IX. were not universally recognised as Popes,—the French Catholics, in particular, supporting Clement VII. and his successor Benedict XIII. at Avignon,—there could not fail to be many who were no ways inclined to this abridgement of the original interval. The French were disposed to keep the holy year, determinable in 1400, at Rome; a disposition which was, by no means, unacceptable either to the Pope, or its inhabitants.

Bonafacius determined to give this jubilee the most important and solemn effect it was susceptible of; and, notwithstanding the short interval that had elapsed since the last auction of indulgences was held, the countless multitudes that

flocked to Rome shewed the curiosity and superstition of the Catholic world to be as lively as ever.

The Council of Kotsnitz deposed the Popes, and terminated the schism, by electing Martin V. The *Urbanic* jubilee (that at the expiration of thirty-three years) was celebrated by this Pontiff in 1423. Nicholas V., however, adhering to the *Clementine* decision, solemnized it in 1450; and it drew larger flocks to Rome than any of the preceding. Platina informs us, that many horses, as well as men, were crushed to death among the crowds which attended the public ceremonies. The whole year was devoted to solemnities; and the Pope took care that there should be no want of provisions, or of security on the high roads.

Fourteen years after, Paul II. ascended the papal chair. As it occurred to him, in the same way as it had before to Urban, that the term of the holy year was too long, since it would not fall before the year 1500, and the salvation of men's souls required this abbreviation, he cut it short to twenty-five years. But death was unkind enough to mar his anticipated enjoyments, and transfer them as a legacy to his successor, Sixtus IV., who made known, by a public bull of the 28th September, 1473, that the superior indulgences

would be issued from Christmas-day, 1474, and continue through the space of the next twelve-month. It was impossible to cut the term still shorter, and no further alteration in it was therefore attempted. It is unnecessary to particularize the jubilees celebrated under the succeeding Popes. The twentieth was under his late holiness, Pius VII., in the year 1800.

It may not be amiss to conclude with a few words respecting the ceremonials observed on these occasions.

The bull, announcing them, is published both in the Latin and Italian languages, on Ascension-day, and posted up on four sides of St. Peter's church, as an invitation to the four quarters of the world. The festival itself begins on Christmas Eve, and lasts until the same time in the following year. On the first day the Pope opens the golden gate, with a rich silver hammer, and grants sinners access to the altars. The Pope goes in solemn procession to this gate, preceded by the prelates, the magistracy, and principal citizens of Rome, the papal choristers, the canons of St. Peter's church, and the Pontiff's domestics; next follow those bearing crosses, frankincense, &c.; then succeed *pœnitentarii*, bishops, and cardinals; and last comes the Pope, with his triple crown, carried in state before him. In one

place the wall is so slightly built, that three blows of the hammer are sufficient to burst it open : on his arrival before it, it is sprinkled with holy water, and he then steps forward and gives it the first blow, with these words, "*Aperite mihi portas justitiæ, ingrediar in eas.*" The choir returns, "*Ingressus est in eas, confitebor domino.*" The Pope then gives the second blow, crying out, "*Introibo in domum tuam, Domine.*" The choir returns, "*Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum in timore tuo.*" The Pope exclaims, with the third blow, "*Aperite portas, quoniam Dominus nobiscum est.*" The choir answers, "*Qui fecit virtutem in Israel.*" Having made an aperture in the wall, the Pope returns to his seat, and cries, "*Domine, exaudi orationem meam.*" To which the choir replies, "*Et clamor meus ad te veniat.*" The wall in the gateway is then levelled by workmen within, the entrance is cleared, and the multitude press forward, with holy fervor, to pick up the fragments of stone, and the medals struck in the former holy year, which have been deposited in the wall. While this is passing, a similar ceremony is performed by the cardinals at the sacred portals of the churches of St. Paul, St. John Lateranus, and St. Maria Maggiore. The hammers they use are made of silver only.

When the wall is levelled, the procession pro-

ceeds into the church; the Pope then sings, "Dominus vobiscum." And the choir returns, "Et cum spiritu tuo." The Pope then prays, and begins to chaunt the "Te deum laudamus," accompanied by the din of drums and trumpets; the bells are set a ringing, and salutes of artillery are heard on every side. The people resort to the church throughout the year; the oftener a person goes there, the more complete is the remission of his sins. There are, besides, several holy places in Rome, and other things to be visited for this remission sake: these are called "stationes."

At the close of the jubilee year, the Pope repairs with the same ceremonies to St. Peter's church, where, the service being performed, the procession sets out from the great altar and proceeds out of the church, through the sacred gate. The Pope is the last; he blesses the stones which are to close it up, throws down among them the gold and silver medals, which have been struck on the occasion, and sprinkles the whole with holy water. He then puts on a linen apron, and having laid the first stone of the wall, leaves it to the *pœnitentarii* to finish the rest. The Jubilee Year is closed by the papal benediction.

**Charades, Riddles,
&c.**

CHARADES.

1.

My first, the proud but hapless child of danger,
Parent of brightest honours as of woe ;
(Too long, the second, to the brave a stranger,)
Heaps useless laurels on a soldier's brow ;
My whole, by dext'rous artifice contrives
To gain the prize by which he stands accurst ;
Most plung'd in infamy, when most he thrives,
He gains my second, when he gives my first.

2.

When Strephon tells his tender tale
To Chloe, young and gay,
Without my first, that tender tale
Would pass unheard away :
But when with love ye both are fix'd,
And mutual transports glow,
Oh, claim my second, lovely fair,
Or deep regret you'll know.

Secure of that, 'tis ten to one,
Before the month goes round,
Attending near your beauteous cheek,
My tout-en-semble's found.

3.

My first is the comfort of ev'ry one's life ;
Without which, to live one's unfit ;
It is not a lover, a husband, or wife,
Yet each of the three may be it.
My second's a thing though abhorr'd and despis'd,
And the source of much mischief and sin,
Yet often appears so well mask'd and disguis'd,
As to take e'en its enemies in ;
But render my whole, were you e'er so well taught,
You would wish to find others, and be yourself
thought.

4.

My first, in Rome's victorious days,
Did each proud triumph grace ;
My second, by its magic power,
Deforms the fairest face ;
My whole's a delicacy sprung
From luxury's soft root ;
Yet, e'en in these luxurious days,
'Tis trampled under foot.

5.

My first is a negative, frequently used ;
My next we should studiously shun :
My whole's what you are, if you call this abstruse,
Or say, 'tis a quibble or pun.

6.

Oh ! how cheerful and gay, on the first of sweet May,
Does my first round the may-pole appear ;
My second's her boy, and she calls him her joy,
And exults when his name she can hear ;
Of my whole the world sings, I'm the glory of kings,
And the darling of each British fair,
Of the soldiers and tars,—yea, they say I am Mars,
Condescending on earth to appear.

7.

My first,—without which, 'tis my real belief,
A cook seldom dresses a surloin of beef ;
My second's a song, though it seems a strange thing,
That no one person living is able to sing ;
My whole makes a man, who holds a high place,
Though his friendship perhaps might be deem'd a disgrace.

8.

My first, every day, at Westminster Hall,
You may hear, good and bad, in great plenty,
Though, as to myself, I've scarce any at all,
For one thing I do out of twenty ;

My second, the angels, we're told, do above,
As well as some angels below ;
My third leads the way both to fortune and fame :
'Tis a power nature's self must bestow.

9.

My first, as ancient poets feign,
Was God among the sylvan train ;
My next is provender for routs,
Assemblies, balls, and gad-a-bouts ;
My whole's a thorough English dish,
Which follows after fowls and fish.

10.

My first is in winter a warmth you desire,
My second is cold to the touch ;
Both together are cold, yet appear all on fire,
Which has puzzled philosophers much.

11.

Arise with my first, when a journey you go,
Use my last if your pad is too sluggish or slow ;
In the gayest parterre my whole gains a place,
And unites varied beauty with richness and grace.

12.

My first if you do, you'll increase ;
My second will keep you from heaven ;
My whole, such is human caprice,
Is seldomer taken than given.

13.

My first is irrational, my second rational,
My third is mechanical, and my whole scientific.

14.

My first is deep, my second skims the wave,
My third is heavy, and my whole is brave.

15.

My first is a preposition,
My second a composition,
My whole an acquisition.

16.

Inscrib'd on many a learned page,
In mystic characters, and sage,
 Long time my first has stood ;
But though its golden age has past,
In wooden walls it still may last,
 Till clothed in flesh and blood ;

My second is a glorious prize,
To those who love their wondering eyes
 With curious sights to pamper ;
But should you ever chance to meet
All on a sudden in the street,
 Good lack ! how you would scamper ;

My whole's a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone,
The Salique law reversing;
But ere the imaginary queen
Prepares to act the novel scene,
Up starts the old usurper, man,
O'er-ruling her presumptuous plan,
And she jogs after as she can.

17.

Part of that fearful structure, man,
Though not to him alone confin'd,
My first has been, since time began,
The chief purveyor of the mind.

Wrought with inimitable skill,
Now visible, now underground;
Or pensile o'er the purling rill,
As chance directs my next is found.

My whole, (Oh, that it were a gossip's song!)
Few seem in the pursuit of right,
Too many that of wrong.

18.

My first is a genteel rebuff,
My second half a score,
My whole will lift you above earth;
What would you wish for more?

19.

To lose my first is a disgrace,
 Unless misfortune cause the same ;
 My second, though it can't replace
 The dire mishap, will hide the shame ;
 My whole has life, and breathes the air,
 And loves mid sweetness to repose,
 And often it offends the fair :
 It makes its bed upon the rose.

20.

In the Parliament-house, if you gain but a seat,
 You will do, and will hear first and second complete ;
 Or travel to Goodluck's, and squander your pelf,
 My first you will then do in spite of yourself.
 An harangue is my second ; and as for my third,
 'Tis a subject too copious to give in one word ;
 'Tis a proof of disease, and I am afraid,
 Oft foretells the death of a beautiful maid ;
 Yet believe, when I tell you, nor think I am joking,
 'Tis often a filthy attendant on smoking.

21.

Porridge hot, porridge cold,
 What will make madeira old,
 Joined together, may be sent,
 To either house of parliament.

22.

Higgledy, piggledy, here we lie,
Wash'd, and pick'd, and put in a pie.
My first is snappish, and snarling, and growling,
My next is busy, and bustling, and prowling;
Wash'd and pick'd, and put in a pie,
Higgledy, piggledy, here we lie.

23.

When laws were few, nor from our sphere,
The angry goddess yet had flown,
By mutual vows and truth sincere,
My first was practically known;
To ev'ry hand, to ev'ry head,
The fleeting hours my next impart,
The stripling's hope, the Negro's dread,
The Spartan's pride, the test of art.
My whole dissenting causes bring,
To young and old, to good and vile;
'Midst scenes of carnage it may spring,
Or date existence from a smile.

24.

Old Mother Twitchett, she had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

25.

'Tis true I have both face and hands,
And move before your eye ;
Yet, when I move, my body stands,
And, when I stand, I lie.

RIDDLES.

1. WHY is a basket of apples like an army of volunteers ?
2. Why is the root of a tongue like a dejected man ?
3. You eat me, you drink me ; explain, if you can :
I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man ?
4. Why is an under-done egg, like an egg over-done ?
5. Why are Algiers and Malta as opposite as light and darkness ?
6. What three letters spell the Archipelago ?
7. In what sea would a man, by choice, take up his abode ?
8. Why is a beggar, led by a dog, like the chancellor's wig ?
9. What is the distinction between a lady and a looking glass ?
10. Why is the letter S like the furnace of a battery ?
11. Why is a hired landau no landau ?
12. How can you add to nine so as to make six ?

13. Why is a lean monarch like a man meditating ?
14. Why are all the letters in the alphabet, but the three first, like exiles.
15. If all the letters in the alphabet were asked out to dinner, why could not they all go ?
16. What is it that is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest, as well as the wisest, of mankind ?
17. What river is it which flows between two seas ?
18. Why is intending to pay a debt the same thing as paying it ?
19. Why is a man, about to put his father in a sack, like a traveller journeying to an eastern city ?
20. Had you rather a lion eat you or a tiger ?
21. A letter in the Dutch alphabet denotes a woman of rank ; walk on it, and it describes a woman of inferior rank ; reckon it, and it makes one of a still lower rank ; give it a title, and it must yield precedence to all the before-mentioned ladies.
22. What little children always have,
What married women never have ;
What Paul had behind and Luke before,
And Captain Luttrell had behind and before.

THE LAMENTATION OF COMALA,
FOR THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF FINGAL.

Imitated from Ossian.

“ Why hast thou told me, Hidallan, that my hero fell? I might have hoped, a little while, his return;—I might have thought, I saw him on a distant rock;—a tree might have deceived me with his appearance;—the wind of the hill might have been the sound of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun! that my tears might be warm on his cheek.”

HIDALLAN! Oh, why hast thou told
That my hero has sunk on the plain?
Awhile had I hop'd to behold
My bosom's sole idol again.

My fancy had still trac'd his form
On the brow of the rock that is dim;
And the tree that is scath'd by the storm,
Had appear'd, in the distance, like him.

The wind of the mountain had died,
Like the blast of his horn, on my ears.
Oh! bear me to Carun's red tide,
That his cheek may be warm with my tears.

W. H. H.

AN IMPROMPTU,

Written by a Lady, in reply to a poem, entitled, "Bachelor's Fare," which appeared in the New Monthly Magazine for February, 1823.

THOUGH endless variety, little satiety,
Great notoriety may be your share,
Yet think on to-morrow: in sickness and sorrow,
What aid can you borrow from bachelors' fare?
When pain shall affect you, and friends shall neglect
you,

Blue devils infect you with blackest despair;
Devoid of affection, then bitter reflection,
And deepest dejection, is bachelor's fare.

Bereft of each blessing, no children caressing,
No wife, fondly pressing, your sorrows to share;
How vain will your wishes prove, that, like the turtle-
dove,

You could but for love exchange bachelor's fare.
When age shall creep on you, and pleasure fly from
you,

No one to look on you with pity or care;
Soft hopes all rejected, and comforts neglected,
Dependants suspected, proves bachelor's fare.

Though bless'd with strong health, in power, and great
wealth,

All pleasures by stealth, from your hand will repair;

With friends round you falling, how bitter and galling,
How dark and appalling is bachelor's fare ! •
If sickness your curse is, or dotage, still worse, is ;
Then doctors, old nurses, a negligent heir,
Will study to grieve you, to vex, and deceive you,
And carelessly leave you to bachelor's fare.

Then, in Spring-time, remember the dreary December
Of life, when each ember of comfort is rare ;
When anguish shall rack you, suspicion distract you,
Say, what can attract you in bachelor's fare ?
Though food you are loathing, a daughter's kind
 soothing,
Or son kindly smoothing the pillow of care ;
Oh, such pleasures will last, when all others are past ;
Now this picture contrast with your bachelor's fare.

SCRAPS.

IMPROMPTU,

By an Under Graduate of Trinity College, on the failure of a Bass Singer on his first debut in Chapel; his appointment having arisen from his being a Freeholder in the County of Huntingdon.

A SINGING man, and yet not sing;
Come, justify your patron's bounty;—
Give us a song: "Excuse me, sir,—
My voice is in another county."

THREE waistcoats in three diff'rent ages born,
The poet's faded lustre did adorn:
The first in velvet's splendour did surpass,
The next in broidery, and in both the last;
His purse and fancy could no further go,—
To make a *third*, he joined the other two.

SPECIMEN OF THE BATHOS.

By Professor Porson.

SINCE mountains sink to vales, and valleys die,
And seas and rivers mourn their sources dry;
"When my old cassock," says a Welsh divine,
Is out at elbows—why should I repine."

By R. Brothers, when confined in Bedlam.

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was the whole earth of parchment made,
 Was every single stick a quill,
 And every man a scribe by trade;
 To write the praise of God above,
 Would drain the ocean dry;
 Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
 Tho' stretch'd from sky to sky.

ACROSTIC.

CUPID resolv'd that some triumphant fair,
 A wreath of beauty as a prize should wear,
 Made up of violets, yielding rich perfume,
 Platted with roses of perpetual bloom;
 By chance he saw a maid, as morning fair,
 Eager he flew, and hov'ring in the air,
 Left hold his grasp—and, as to heav'n he fled,
 Let fall the wreath of beauty on her head.

By Dr. Tomkins.

OUR God requireth a whole heart—or none,
 And yet he will accept a broken one.

SOLUTION OF RIDDLES,

Which appeared in our volume for 1824.

ENIGMAS.

1. Earthquake.
2. Riddle.
3. Newspaper.
4. The letter O.
5. —————
6. A needle.
7. 1823.

CHARADES.

1. Muffin.
2. Nutmeg.
3. Monkey.
4. Flower-pot.
5. Waterloo.
6. Nightcap.
7. Butcher.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he's a bit of a buck.
2. The letter I.

Explanation of an Antique Inscription.

GERTES who readeth this is wise ;
 Yet wiser who cannot expound it :—
 For why ? who readeth straightway sighs
 To think what nonsense he hath found it.

A

COMPENDIOUS WEATHER GUIDE.

The following Table, duly observed, will, it is believed, not seldom fail to render the peruser *weather-wise*. At least, it is constructed from philosophical considerations of the attractive influences of the Sun and Moon, in their several relative positions to our Earth; and the data here laid down, are confirmed by the experience of many years' actual observation.

<i>New and Full Moon.</i>	<i>Summer.</i>	<i>Winter.</i>
If it be new or full Moon, or the Moon entering into the 1st or last quar. at 12 noon.	Very rainy.	Snow and rain.
If between the hours of 2 and 4 aftern.	Changeable.	Fair and mild.
4 and 6 even.	Fair.	Fair.
6 and 8.	{ Fair, if wind at N. W. Rainy, if wind at S. or S. W.	{ Fair and frosty if wind at N. or N.E. Rain or snow, if S. or S. W.
6 and 8.	Ditto.	Ditto.
10 and 12 night.	Fair.	Fair and frosty.
12 and 2 morn.	Ditto.	{ Hard frost, unless wind or S. W.
2 and 4.	{ Cold with frequent showers }	Snow and stormy.
4 and 6.	Rain.	Ditto.
6 and 8.	Wind and rain.	Stormy weather.
8 and 10.	Changeable.	{ Cold rain, if wind be W.; snow, if E.
10 and 12 noon.	Frequent showers. .	Cold with high wind.

THE YEAR 1825.

The 1825th year after the birth of Christ.

5774th year after the Creation of the world, according to Scaliger's computation : but

5829th year after the Creation, according to Usserius. It is the

6538th year of the Julian Period.

2601st year of the Olympiads.

2578th year after the building of Rome.

5586th year of the Jewish computation, which begins with the 17th of September.

1240th year after the Hegira, which commences on the 11th of April.

7333rd year, according to the modern Greek Calendar.

308th year since the Reformation of Luther.

111th year since the Accession of the House of Brunswick.

6th year of the reign of our Sovereign, George the Fourth.

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George



(T R I O)
for two Performers on the
Piano Forte,
with an Accompaniment for the Flute

SECONDO.

Largo. *Andante*

Fine.

Allegro.

slow.

D.C. Largo.

The Andante

Largo.

Andante

Allegro Tacet.

PRIMO.

Largo.

Andante

Allegro.

Loco

Fine.

slow.

D.C.

The Andante when repeated to be Presto. Largo



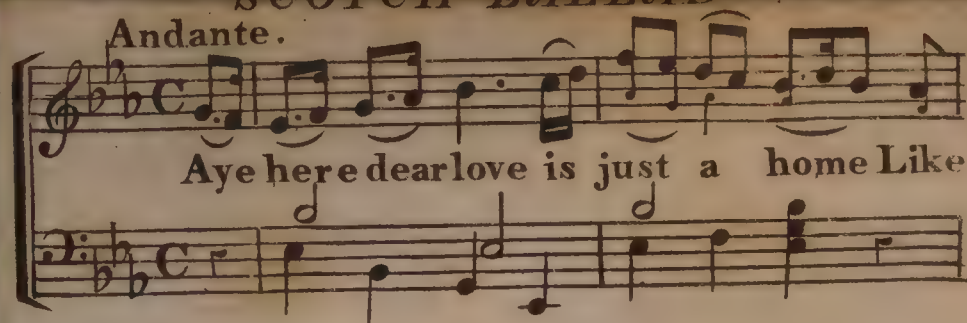
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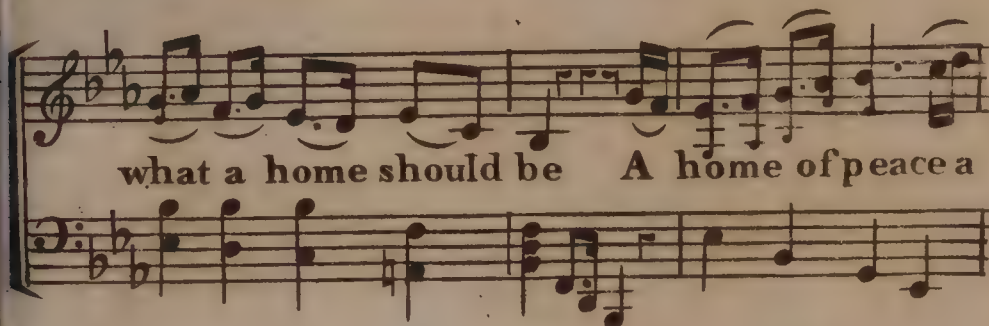
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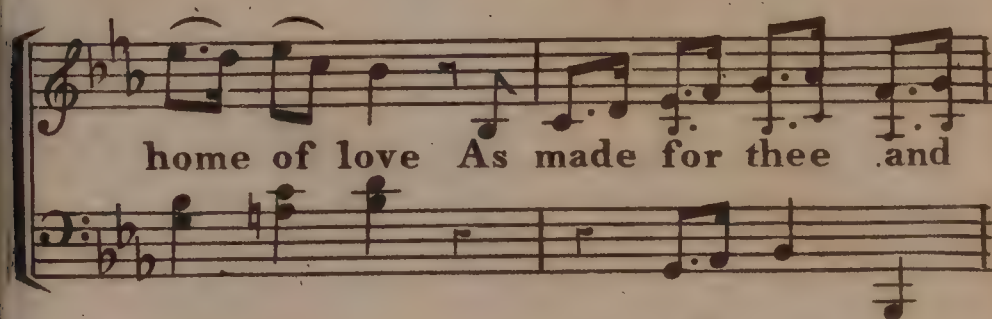
Andante.



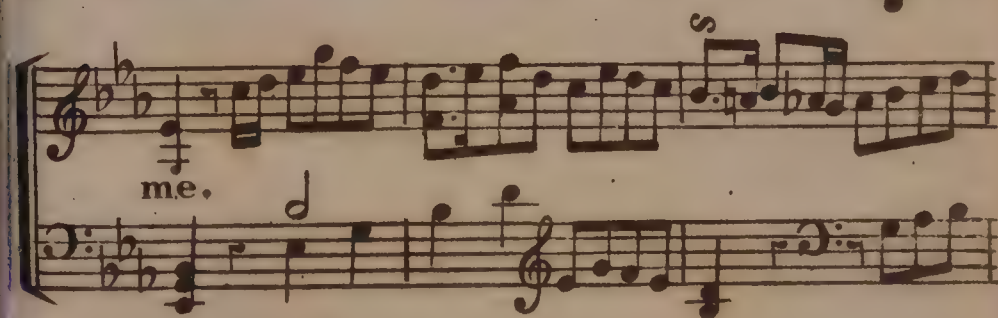
Aye here dear love is just a home Like



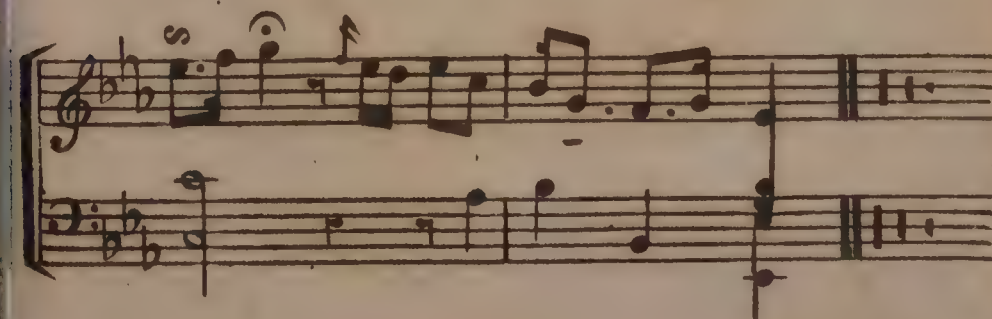
what a home should be A home of peace a

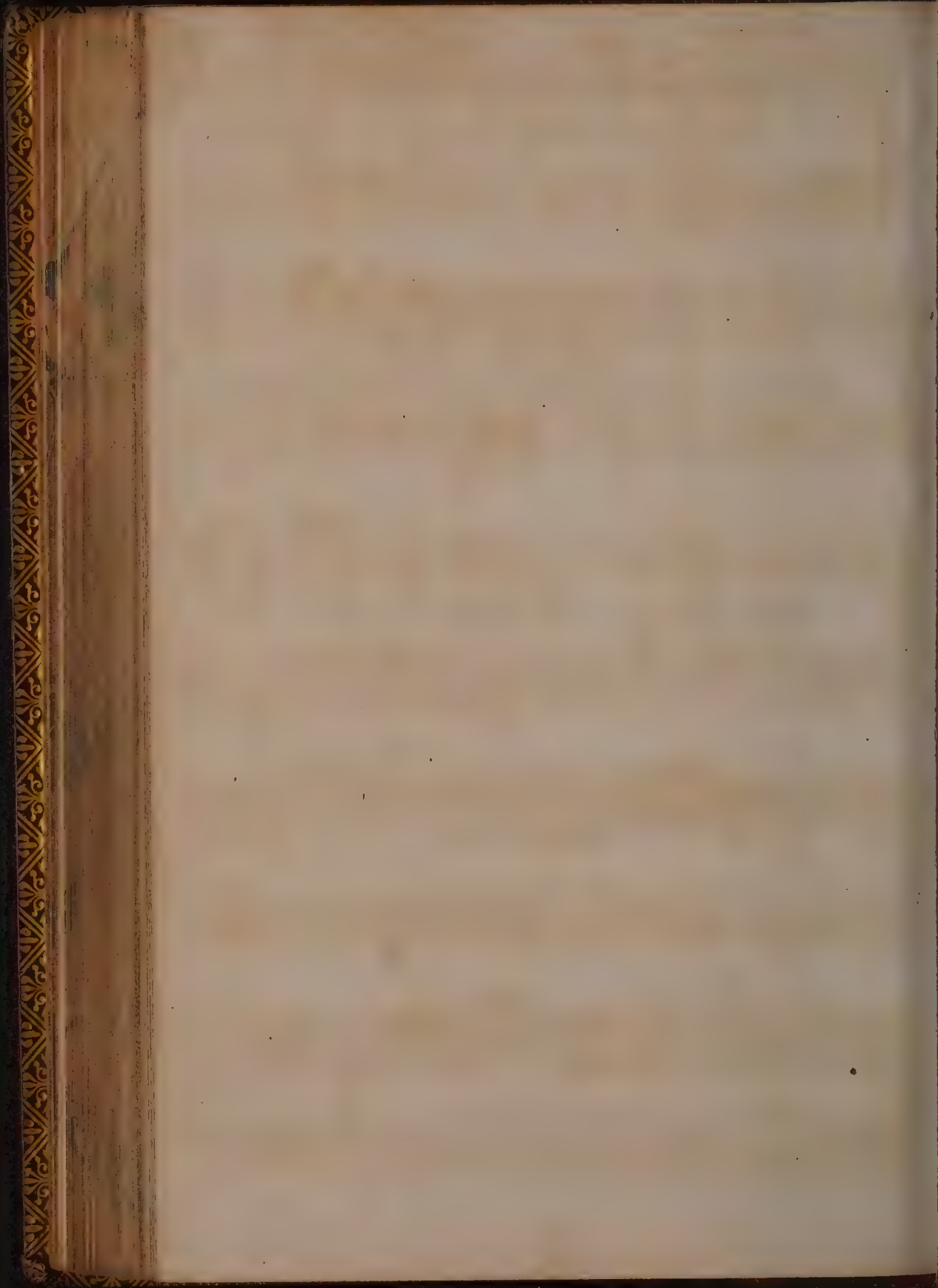


home of love As made for thee and



me.





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TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY H. E. LLOYD, ESQ.

1.

IN the black womb of Midnight born,
In which the child unconscious lay,
Awakes, as breaks the fated Morn,
The Year now summon'd into day.
An Angel by the cradle stands,
Whose Janus face resplendent gleams
With twofold light ; there, Evening hues,
And here, the Morning's rosy beams.

2.

There, with the Eve-tinged face he turns,
Towards the West, with pensive mind,
And earnest views the endless train
Of years that he has left behind.
There, with the face by Morn illumed,
Towards the East he eager bends,
Waiting, with Confidence and Hope,
What the still half-veil'd Future sends.

3.

For while upon the Angel's face
The beams of ev'ning fade away,
And brighter every feature beams,
Illumed by Morning's rising ray,
He from the cradle takes the Child,
And gently down the Angel's cheek
Trickles a tear of pity mild,
While thus his lips the child bespeak :

4.

O Thou ! the youngest of the Sons
That Mother Time to light has giv'n !
Thee, infant Year, in beauty bright,
We hail the fairest gift of Heaven.
How many from the cradle rais'd,
Have I again to earth consign'd,
To bring another into light,
While sweetest Hope still sooth'd my mind.

5.

The hope that beats in every heart,
That joyful greets each coming Year,
That that, which every wish shall crown,
At length the gladden'd World may cheer.
Oh, if to Thee the bounteous fates
At length the glorious task assign,
This fondly-cherish'd hope to crown,
Then, doubly bless'd thy face divine !

6.

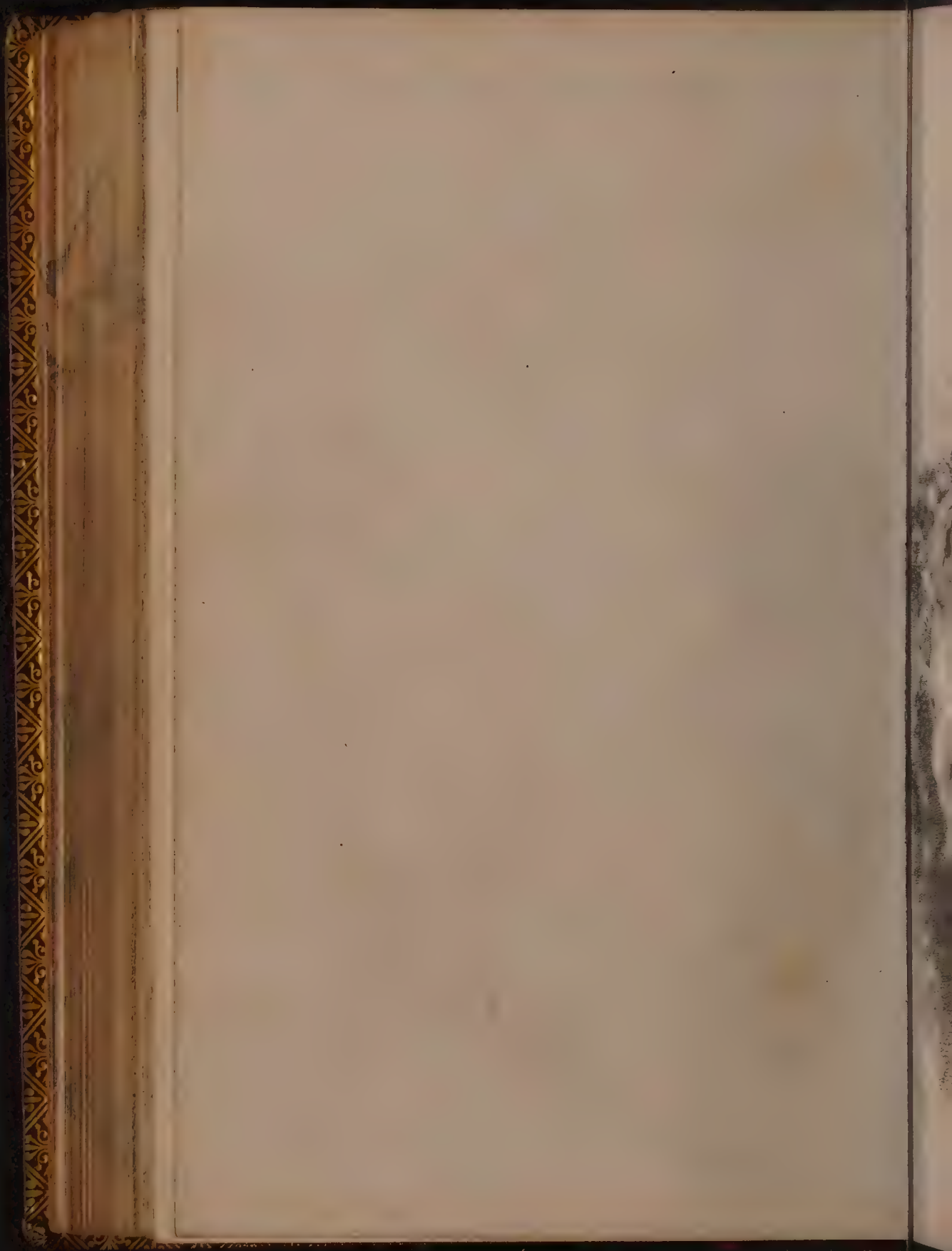
Through Pity's tears, that dim my eye,
Thy features I but faintly see :
Methinks, with smiles of Love they beam ;—
Shall our salvation come from Thee ?
Wilt Thou not, cheerless, fleet away,
As oft thy brethren have before ;
The faith that disappointment chill'd,
Will thy triumphant pow'r restore ?

7.

Say, wilt Thou burst the sceptic bonds
That round the conscious heart entwine ?
The jarring sounds of human strife,
Resolve in harmonies divine ?
Contending elements controul
To raise th'imperishable frame ?
All that we wish wilt thou bestow,
And all we hope, nay, all we claim ?

8.

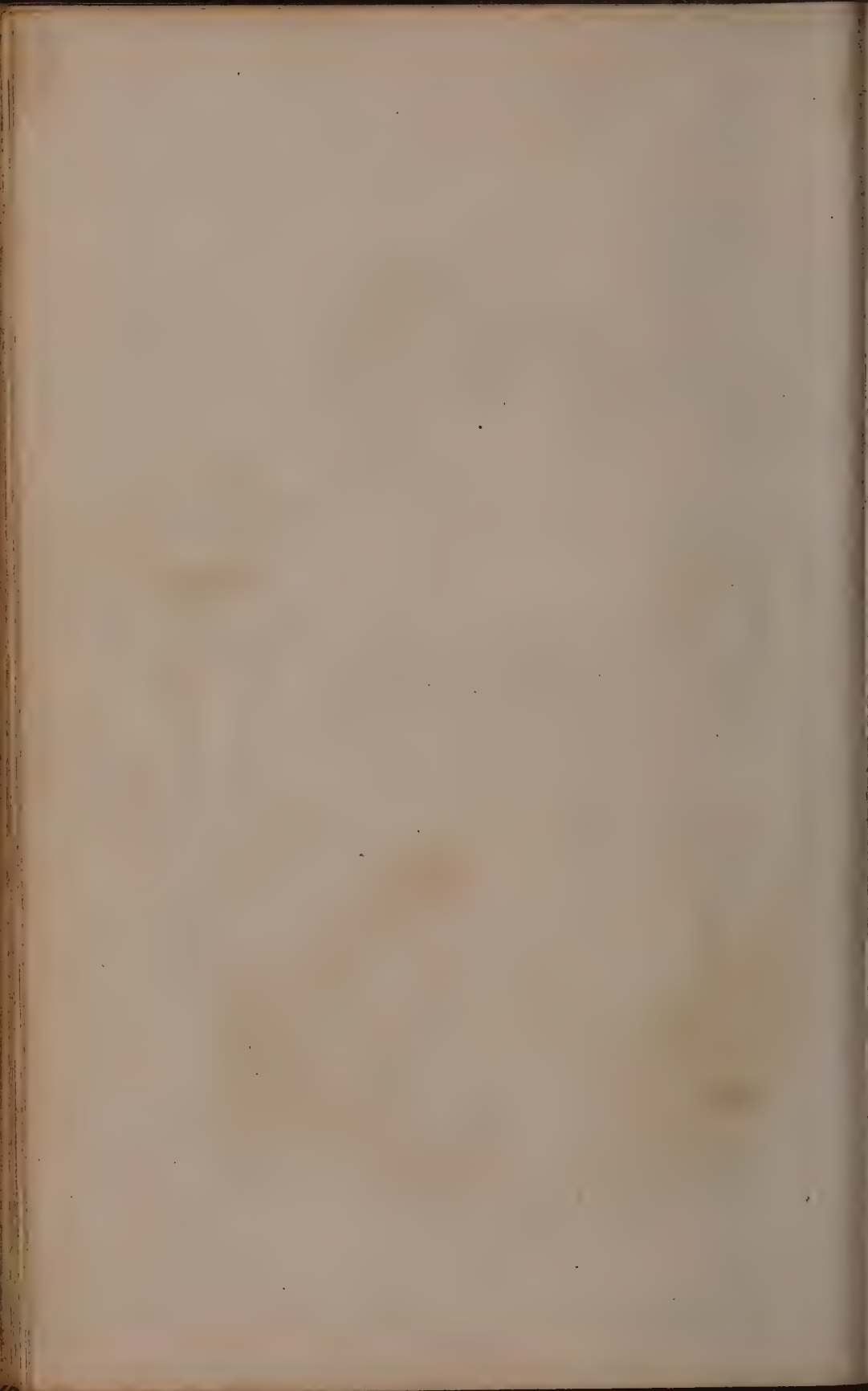
Oh, happy Thou, if fate shall grant
Thy arm the ample sheaves to bind
Of Joy's rich crop, which those before
Have rudely scatter'd in the wind.
Then Autumn shall her bounties bring,
The golden ear, the cup divine,
And bonds of Harmony and Love
Round the united Nations twine.





*These, as they change,
ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD,
The rolling year
Is full of THEE.*

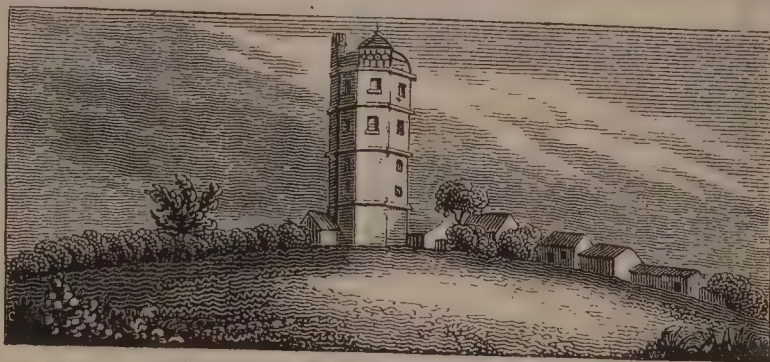
Drawn by J. Sutherland Esq. Engraved by W. B. Wood



Wednesday	Tuesday	Monday	Sunday	Saturday
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JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



NORTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.

1 Saturday	
2 Sunday	
3 Monday	
4 Tuesday	
5 Wednesday	

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Thursday 6	
Friday 7	
Saturday 8	
Sunday 9	
Monday 10	
Tuesday 11	
Wednesday 21	

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Thursday	
14 Friday	
15 Saturday	
16 Sunday	
17 Monday	
18 Tuesday	
19 Wednesday	

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Thursday	
21 Friday	
22 Saturday	
23 Sunday	
24 Monday	
25 Tuesday	
26 Wednesday	

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Thursday	
28 Friday	
29 Saturday	
30 Sunday	
31 Monday	
General Observations.	

FEBRUARY 28 DAYS.

Memorandums.



KINGSGATE, ISLE OF THANET.

Tuesday 1	
Wednesday 2	
Thursday 3	
Friday 4	
Saturday 5	

Saturday 6	Friday 11	Thursday 10	Wednesday 9	Tuesday 8	Monday 7	Sunday 6
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FEBRUARY, 28 DAYS.

Memorandums.

6 Sunday	
7 Monday	
8 Tuesday	
9 Wednesday	
10 Thursday	
11 Friday	
12 Saturday	

FEBRUARY, 28 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Sunday	
14 Monday	
15 Tuesday	
16 Wednesday	
17 Thursday	
18 Friday	
19 Saturday	

FEBRUARY, 28 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Sunday	
21 Monday	
22 Tuesday	
23 Wednesday	
24 Thursday	
25 Friday	
26 Saturday	

FEBRUARY, 28 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Sunday	
28 Monday	
General Observations.	

Saturday	Friday	Thursday	Wednesday	Tuesday	1
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MARCH, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

Tuesday 1	
Wednesday 2	
Thursday 3	
Friday 4	
Saturday 5	

MARCH, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

6 Sunday	
7 Monday	
8 Tuesday	
9 Wednesday	
10 Thursday	
11 Friday	
12 Saturday	

13 Sunday
14 Monday
15 Tuesday
16 Wednesday
17 Thursday
18 Friday
19 Saturday

MARCH, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Sunday	
14 Monday	
15 Tuesday	
16 Wednesday	
17 Thursday	
18 Friday	
19 Saturday	

MARCH, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Sunday	
21 Monday	
22 Tuesday	
23 Wednesday	
24 Thursday	
25 Friday	
26 Saturday	

MARCH, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Sunday	
28 Monday	
29 Tuesday	
30 Wednesday	
31 Thursday	
General Observations.	

APRIL, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.



SWANSCOMBE CHURCH.

Friday	1	
Saturday	2	
Sunday	3	
Monday	4	
Tuesday	5	

APRIL, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Wednesday	6	
Thursday	7	
Friday	8	
Saturday	9	
Sunday	10	
Monday	11	
Tuesday	12	

APRIL, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Wednesday	
14 Thursday	
15 Friday	
16 Saturday	
17 Sunday	
18 Monday	
19 Tuesday	

APRIL, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Wednesday	
21 Thursday	
22 Friday	
23 Saturday	
24 Sunday	
25 Monday	
26 Tuesday	

APRIL, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Wednesday	
28 Thursday	
29 Friday	
30 Saturday	
General Observations.	

MAY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



ST. LEONARD'S, HYTHE.

1
Sunday

2
Monday

3
Tuesday

4
Wednesday

5
Thursday

MAY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

6	Friday	
7	Saturday	
8	Sunday	
9	Monday	
10	Tuesday	
11	Wednesday	
12	Thursday	

MAY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Friday	
14 Saturday	
15 Sunday	
16 Monday	
17 Tuesday	
18 Wednesday	
19 Thursday	

MAY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

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Friday	
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Saturday	
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Tuesday	
25	
Wednesday	
26	
Thursday	

MAY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Friday	
28 Saturday	
29 Sunday	
30 Monday	
31 Tuesday	
General Observations.	

JUNE, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.



SANDOWN CASTLE, DEAL.

Wednesday 1	
Thursday 2	
Friday 3	
Saturday 4	
Sunday 5	

JUNE, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

6 Monday	
7 Tuesday	
8 Wednesday	
9 Thursday	
10 Friday	
11 Saturday	
12 Sunday	

JUNE, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Monday	
14 Tuesday	
15 Wednesday	
16 Thursday	
17 Friday	
18 Saturday	
19 Sunday	

JUNE, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Monday	
21 Tuesday	
22 Wednesday	
23 Thursday	
24 Friday	
25 Saturday	
26 Sunday	

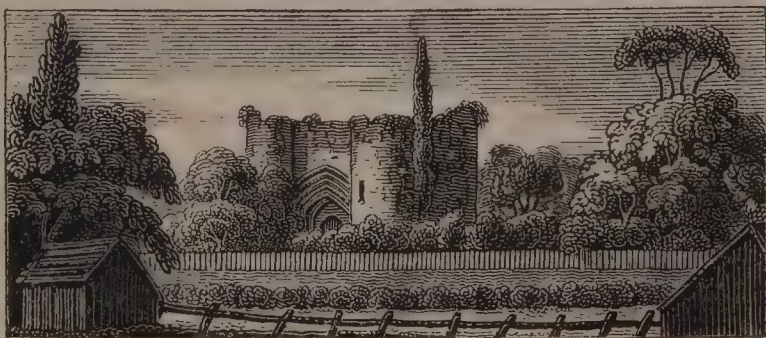
JUNE, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Monday	
28 Tuesday	
29 Wednesday	
30 Thursday	
General Observations.	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



TUNBRIDGE CASTLE.

1 Friday	
2 Saturday	
3 Sunday	
4 Monday	
5 Tuesday	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Wednesday	6	
Thursday	7	
Friday	8	
Saturday	9	
Sunday	10	
Monday	11	
Tuesday	12	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Wednesday	
14 Thursday	
15 Friday	
16 Saturday	
17 Sunday	
18 Monday	
19 Tuesday	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Wednesday	
21 Thursday	
22 Friday	
23 Saturday	
24 Sunday	
25 Monday	
26 Tuesday	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Wednesday	
28 Thursday	
29 Friday	
30 Saturday	
31 Sunday	
General Observations.	

AUGUST, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



CANTERBURY GATE.

1 Monday	
2 Tuesday	
3 Wednesday	
4 Thursday	
5 Friday	

AUGUST, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

6 Saturday	
7 Sunday	
8 Monday	
9 Tuesday	
10 Wednesday	
11 Thursday	
12 Friday	

AUGUST, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Saturday	
14 Sunday	
15 Monday	
16 Tuesday	
17 Wednesday	
18 Thursday	
19 Friday	

AUGUST, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Saturday	
21 Sunday	
22 Monday	
23 Tuesday	
24 Wednesday	
25 Thursday	
26 Friday	

AUGUST, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Saturday	
28 Sunday	
29 Monday	
30 Tuesday	
31 Wednesday	
General Observations.	

SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.



WALMER CASTLE.

Thursday	1	
Friday	2	
Saturday	3	
Sunday	4	
Monday	5	

SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Tuesday	6	
Wednesday	7	
Thursday	8	
Friday	9	
Saturday	10	
Sunday	11	
Monday	12	

SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Tuesday	
14 Wednesday	
15 Thursday	
16 Friday	
17 Saturday	
18 Sunday	
19 Monday	

SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Tuesday	
21 Wednesday	
22 Thursday	
23 Friday	
24 Saturday	
25 Sunday	
26 Monday	

SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27

Tuesday

28

Wednesday

29

Thursday

30

Friday

General Observations.

OCTOBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



SALTWOOD CASTLE.

Saturday 1	
Sunday 2	
Monday 3	
Tuesday 4	
Wednesday 5	

OCTOBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Thursday	6	
Friday	7	
Saturday	8	
Sunday	9	
Monday	10	
Tuesday	11	
Wednesday	12	

OCTOBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Thursday	
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17 Monday	
18 Tuesday	
19 Wednesday	

OCTOBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Thursday	
21 Friday	
22 Saturday	
23 Sunday	
24 Monday	
25 Tuesday	
26 Wednesday	

OCTOBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Thursday	
28 Friday	
29 Saturday	
30 Sunday	
31 Monday	
General Observations.	

NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.



ERITH CHURCH.

Tuesday 1	
Wednesday 2	
Thursday 3	
Friday 4	
Saturday 5	

NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

6 Sunday	
7 Monday	
8 Tuesday	
9 Wednesday	
10 Thursday	
11 Friday	
12 Saturday	

NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Sunday	
14 Monday	
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16 Wednesday	
17 Thursday	
18 Friday	
19 Saturday	

NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

20 Sunday	
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25 Friday	
26 Saturday	

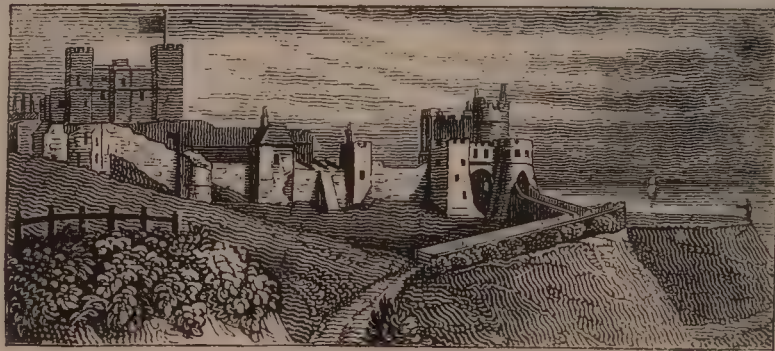
NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Sunday	
28 Monday	
29 Tuesday	
30 Wednesday	
General Observations.	

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.



DOVER CASTLE.

Thursday	1	
Friday	2	
Saturday	3	
Sunday	4	
Monday	5	

Tuesday 6

Wednesday 7

Thursday 8

Friday 9

Saturday 10

Sunday 11

Monday 12

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Tuesday 6	
Wednesday 7	
Thursday 8	
Friday 9	
Saturday 10	
Sunday 11	
Monday 12	

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

13 Tuesday	
14 Wednesday	
15 Thursday	
16 Friday	
17 Saturday	
18 Sunday	
19 Monday	

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

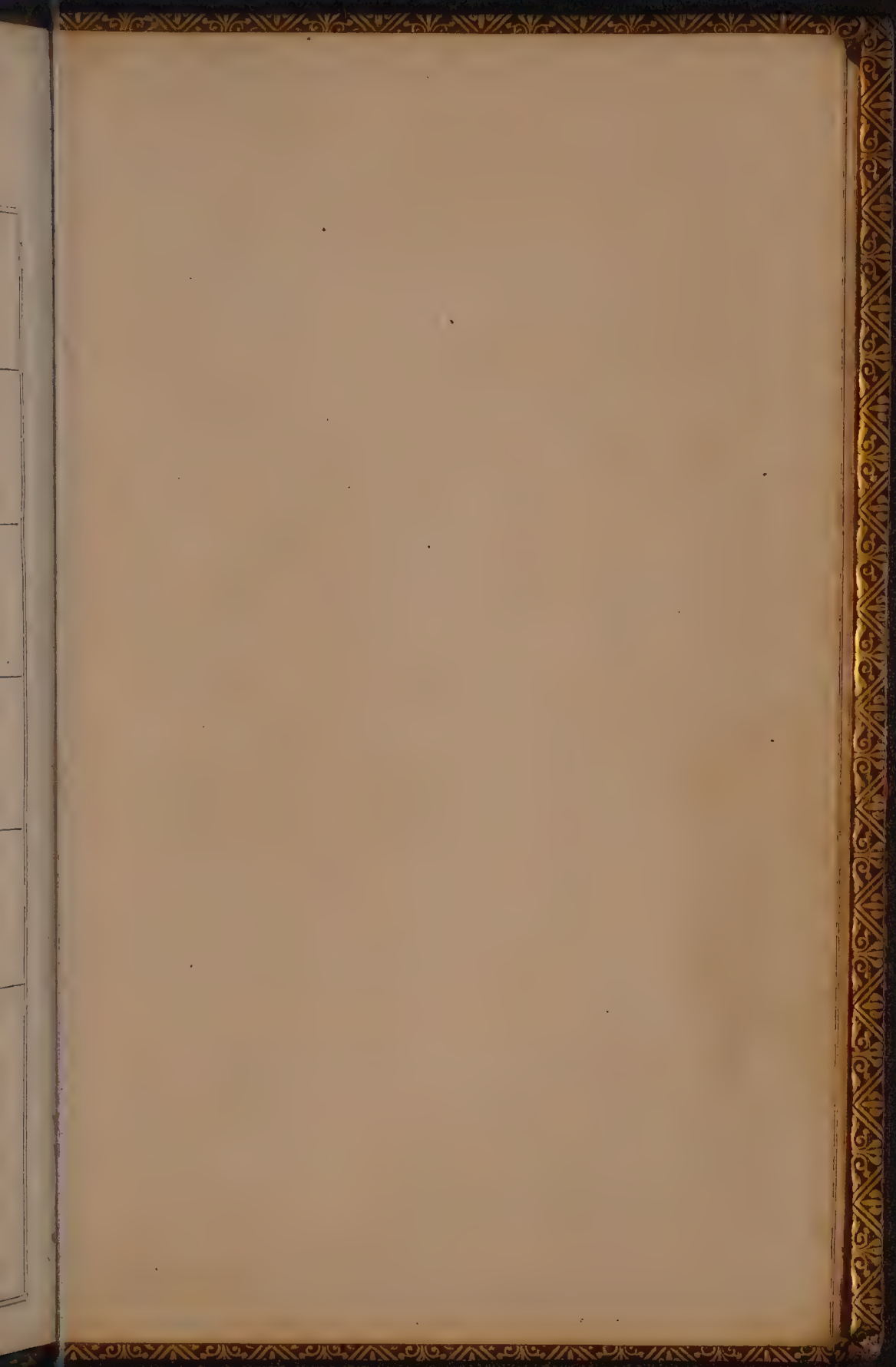
Memorandums.

20 Tuesday	
21 Wednesday	
22 Thursday	
23 Friday	
24 Saturday	
25 Sunday	
26 Monday	

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Tuesday	
28 Wednesday	
29 Thursday	
30 Friday	
31 Saturday	
General Observations.	



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